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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—AVANT SCÈNE.

PAGE.

Birth and Parentage—Early Longing for the Stage—Moves with her Mother to Koburg—The Landkammerrath Stockmar—Christelchen Stockmar and her Royal Playmates—Only one Sunday Dress each—Treatment of German Princesses in Russia—Marriage of Constantine and the Princess Juliane of Koburg—The Bauer Family—Heinrich Bauer—Marriage of Prince Alexander of Würtemburg and the Princess Antoinette of Koburg—Prince Alexander's Character—A Ducal Funeral in 1800—Marriage of Heinrich Bauer and Christel Stockmar—Princess Victoria—Duke Ernst and Pauline Panam—Baron Stockmar and the Stockmar Family..... 7

CHAPTER II.—THE CURTAIN RISES.

The Mysterious Count and Countess—Their Life and Death—Karoline Bauer Returns from Koburg to Karlsruhe—Her First Appearance on the Court Stage, Dec. 22, 1822, at the Age of Fifteen—Her Success—Her First Love—The Bismarcks—Amour of Friedrich Wilhelm von Bismarck and the Princess Auguste of Nassau—Their Subsequent Secret Marriage—Bismarck Makes Overtures to Karoline Bauer—His Criticism of Her in the Stuttgart *Morgenblatt*—His Death—Karoline is Subjected to Another Temptation in Karlsruhe—The Grand Duke Ludwig—Great Success in Mannheim. .. 44

CHAPTER III.—UNDER AN EVIL STAR.

The Story of Wilhelmine Maas and Count Königsmarck..... 90

CHAPTER IV.—WITH HIS MAJESTY.

Engagement at the Royal Theatre—First Interview with the King—The Duke of Wellington—Karoline's Likeness to the Princess Charlotte—The Royal Theatre—The King's "Patting Flirtations"—His Majesty's Care for the Reputations of the Actresses—His Passion for the Theatre—Private Theatricals in the Palace—The Royal Family—The Grand Duke Nicholas—Karoline Accepts an Engagement in St. Petersburg—Her First Appearance a Success under Difficulties—She Returns to Berlin—Royal Riddles—Accident to the King..... 104

CHAPTER V.—PRINCE DON JUAN.

The Family of Frederick the Great—The Liaison of Prince August, alias Don Juan, with Madame Récamier—His other Amours—He

509613

PAGE

Persecutes Karoline with His Attentions—She Springs through a Window to Escape Him, and Invokes the Protection of the King—Trial of Madame Kracau, the Prince's Accomplice—Karoline Leaves Berlin for Koburg—Her First Meeting with Prince Leopold—Social Life in Berlin—Henriette Sontag—The Justizrath Ludolf—Sophie Müller—Professor von Schlegel—Dr. Christopher Birch—Friedrich Förster—Dramatic Berlin—Raupach—Madame Stich—Pius Alexander Wolff—Amalie Wolff—Téichmann—Musical Berlin—Boucher—Karl Maria von Weber—Paganini—His Affection for His Son—Zelter—Mendelssohn—Beer-Meyerbeer—Berger—Moscheles—Karoline as a Pianiste—Karl Eckert—Other Berlin Artists—The Sculptor Rauch—The Painters Krüger and Begas... 133

CHAPTER VI.—THE ROSY GOD

Karoline's Lovers—Adolf Herzfeld—Carl Posch—Blue Eduard—Lieutenant-Colonel von Treskow—Colonel von König—Poor Zähnchen, the Colonel's Dog—Count Samoilow—Karoline is Engaged to Him—He is Discovered to be a Swindler—His History..... 193

CHAPTER VII.—THE SONTAG FEVER.

Sontag in Vienna—She Comes to Berlin—Creates a *furore*—The Amorous Sontag Guards—Nina Sontag—Opinions of Kissing—Sontag a Gambler—A Story of our Days—Lord Clanwilliam—Sontag Bids Farewell to Berlin—The Parting Scene—Sontag in Paris—At Weimar—She Returns to Berlin—Catalani—Sontag in England—She again Visits Paris—Her Accident—She Becomes Countess Rossi—Her Farewell Performances in Berlin—She Appears in Society—Count Rossi—Countess Rossi Returns to the Stage in London—Her Tour with Thalberg, Calzolari, Lablache, and Piatti—Her Death—Her Last Resting Place..... 225

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DIE IS CAST.

Karoline Accepts an Engagement at St. Petersburg and Leaves Berlin—The Journey to Riga—A Short Engagement and a Brilliant Success—On to St. Petersburg—A Fatiguing Reception—Wheels Within Wheels—First Appearance—A Hard-earned Victory—A Novel Ending to Romeo and Juliet—Good-bye to St. Petersburg—Berlin Once More—Prince Leopold Reappears on the Scene—He Pays His Respects to Karoline and Her Mother—First Impressions—The Prince Proposes—Karoline Goes to Koburg at His Request—Baron Stockmar and Business—The Duchess Luise—The Prince Receives Karoline at Fülbach—She Returns to Berlin—Doubts—Renounces the Stage and Leaves Berlin—The Decisive Step is Taken..... 284

CHAPTER IX.—THROUGH "DRIZZLE" TO SUNSHINE.

The Journey to England—Joyful Expectations—Disappointment—The Birdcage in Regent's Park—Stockmar the Politic—The Lover

PAGE

at Last—The Little Firebrand—Anonymous Slander—A Musical Afternoon—A Month of Drizzling—The Silver Dish—Monsieur Peu-à-Peu and the Marquis Tout-Doucement—Stockmar the Comforter—The Sights of London—Madame Vestris—German Criticism on English Acting—The Key to the Stockmar Enigma—The Marriage Ceremony — The Honeymoon — Happiness at Last—Claremont..... 351

CHAPTER X.—THE CAGE IS OPENED.

The Parting Dinner—Away to Paris—Classical Comedies—Mdlle. Mars — Dress — Mdlle. Georges — Bouffé — Déjazet — Taglioni—Malibran—Sontag—Lucie Duvergier—The King of Siam's Elephant—An Expensive Brother—Paris Memories—Gloom..... 390

CHAPTER XI.—A DREAM OF FREEDOM.

Return to England—The Villa near Claremont House—A Grandfather instead of a Lover—Drizzle Again—Riding Lessons—Don Quixote—A Gay Cavalier—Revolt—A Reckoning without the Host..... 435

CHAPTER XII.—A RETROSPECT.

Claremont—The Portrait and the Likeness—The First Gentleman of England—The Story of Princess Charlotte—Her Death..... 445

CHAPTER XIII.—THE GHOSTS OF CLAREMONT.

Royal Marriages—Deaths of the Duke of Kent and George III—Accession of George IV.—Treatment of Queen Caroline by the King—Her Death—Was She Poisoned?—Prince Leopold and the Countess Ficquelmont — The Prince and Lady Ellenborough — Elopement of Lady Ellenborough with Prince Felix Schwarzenberg—She Marries Baron Venningen—She Elopes with Count Theotocki—Her Subsequent Career and Death..... 488

CHAPTER XIV.—SEVERED.

The Indictment — The Greek Crown — Sorely Tried — Stockmar's Defence of Himself — Prince Leopold's Irresolution — King or Lover?—Neither—Karoline's Dream of Freedom is Over—Claremont—Meeting with the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria—The Villa in Regent's Park Occupied once more—Brother Karl again—Suspicion and Distrust—Karoline Parts from the Prince and Stockmar forever—Her Summing up of their Characters..... 508

THE pen trembles in my hand, for my heart—this old, storm-beaten, tired heart—still must tremble at the thought, that when the eyes of strangers read these lines it—this heart—will have ceased to beat—this hand will rest stiff and cold under the earth! Dust—ashes of my life! This poor human heart, which once bloomed and laughed so full of youthful gaiety, like a flower of spring in the first sunshine, which the young heart bright with joy took for an everlasting one—and which since then has erred and failed so much, suffered and wept!

And of this heart and its demons, and its old, long-forgotten, long-dead stories, I will speak here—but must likewise speak of other hearts and *their* demons and *their* old scattered and forgotten stories, as life brought them under my notice—out of which I first learned to know life, when I myself was still an innocent, stupid child. Of course only much later, when I had myself already tasted from the tree of knowledge and forfeited paradise, all became so frightfully clear to me as I here relate it; but the terrified looks which the ignorant little girl even then cast into the depths and shallows of the heart, continued their effect during the whole of my after-life, enlightening and consuming.

My career as *artiste* lies open before a sympathizing reader in my "Out of My Stage Life" and "Wanderings of Comedians." If I here nevertheless make some short repetitions of things already related more minutely in those books, it is done only for the sake of a better understanding and a logical connection.

Here now follows my life as woman. But the life of a woman is her heart, and the life of the heart is love.

(Signed) KAROLINE BAUER.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

MEMOIRS OF KAROLINE BAUER.

CHAPTER I.

AVANT-SCÈNE.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE—EARLY LONGING FOR THE STAGE—MOVES WITH HER MOTHER TO KOBURG—THE LANDKAMMERRATH STOCKMAR—CHRISTELCHEN STOCKMAR AND HER ROYAL PLAYMATES—ONLY ONE SUNDAY DRESS EACH—TREATMENT OF GERMAN PRINCESSES IN RUSSIA—MARRIAGE OF CONSTANTINE AND THE PRINCESS JULIANE OF KOBURG—THE BAUER FAMILY—HEINRICH BAUER—MARRIAGE OF PRINCE ALEXANDER OF WURTEMBURG AND THE PRINCESS ANTOINETTE OF KOBURG—PRINCE ALEXANDER'S CHARACTER—A DUCAL FUNERAL IN 1800—MARRIAGE OF HEINRICH BAUER AND CHRISTEL STOCKMAR—PRINCESS VICTORIA—DUKE ERNST AND PAULINE PANAM—BARON STOCKMAR AND THE STOCKMAR FAMILY.

"IN the year of our Lord 1807, on the 29th of March, there was born in Heidelberg, and on the 10th of April baptized, Karoline Philippine Auguste Bauer.

"Parents: Herr Heinrich Bauer, lieutenant and adjutant in the Grand-ducal Baden regiment of light dragoons, and Christiane Stockmar of Koburg, his spouse.

"Sponsors: Herr Amtmann Karl Wagner and Caroline his spouse; Herr Oberamtmann August Becker of Brunswick, and Herr Major Bauer of Kassel: and by proxy in their absence Charlotte Stockmar, *née* Ramdor of Koburg."

Thus runs my certificate of baptism from the vestry-book of the Protestant church of the Holy Ghost at Heidelberg.

Those absent sponsors are my uncles and aunts.

Charlotte Stockmar is my good grandmother, the mother of my mother.

There stood at my cradle a sister, Lottchen, aged five, and two brothers, Karl, aged four, and Louis, two years old. My father had been unable to be present at the birth or baptism of his youngest child, having been encamped with the Baden troops under Marshal Lefèbvre since the beginning of March in front of Danzig, which only surrendered to the French on the 27th of May.

After his return from this campaign my father was transferred to Bruchsal as first lieutenant and adjutant in the second regiment of dragoons (Heimrot), but in the following spring he had to take the field again, to return no more.

After having shortly before been promoted to a captaincy, he fought at Aspern, when an Austrian cannon-ball carried off one of his legs. He died, far from his nearest and dearest, in the parsonage of Breitenlee, on the evening of the 28th of May. I have related more minutely in my "Bühnenleben" ("Stage Life") how his released soul was permitted, in its ardent love and longing, to take leave of his wife and children at home.

I was an orphan without, in the happy innocence of childhood, at all realizing it. The first woe of life went past the gay child without leaving a trace. I had the most loving, the best of mothers, who had now only *one* pleasure to live for—her children. This good, beautiful mother, who at the death of my father was but twenty-seven, I loved boundlessly.

I grew up in the tumult of war wild and boyish, like my wild brothers. For my misfortune I had inherited the impulsive, stormy, hot, passionate heart of my father, in whose veins the fiery blood of the Poniatowskis had once rolled so impetuously and passionately, which caused my mother to shed many an anxious tear notwithstanding their deep-felt, mutual love. I might have been four or five years old when I once stood on the window-sill, fully bent on throwing myself headlong from the second story down into the street, simply because in some trifle I was

not allowed to have my naughty way. My mother just seized me as I was already half over, and then vigorously applied the cane. I roared as if I was being roasted, then affectionately kissed my afflicted mother, and played merrily with my brothers in the street a few minutes later.

This impulsive, easily-consoled, light, light heart proved my misfortune as soon as the whirlwinds of life began to play their wild game with it. Then I stood in need indeed of a storm-proof character, to remain unshaken in the whirl.

When I was seven years old I experienced the first deep conscious woe. My angelic sister Lottchen and my dear grandmother died in March, 1814, the one soon after the other. In the fall of the same year my mother removed to Karlsruhe to enable her there to give a better education to her children. My easy-going, gay brother Karl, who inwardly and outwardly resembled my father strongly, entered the Grand-ducal academy for the sons of noblemen, to prepare himself for a commission in the army; brother Louis wished to be a merchant; I was to be a governess. I received first-rate instruction, and, I believe, distinguished myself at school, more especially on the harpsichord.

All might have gone well, if there had been no theatre in existence. But since I had first seen the performances in the Grand-ducal court theatre I had only one thought by day, only one dream at night—the theatre. All the abundance of earthly bliss I believed to exist upon those giddy boards. Happy child, who in her innocence did not dream how dangerous those boards may become for a poor, vain, foolish heart, and for a whole ruined human life!

But my pen has outrun events; I must return to the days of childhood.

During the spring of 1821 my mother had come to the Lake of Neuchâtel in order to be in the proximity of her children. She lived with Virginie's mother, the good minister's widow at St. Blaise. From here she wrote to

cousin Luise Becker, who had meanwhile married a merchant, Leopold, of Hamburg :—

"Would I could make you feel by word of mouth, dear Luise, how happy I was to see my children again. Now they are grown up and nearly educated. How much delight and tranquillity this thought causes to a mother's heart! I cannot thank God sufficiently that they—for twelve years fatherless—nevertheless have turned out good and upright, and are a source of great joy to me. How many a pain my heart felt during these years! how many a care has depressed my spirits! and how grateful I may now be to Providence for having rewarded me so richly through my good children! Louis has grown so much during the year I have not seen him, and become so accomplished and clever a man, that I stood before him quite astonished. Lina too is big and stout, and in blooming health. Her nose, which brought her (not inappropriately) the name of 'Nosey' in her childhood, has fortunately stopped its portentous development, so that even her mother may call Linchen a rather pretty, agreeable girl.

"She has employed her time well during the year; she speaks French fluently and with a pleasant accent; she is the first in music of all the boarders, and has also in other respects made good progress. With all that, she is still the same gay, happy soul, and the same simple, natural, pure young mind as formerly; there is nothing constrained or affected in or about her. The music which you gave me for her has given her much joy. She played the pieces at sight. The splendid polonaise and the Hamburg waltz have become great favorites with our dancing youth. I have been received here at this glorious lake with great affection, and the good, courteous Swiss do all in their power to render my sojourn as agreeable as possible. I am nearly every evening in the best society. In fine weather we spend our time in the most beautiful gardens with the most delightful view upon the lake and the Alps; there the young people sing, play upon the guitar, and indulge in all kinds of pastime; or in unfavorable

weather we play at whist indoors, or dance to the accompaniment of the harpsichord. Twice each week I have the pleasure of having Lina and Louis with me.

"When I spoke with Lina about her prospects as governess, and gently and earnestly repeated to her all the reasons in favor of it which you, beloved Luise, and I have often discussed together—then a tear or two, to be sure, did enter her eyes, because she must renounce her idolized stage; but she soon swallowed her tears, and embraced and kissed me tenderly, promising to study here with redoubled application during the last months, in order to make herself of real use in the world. She would fain do a great deal only to cause me and her brothers much joy, and to be one day our support. I am sincerely glad that this girl of fifteen exhibits so earnest and good an intention as well as the courage and strength of resignation; for what pangs it costs her to renounce the stage I perceive in many little incidents. Thus she requested me bashfully to ask Constance von Cofran and our good minister's widow, if she did not do fair justice to the part of the white-haired *curé* in the last comedy, *La Rosière*, by Madame de Genlis. And, remarkably enough, all agreed that the old French *curé* had been quite a wonderful performance for so young a girl."

And so I pursued with zeal and earnestness my object of becoming a learned governess. When I had returned with my mother to Karlsruhe in the autumn I resumed my lessons on the harpsichord with Music-Director Marx, and so early as the following winter I played Mozart's concerto in D minor with orchestral accompaniment in the Karlsruhe Museum Society, with so much success that my mother was greatly pressed by everybody to have me trained as a virtuoso on the pianoforte. But where were the means to come from? My poor mother was heavily weighed down at that time by new cares. Her elder half-sister in Eisenach had brought a suit against her, in which she claimed repayment of her paternal fortune of 12,000 thalers which we had inherited from my grandmother. If my mother lost the lawsuit we were

reduced to beggary, for perhaps her step-sister might even be empowered to seize her widow's pension. What then?

I quite seriously imagined that then nothing would be left to me but to throw myself, in close embrace with my mother, into the Rhine.

Our gloomy condition is best described by a letter of my mother. She wrote on the 8th of May, 1822, to her cousin Luise Leopold in Hamburg:—

"My heart alone can absolve me for having allowed so many weeks to elapse without writing to you. If you knew in what distress I passed this time, you would needs thank me that I did not write to you in such a state of mind. I could only have troubled you, you understand. At last the sun appears to smile on me once more! I yesterday received the legal decision from the court-tribunal; that I have won my case also in the second instance. My step-sister will hardly risk another appeal.

"Meanwhile I have also received the assurance that I shall continue to receive my pension for three years, although living abroad; and now I await news from you, dear Luise, and your good Leopold, if you do not object to invite Lina and me to come to Hamburg. Shall we not cause you cares and trouble? Examine yourself, my good Luise, count up everything with your Leopold, and let me know openly, how much lodgings, fuel, and board for Lina and me would amount to. Then I shall be able to arrange everything here cheerfully, and in the fall hasten with Lina to join you.

"My Louis is likewise here at present, and I am very much pleased with him. But my trouble to induce him to renounce a mercantile career and seek employment in the service of the State is all in vain. Now should there be no prospect as merchant for him in Hamburg, I will write to my nephew, Christian Stockmar, in London, to ask him to find a good place for Louis there. My nephew is no longer the medical adviser of Prince Leopold of Koburg, but his secretary and friend; he was moreover raised by the King of Saxony to a barony. If Louis

were not so fixedly bent upon a mercantile career, how easy it would be for my nephew to make him his secretary, or to procure for him some other post! But I should prefer still if Louis too remained meanwhile in Hamburg. I should regret very much to send him, young as he is, to London. Besides, I know my nephew too little, and am not sure if he would act by Louis as a paternal friend. Louis is now seventeen, very tall and handsome, and it is high time that he should earn his own living. He has cost so much money, and his active mind requires speedy and plentiful occupation if he is to be happy.

"Lina was confirmed at Easter. Although I entered the church with a thousand cares (owing to my unfortunate lawsuit), yet the day was one of the most solemn of my life. Lina was selected by the chief clergyman out of 108 girls, mostly belonging to the first families, to say a prayer before the Lord's Supper. She pronounced it beautifully and touchingly, with deep feeling and the clearest, most affecting, childlike voice. She is still getting lessons in elocution from Professor Aloys. You know her old inclination for the stage. Well, when the lawsuit caused me so many cares concerning our future, she again urged me strongly to let her become an actress. But her uncle and godfather, General Bauer in Kassel, did not approve of it. He wrote back: 'A Bauer upon the stage? Rather a farm-servant! Her talent in reading and reciting will be of equal use to her in any other condition of life, especially as governess or music-teacher.' It would be sad indeed if this kind creature, with her pure, generous desire to help her family, should not be happy. But she is quite prepared for arduous duties: life, she says, is only a trial-station for us, and therefore she would continue to be content and preserve her cheerful disposition even in the most difficult situation.

"I had made up my mind already to sell my pension to the state for 8,000 florins, in order to get out of all these messes, but my faithful legal adviser, *Hofgerichtsadvokat* Bayer, would not consent to it, and now I see that he was right. At all events, I have received a per-

mit for three years to live with my pension out of the country."

In another letter, dated June 2d, 1822, my mother wrote to her cousin :—

"Your kind letter has caused me the liveliest joy! How good you are, both of you, to repeat your invitation for me and Lina to come to Hamburg! I am convinced that by your side I shall recover my contentment and happiness entirely, when once my children are provided for. My heart desires nothing else. The world has no other joys for me. My numerous and bitter trials since my husband's death have made me thirty years older.

"Yesterday I received a letter from my brother John, chief magistrate of Rodach, near Koburg. His eldest son Christian, created Baron by the King of Saxony, has been married to his cousin, Fanny Sommer, ever since last August; she is an only daughter and heiress, expected to receive from 80,000 to 100,000 thalers at the death of her parents. He has lately been travelling through Italy with Prince Leopold, who loves him like a brother, and is now expected on a visit in Koburg. My brother has also invited me and my children to come there and to Rodach. So I am going to see again my beautiful dear home after years of absence. What I specially value is to be able to talk with my nephew Christian about Louis' and Lina's future. He may, if he likes, be of great use to them."

And so we went to our relations in Koburg in September, 1822. This journey was to be decisive for my whole life. In Koburg the first light threads of the golden web were spun which, as years went on, imperceptibly were woven into a fatal net—fatal for the poor, cheerful, innocent little bird.

Down to the end of last century there lived in the pleasant little residence of Koburg the well-to-do manufacturer and merchant, Ernst Friedrich Stockmar. As he directed the money transactions of the court, he received the title of "Landkammerrath." The court was in perennial financial difficulties, although Duke Franz Josias

had succeeded to a rich heritage in shining gold and silver on the death of Prince Heinrich of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, who departed this life in 1758, without leaving an heir. But this splendid windfall turned out just the reverse of a blessing for the Koburg court. It tempted them to live in very great style, accustoming themselves to all kinds of luxuries; and then, one evil day, the whole golden legacy had melted away, leaving nothing behind; and to enable them to continue the previous merry life, the duke, the duchess, the princes and princesses lustily contracted debt upon debt. The "Landkammerrath" Stockmar could tell some pitiful stories about that; particularly under Franz Josias' successor, the Duke Ernst Friedrich and the Duchess Sophie Antoinette, a princess of Brunswick. At that time the debt-burden and financial pressure were so great that, on the distressful cry of the little land fast sinking to ruin, the emperor appointed in Koburg a Commission for the management of the duchy and the redemption of the debt. The little state had an annual revenue of 86,000 thalers—and the duke's debts exceeded a million! And now the duke with his whole family and his household had to manage with 12,000 thalers! Then it was that parsimony reigned supreme in kitchen, cellar, wardrobe, and stable. Johannes von Muller writes of it thus in 1780:—"Ernst Friedrich lived so frugally that he never had more than three courses, rarely many guests at table, and was also simple in his dress." But the 12,000 did not suffice even for that, and so new debts were contracted on pledge and promises. It was with positive terror at last that the good, loyal "Landkammerrath," Ernst Friedrich Stockmar, used to see the court messenger approaching his beautiful snug house at the market-place in Koburg, or his charming summer residence in the suburbs called the "Glockenberg," carrying something wrapped up under his arm. He knew then that the duke or duchess, or the princes or princesses, were once more in great straits and on the point of borrowing from him "on pledge."

But the faithful subject never accepted a pledge—he

thought that too disrespectful towards the august personages. He went on lending most loyally, even without the duke's bond, relying on a prince's word and sense of justice. But he never received a penny of interest, nor even his hard-earned money back again. This experience —this everlasting dread of new demands for money on the part of the duke—turned the old "Landkammerrath" into a nervous hypochondriac during the last years of his life. Nay, from time to time he suffered from real mental derangement. He secluded himself upon the "Glockenberg" almost completely from the world—except always from the ducal court messengers with their silver dishes, golden trinkets and occasional diamonds, who again and again found their way to the old "Landkammerrath" Stockmar.

From a first marriage Ernst Friedrich Stockmar had a son, Johann Ernst Gotthelf, born 1760, and two daughters. Having been early left a widower, the "Landkammerrath" wooed the beautiful lady-in-waiting of Princess Karoline of Koburg, Charlotte Ramdor, a daughter of the celebrated surgeon in Brunswick, who was once even called to Petersburg to perform an operation on the Empress Catherine II., and received from the Empress a set of brilliants as a gift to his wife. These brilliants were left to my mother, but, during the disastrous time of the French invasion, went the same way as the rest of our silver, gold and precious stones.

Princess Karoline of Koburg, born 1755, was the daughter of Duke Ernst Friedrich, and through her Brunswick mother had become the rich and highly honored abbess of the ladies' convent of Gandersheim, once (in the tenth century) famous through the poetess nun Roswitha, who calls herself modestly "the clear-sounding voice of Gandersheim." The Protestant abbesses had seat and vote upon the Rhenish bench of prelates, a considerable court with its own hereditary offices, and a jurisdiction to which even the Kings of Prussia and the Electors of Hanover must needs resort in cases concerning the domain of Dernburg and the estate of Elbingerode.

The exquisite Charlotte Ramdor, highly accomplished, cheerful, witty, amiable, was the favorite of the princess abbess and of the persons around her. In company with the princess she came to the court of Koburg. Well, whether it was gratitude towards the disinterested helper out of so many straits, I cannot tell; enough that Princess Karoline and the Koburg court supported the suit of the stately and generally esteemed "Landkammerrath," though he was already forty, and therefore much older than Charlotte Ramdor; and so he married the charming but penniless court lady. She became a faithful wife and housekeeper, and a good step-mother. The son was a source of joy to her; but the two daughters turned children of sorrow. The elder had inherited her father's gloomy disposition. She died in an asylum, and her unfortunate son hanged himself in a fit of profound melancholy. The younger step-daughter, ugly within and without, caused her mother, through her tricks and malice, much grief. She became the "unkind" aunt in Eisenach who, by her unjust lawsuit, caused my mother and us children so many tears.

Only after seventeen years of marriage could the wife of the "Landkammerrath," Charlotte Stockmar, press a child of her own to her tender bosom—her lovely, merry little "Christel," who understood how to brighten up the gloomy soul of her misanthropic father like a sunbeam.

The old "Landkammerrath" died in 1793, when his Christelchen was but ten years old. In his portrait, I, his grandchild, was always struck by his fine air of dignity and his keen eyes. I always fancied that my late grandfather would have been a first rate "president" in one of Iffland's plays. He had been a class-fellow of Gellert's in the University of Leipzig, and been on terms of great affection with him.

On the death of the old "Landkammerrath" it was found that he had gradually lent to the ducal family 17,000 thalers, for which he had never received any interest. Neither have my grandmother and her children ever received back a farthing of this sum. But the duke

and the court always remained their most gracious protectors.

Christelchen Stockmar became the playmate of the young Princes Ernst, Ferdinand, and Leopold, and of the Princesses Sophie, Antoinette, Juliane, and Victoria, the sons and daughters of the Hereditary Prince Franz, who often came to the "Glockenberg" for musical entertainments, and played in the garden with merry Christelchen at hounds and hare. On such an occasion Princess Antoinette once tore her Sunday dress on a gooseberry shrub, and was distracted for fear of her severe mother, a bigoted Princess of Reuss-Ebersdorf; for each princess possessed only one solitary Sunday dress. But Christelchen Stockmar was equal to the occasion. She quickly fetched her needle and thread, and so cleverly mended the rent in the princess's dress that her mother, the Hereditary Princess, never heard anything about this sad event. Christelchen was fondest of Princess Victoria, on account of her amiability and many talents. After many years the two playmates were to meet again in England. Princess Victoria had become Duchess of Kent and mother of little Princess Victoria, now Queen of England—and Chistelchen Stockmar the widow of Captain Bauer and mother to the Countess Karoline Montgomery, whom Prince Leopold of Koburg called his spouse—but to be sure quite secretly, so that England and the English Parliament might not hear of it.

Of the princes, Christelchen liked the eldest, Prince Ernst, best. He was light-hearted, and it is true also of rather too facile disposition; but Albert was gay and frank; whilst the youngest brother, Prince Leopold, was reserved, cool, calculating, appearing almost always as if lost in thought.

In September, 1795, H. I. H. the Hereditary Princess went with her three lovely eldest daughters to Petersburg —for a bride show. The aged Empress, Katharina, who had previously asked three Princesses of Würtemburg to Berlin, and three Princesses of Darmstadt, and two of Baden to St. Petersburg, in order that her son Paul

and her grandson Alexander might choose wives among them, had now ordered up the Princesses of Koburg —that her grandson Constantine, still almost a boy, and always a booby, might choose among them. Although it was well known what a sad fate many a German princess had met with in Russia — *e. g.* the unhappy Sophie of Brunswick as spouse of the poor Alexis — the Regent Anna, mother of the murdered Czar, who herself ended her life in pain and misery—the Princess of Darmstadt, murdered in childbed, Paul's first spouse, as well as her successor, the Czarina Maria (a Princess of Würtemburg) tortured for years by gross treatment and cruelty—still the Princesses of Koburg, who were as poor as church mice, could not resist the golden winks of the all-powerful Czarina. And what humiliations were waiting for them in St. Petersburg! Katharina and her whole court made sport of their modest toilette and their shy appearance. The Empress sent her tailors and milliners to make the German princesses presentable at court. And how did Constantine treat these poor creatures? Almost as badly as the recruits that were given him for a pastime, who would occasionally have an eye knocked out by him or an ear torn off. He refused to marry any of these princesses exhibited for his selection. He thought them too coy, too maidenly, too virtuous, and bashful.

So his grandmother, Katharina, chose his bride for him, and in an original way. She stood at the window and saw the princesses alight from the carriage. The first entangled herself in the unwonted court-train, and fell to the ground. The second took a warning example of this, and scrambled out on all fours. The third and youngest, the neat little Juliane, hardly fourteen then, took up her train in both hands, and sprang gracefully to the ground.

"That's she! She is a match for our wild Constantine," said Katharina.

"All right; if it must be so, I will marry the little ape. It dances very prettily!" observed Constantine, carelessly.

On the last day of December, the Hereditary Princess arrived again in Koburg with her two rejected daughters —"amidst great demonstrations of joy and the illumination of a part of the town," as we read in an old journal. The marriage of Princess Juliane in St. Petersburg (who on her embracing the orthodox Greek faith had received the name of Anna Feodorowna) was celebrated on the 24th of February at the court of Koburg in great gala by dinner, reception, and supper. Nevertheless it was the most luckless day in the life of the poor victim. The brutal Constantine treated his spouse like a slave. He forgot all propriety and decorum so much that he, in the presence of his coarse officers, claimed condescensions from her, as her master, such as can scarcely even be hinted at. Most deeply humbled as wife, she returned to Koburg soon after the death of Empress Katharina. Since 1802 she lived entirely apart from her husband. As late as 1820, when Constantine concluded a morganatic marriage with the Polish Countess Grudzinska (then elevated to the rank of Princess Lowicz), his formal divorce, through the Czar Alexander, took place.

The marriage of Princess Antoinette was to be fateful also for her playmate, Christiane Stockmar. On the evening of the 5th of May, 1798, there arrived in Koburg, Major-General Prince Alexander of Würtemburg as a suitor; and in his suite his equerry, Heinrich Bauer, a very handsome young madcap of eighteen years.

The family Bauer comes from Poland and originally bore the name of Poniatowski, a modest branch of the illustrious princely house. About the middle of the last century a Poniatowski emigrated, on account of his Protestant faith, and purchased a small estate near Kassel. Husbanding his own land he now called himself simply "Bauer" (husbandman). Landgrave Friedrich VIII. gave the family a new coat of arms — a husbandman whisking a whip! His son Georg became Keeper of the Privy Purse to Landgrave Friedrich II., and father of three sons. The eldest joined the army and became general, the same who "would rather see his niece, Lina

Bauer, a farm servant than an actress." A son of his became a general in his turn, and, after the French war, Commandant of Strassburg. As such he has visited his cousin Lina upon the Broëlberg near Zurich.

The second son of the old Hessian "Intendant," Georg, became "Kriegsrath" (counsellor of war) and eccentric. In a gloomy misanthropic fit he burned all the Polish family papers!

The third and youngest son was the wild Heinrich. In him the restless Polish blood was always foaming and boiling indomitably. He was handsome, vigorous, confident of victory as the war-god, proud and bold as a young lion, wanton as a wild foal, generous as a Poniatowski, easy-minded as a cornet: a spoiled favorite of the gods, and of women!

Only the nasty old Landgrave Wilhelm IX., surnamed "Schwammhannes" (Jack with the mushroom) on account of a huge growth on his neck, did not like the handsome little scapegrace, who not seldom dared to rebel against the despotic whims of his master. In vain the old "Intendant" entreated his son to yield to the Landgrave; in vain the latter sent the audacious "Poniatowski" (as he ironically called the young Hotspur) again and again into confinement; that embittered our Heinrich only so much the more. To prevent worse, his father sent the indomitable youth (then sixteen years old) to Brunswick to have him trained for an equerry by the then famous equestrian artist, Hünersdorf. As such the youth of eighteen years entered the service of Duke Alexander of Würtemburg, and soon after came with the latter to Koburg in the suite of the suitor. It was to turn out a suitorship for him, too. At a ball he saw the fifteen-year old Christelchen Stockmar, and fell over head and ears in love with the sweet, gay child. On the very same evening the young equerry, during a graceful minuet, declared his love in fiery terms to his lovely partner, and successfully stormed her heart. The following morning he stood before the widowed "Frau Landkammerräthin" asking for the hand of her daughter. It required many battles,

and copious tears of enamored Christelchen, before her mother consented. Of course the marriage of such "children" was as yet not to be thought of. They were told "to wait a few years."

In autumn equerry Bauer came again to Koburg from Vienna to bring to Princess Antoinette the marriage-jewels from Prince Alexander. The latter soon followed. On the 15th of November the engagement of the young people was celebrated by a *dîner en famille.* The above-mentioned old journal says, concerning the 17th of November:—

"At a quarter to one at noon, the whole court assembled, though without strangers; whereupon the marriage of Prince Alexander of Würtemburg with Antoinette, second daughter of H. S. H. the Hereditary Prince of Koburg, was quietly performed by a minister of the church; whereupon dinner, attended by gentlemen of the court only: in the evening, play and supper.

"November 18th.—Early at nine o'clock all gentlemen, native and foreign, assembled at court, in order to congratulate and pay their respects, whereupon a service of thanks was held in the castle-chapel, amidst the sound of trumpets and big drums, and a discharge of cannon. At noon, also, all married ladies made their appearance at court, where dinner was served on three long tables, in the 'Riesensaal' (giant-hall). Cannons were fired to the toasts. In the evening there was a grand reception and play, and then again supper in the same hall as at noon."

But our old journal is silent about the dismayed, grief-stricken face exhibited by the angel-like, beautiful bride, as she sat beside her husband. Prince Alexander was shockingly ugly. A huge tumor disfigured his forehead, and there was something brutish in his face. Besides the poor fellow suffered—suffered from a sad disease, that of gluttony. When the young bride awoke on the morning after the wedding, horror-stricken she saw her husband beside her gnawing a big ham-bone with brutish ferocity

—a sight which the unfortunate princess could never forget.

Prince Alexander suffered from another not less odious disease—the most sordid avarice. His equerry, Heinrich Bauer, had once, at the peril of his own, saved the prince's life by drawing him out of a bog, into which he had sunk up to the neck whilst hunting, but in doing so, had lost his gold watch with the beautiful seals attached. The prince, in the first impulse of gratitude promised to make good the loss, but forgot again and again, although his equerry often reminded him of it in his bold way. When the prince asked, "Bauer, what time is it by your watch?" the latter would make a quick movement to his fob, and then, as if suddenly recollecting, say, "Oh, I forgot, your Highness, that my watch is still in the bog, and has not yet—"

"All right, I know, Bauer. I shall remember it, and soon procure you another watch!"

But that was all. The duke has never paid his debt of gratitude to his equerry Bauer, or to Bauer's family.

It was nearly thirty years after that sad marriage in Koburg before I was face to face with Duke Alexander again. It was in 1828, on the occasion of a short engagement which I was fulfilling in St. Petersburg, when royal Prussian court-actress. Duke Alexander, as brother of the Empress-mother Maria, had settled in St. Petersburg, and held the appointments of Imperial Russian General-in-Chief and Director-General of the land and water communications of the Russian empire. Death had long ago freed poor Princess Antoinette from this monster. His Highness desired to see the widow and daughter of his former equerry Bauer. A peculiar shudder seized me when I entered with my mother the dismal, gloomy palace of Prince Alexander, which was surrounded by tall trees, the stillness of death prevailing in it.

What an unsympathetic personage stood over against us! A thick, inflated body upon thin legs in silk stockings and buckle shoes; the broad, ugly face flushed and

unmeaning; upon his bald, flat brow the huge shining bump; his eyes glassy and bloodshot. Turning in his trembling hands a golden snuff-box, his Highness was hardly able to address the customary conventional questions to us. Only one single word to my mother did not sound hollow.

"I was the unconscious cause of your marriage with Heinrich Bauer, when I brought him with me to Koburg and afterwards sent him there with the marriage-jewels. Bauer was a handsome cavalier and fitting suitor for the charming Christiane Stockmar."

I could not help reminding his Highness, as soon as an occasion offered, of the little adventure in the bog which he had together with his equerry, and of the watch lost on that occasion.

His Highness, however, prudently remembered nothing about this little adventure. He did not even engage a private box for himself on my benefit night.

Indignant, I said to my mother, "How well my father did in giving up this miser and taking service as equerry with the noble Archduke Ludwig in Vienna!"

Prince Alexander, together with his spouse and his equerry, Heinrich Bauer, left Koburg only on the 2nd of February, 1799, "in order to return to the imperial-royal army; on which occasion the leave-taking was very sad. The young people accompanied them as far as Lichtenfels. . . ." Also Christelchen Stockmar mourned after her beloved Heinrich Bauer (to whom she was secretly betrothed), but without renouncing all the pleasures of her young maidenhood. Thus she was a diligent and much-liked member of the Koburg amateur company. I have before me two old play-bills of that period.

"With his Highness's permission there will be performed upon the ducal court theatre, by an amateur company, on Wednesday, the 6th of November, 1799, *Die Schachmaschine, oder Geniestreich über Geniestreich*, a comedy in four acts, adapted from the English. Mademoiselle Stockmar will play the part of the heroine, Julie von Wangen."

In August, 1800, Prince Alexander of Würtemburg took service in the Russian army, being first appointed to the commandantship of Riga.

The reigning duke, Ernst Friedrich, died on the 8th of September. A post-mortem examination revealed two large stones in his body. Duke Franz Friedrich Anton succeeded to the throne. His sons were the Hereditary Prince Ernst and the Princes Ferdinand and Leopold.

It will, perhaps, not be uninteresting to read how an old Koburg duke was buried at that period. In an old journal of the gallant Imperial-Royal Field-marshal Friedrich Josias of Koburg (from which I quote), which became the property of Prince Leopold, and was printed as MS. at his expense, may be found the following:—

"Towards evening the body of my deceased brother was placed on parade in the black-draped dining-hall to be viewed from six till eight o'clock, during which time the Chief Marshal von Wangenheim, Marshal von Bocksberg, two grooms in waiting, two officers, two chamberlains and six lacqueys stood at the two sides. Before eight the whole court, all counsellors, all strangers, officers, the town council, the clergy, the professors and students, as well as the oldest citizens, had to appear at court in prescribed mourning. The young members of the court repaired to the dowager-duchess to condole with her.

"From the castle down to the Schloss and Herrengasse, from the market-place and a part of the Steingasse down to the town church, the three companies of the land regiment were drawn up in line; citizens in equal number with torches being distributed between the soldiers by twos. At eight o'clock all bells began to chime the funeral knell, which continued during the whole ceremony. At a quarter past eight the body was carried by master tradesmen through the castle-chapel to the hearse, drawn by six horses, at the two sides of which stood the estates of the duchy, and beside them lacqueys with torches. Hereupon the procession began to move in prescribed order towards the town church, where it was lifted off the hearse and carried through the estates

to the ducal tomb, followed only by the two marshals. This having been accomplished, the procession returned in the same order to the ducal palace, where, at half-past ten, all dispersed. . . ."

In January, 1801, Heinrich Bauer was again in Koburg, to urge his mother-in-law to hasten his marriage. Various feasts were held at that time.

"On the 19th January, as the birthday of H. H. the reigning duchess, all the young members of the family, with some ladies and cavaliers of the court dressed as peasants, assembled at the residence of the Chief Marshal von Wangenheim, from whence they went with music into the quarters of the duchess, introducing themselves as the village commune of Ketchendorf, who had come to pay their respects, which, intended as it was for a surprise, came off very well. In the evening a drawing-room was held at the Princess of Würtemburg's."

The *fiancés* also took an active part in the theatricals. Upon the other play-bill which my mother kept as a relic I read,—

"By most gracious consent, Wednesday, 28th January, 1801. A performance by some theatrical amateurs: *Das Schreibpult, oder die Gefahren der Jugend.* A play in four acts by Kotzebue. *Dramatis personæ:* Diethelm, a young merchant, *Herr Privy Counsellor von Wangenheim;* Hermann, his first clerk, *Herr Wirth, Advocate to the Duke;* Flink, his servant, *Herr Bauer, equerry,* &c., &c., &c." All, all, every one, long since dust and ashes!

"Admission: first parterre, 48 kr., pit, 30 kr., gallery, 15 kr.—Place of performance, the ducal court theatre; commences at five o'clock."

Soon after, the happy equerry, Heinrich Bauer, led his charming young wife, Christiane, to Vienna; and now, after twenty-one years, his widow returned with her children to her native country.

There many changes had meanwhile taken place. Princess Juliane, Grand-Duchess Anna Feodorowna, had left her tyrannical husband, Constantine, and had returned to Koburg. Princess Victoria had married Emich Karl,

Hereditary Prince of Leiningen, and, as his widow, in 1818, Edward, Duke of Kent, who, however, had died soon after in 1820, leaving behind him a little daughter, Victoria — "white and plump, like a stuffed pigeon." Princess Sophie had chosen as her husband the Austrian Captain, Count Emanuel Mensdorf.

The Duke Franz had died shortly after the battle of Jena, whilst the Hereditary Prince Ernst was staying in Königsberg with the fugitive court, being ill of typhus fever. The French occupied Koburg and governed the state. On the 28th June, 1807, the reigning Duke Ernst (then twenty-three years old) made his entry into Koburg, amidst the ringing of the bells, the firing of cannon, and the bugling of the postillions.

"H. S. H. the Prince of Leiningen and Prince Leopold, mounted on horseback, preceded the ducal carriage, whereupon H. S. H. the duchess followed with the Princess of Leiningen. The procession moved towards the common, where the duke alighted and was received by a group of maidens, about sixty in number, all dressed in white, their heads decked with oak-leaves and cornflowers arranged so as to form V. V. E., *i. e.*, 'Vivat Ernst!' Two of the foremost girls presented upon a silk cushion a wreath of flowers and a poem; two smaller girls placed at his feet bouquets from their cornucopia. Here the duke resolved to continue his entry on foot, the maidens following in due order."

The young duke, fond of life and love, soon made his court, in spite of the sorrows of war, the scene of numerous feasts, each more fanciful than the other.

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In October, 1807, the reigning Duke Ernst had gone to Paris with his youngest brother, Prince Leopold, then seventeen years old, to do homage to the all-powerful Emperor Napoleon. Here, in Paris, Duke Ernst began a love intrigue which was soon to become known to all the world, though not redounding to the honor of the House of Koburg.

At a ball in Paris, the handsome, fiery Duke Ernst saw

for the first time a charming young lady of fourteen years, Pauline Adélaide Alexandre Panam, who was descended from a Greek family residing in Montpellier, and was soon known universally by the name of "la belle Grecque." The amorous duke at once made vigorous court to the beautiful Greek, offering her his protection, his influence and his fortune. She might regard him, he said, as her brother. One day he proposed to her to become the lady-companion of his sister, the Grand Duchess Constantine, and the outcome of it was that the beautiful Greek very soon succumbed to his artifices.

In April, 1808, the duke returned to Koburg from Paris. Mademoiselle Pauline followed her lover, who had promised her that his mother was to receive her among her court-ladies. She travelled, by order of the duke, in male attire. But hardly had she arrived in Koburg when the disappointments of the unfortunate girl commenced. The duke said he was sorry that he was obliged to communicate to her that his mother refused to attach her to her person, because she was—French! but that he would provide for her with his wonted affection. The poor little French girl, still in male attire, felt dreadfully bored, in quiet Koburg, especially as her protector held her like a prisoner, secluded from the outer world, so that nobody might find out her compromising presence,—the very same experience which I was destined to have in England at the hands of the present brother of that cautious duke! Soon Pauline had to leave Koburg again by command of her ducal protector, and proceeded to occupy a still smaller dwelling in the neighboring farm of Esslau. Here the duke introduced his mistress to his sisters, Countess Mensdorf and the Grand Duchess Constantine. Prince Leopold, eighteen years old, paid an amorous visit to the mistress of his brother. He forced his way into her bedroom at seven o'clock in the morning, when the fair lady was still in bed.

In the "Mémoires d' une jeune Grecque" Pauline depicts Prince Leopold in these words: "He was a tall

young man with a false look and a disagreeable, sentimental smile. After having excused (in wretched French) his manner of introducing himself to my presence, he began to lament my fate and to fall foul of his brother." The duke had heard of this visit, and caused his fair mistress a scene of furious jealousy, which so agitated Pauline that she was ill for a fortnight.

When the mistress held out to her protector the joyous prospect of soon becoming a father, he grew more affectionate and attentive. He even had her take part in rural court-festivities, in various disguises, now as a peasant, now as a lady; and on those occasions he always found an opportunity for some demonstrations of affection. Thus Pauline, after a fête at Rosenau, had to ascend a ladder in order to enter the window of her lover's room, amid lightning and thunder and a perfect torrent of rain, and when the ladder proved too short, H. S. H. held down a chair from the balcony on which Pauline, wet as a drowned kitten, nevertheless managed to clamber up.

The lying-in apartment of the unfortunate Greek was established by Duke Ernst in the distant Amorbach, the summer-residence of Prince von Leiningen, under the eyes of this brother-in-law, and the duke's sister Victoria. The Duchess-mother of Koburg, from the pious race of Reuss-Ebersdorff, wrote to the mistress of her eldest son the following characteristic letter in French :—

"Adieu, my poor Pauline! Preserve within you the pious feelings which you exhibit in your letter, and this God of goodness who judges our hearts will have compassion on yours which is so beautiful! He will pardon you your past errors, if you return to the path of virtue as a believer; it is not so difficult as people think. You will soon be a mother! Oh, may this sacred name, although you will have owed it to a false step, fill your soul! It will save you for the future! As soon as your sister arrives, withdraw as far as possible from these parts to be confined.

"(Signed)

"THE DOWAGER-DUCHESS OF SAXE-KOBURG."

Pauline felt naturally very unhappy in Amorbach, for none troubled themselves about her, nobody provided for her. She addressed Prince von Leiningen, and received this little-comforting reply: "I know the people with whom you have to do. I cannot sufficiently recommend you to distrust them. For have I myself not been the dupe of their promises? And did they not amuse me with fair words before I entered their family? And since I entered it, they have not kept a single one of their engagements."

Then Pauline set out again for Koburg. The duke ordered her to keep to her room there. But the fair dame did not heed it, but bravely forced her way even into the apartments of the Dowager-Duchess. A violent scene ensued between the two ladies, till H. S. H. again promised all sorts of things. The very same evening the duke reiterated these promises: "My mother will provide for thy future, and that of our child." Next day the duchess-mother induced the unfortunate girl, through combined flatteries and threats, to swear that she would never become the recognized mistress of the duke; that she would on the contrary try to keep him at a distance from her; and after she had sworn this, "my dear Pauline, my daughter," was permitted to embrace the pious duchess, and even to lend her a very becoming *robe en cœur*, as H. S. H. wanted to get a similar dress made after this Parisian pattern.

In September, 1808, Duke Ernst went to St. Petersburg for six months, without troubling himself any further about his victim. Deprived of all means, Pauline's sister, who had hastened to the spot from Paris, applied to the duchess-mother, who was then taking the waters in Karlsbad. She received the laconic reply, "I demand the most absolute secrecy regarding the relations between Pauline and my son! I am indulgent, but am capable of vengeance. (Signed) AUGUSTA."

Later on the dowager-duchess sent five louis-d'or to the unfortunate lady, along with advice to adopt the style of a married lady, and to say that her husband was under

orders travelling abroad. Prince Leopold added 100 gulden, but at the same time complained much of Pauline's want of economy. Very characteristic of my honest, economical Prince Leopold!

On the 4th of March, Pauline, without money, linen, fuel, and sometimes food, is delivered of a ducal son in Frankfort on the Maine. Now the duke also sends her 1,000 francs from Memel, with the command to pass herself off as the widow of a superior French officer who had been killed in Poland. She might adopt any name she chose. Later on the duke decides that she was to call herself the widow of a Hanoverian officer.

In February, 1809, the duke returns from his Russian journey. Pauline sends to him the first little locks of the little Ernst August. In July the duke visits mother and son in Frankfort, and again makes the most brilliant promises to her, of course without keeping them.

Then Pauline, or as she is now called officially, "Madame A. H. Alexandre," with the courage of hunger and despair, suddenly drops down at the court of Koburg, like a bursting bomb-shell. The duke and his worthy mother are beside themselves with fright and rage. The pious dowager-duchess at last caressingly gives this advice to the poor unfortunate: "Young and pretty as you are, you have a rich future and much pleasure before you. Give me the child and—amuse yourself in Paris."

When Pauline does not yield, the duke and his mother send their servants into the hostelry where Madame Alexandre lodges, and have her belongings thrown out of the windows into the street, with an order to the landlord to supply no more food to the obstinate Frenchwoman. But when the servants were preparing to rob the mother of her child, she rushed upon them like a raging lioness: "Monsters! You venture to touch the son of the duke? First you must kill me!" Stupefied, the servants steal away. Pauline remains in Koburg. The negotiations last four weeks. Then Major Czymbowsky lays before the discharged mistress, by order of the duke, the following agreement:—

"Madame A. H. Alexandre is granted an annual pension of 3,000 francs.

"Madame A. H. Alexandre will speedily quit the country of H. H. the Duke of Saxe-Koburg, and never return to it. Otherwise articles 1 to 5 of this agreement would lose their force.

"By command, (Signed) VON CZYMBOWSKY."

Pauline repairs with her son to Dresden, of course without receiving her pension of 3,000 francs. Only through the good offices of the French ambassador (Serra) she succeeds in obtaining some small sums from the duke. But when H. H. in May, 1812, went to Dresden with Prince Ferdinand to assist at the meeting of the Emperors Alexander and Napoleon, the amorous duke visited his lady-love affectionately in the Hôtel de Pologne, where Pauline lived with the little Ernst August, partly from succor by the Austrian ambassador, Esterhazy, and several French generals, and partly by the pity of the landlord. The duke vows to raise her pension to 6,000 francs, but soon after informs his victim that she would henceforth receive only 1,000 francs, but that H. H. for mercy's and pity's sake (*par grace et par bonté*) would have the child (whom he had never recognized as his son) educated.

Owing to the disturbed state of the country during the war, Pauline returns to Frankfort. There she once more meets the Duke Ernst, who has taken the command of the 5th German Corps against his once idolized Emperor Napoleon, whips his little Ernst August, and overwhelms the boy's mother with insults, till Grand Duke Constantine espouses the cause of the abandoned mistress and the whipped son of his ducal brother-in-law, ridiculing the duke: "He reigns over six peasants and two village surgeons!"

Now also Duke Ernst returns to mother and son in pretended repentance and affection, opens his purse, and sends his beloved under the escort of a court-runner to Vienna. On the road, so Pauline maintains, several attempts were made to kill the inconvenient witnesses of

ducal lust; once through the upsetting of the carriage in an abyss, then repeatedly through poison.

In Vienna, Pauline finds in the aged Prince de Ligne a protector, and, it was said, a lover. Prince de Ligne leads Duke Ernst back into the arms of "Madame Alexandre," during the Vienna Congress, and compels him to reopen his purse. All the world is interested in the beautiful Greek whom Prince de Ligne, this great connoisseur of beauty, not only calls "one of the most beautiful women in the world," but "*ange aussi.*" Prince Metternich offers to bring up little Ernst August as his son, not from kindness, but, as the Greek asserts, to render her harmless, in the interest of the duke. The latter would have removed the troublesome person through the Vienna police, but her powerful friends, Prince de Ligne, Prince Eugène Beauharnais, Prince Narischkin, Grand Duke Constantine, Lord Stewart, and others protect her, and furnish her with the means of living which the father of her son has again withdrawn. An Italian, Pioni, makes six times the attempt to poison her. At whose bidding?

On the advice of Prince de Ligne the young Greek writes her memoirs, and, at the death of the prince, she and her son seek refuge in France, there to publish them. To prevent this the duke makes new golden promises, which are, of course, again not kept.

About this time the Russian general, Von Nostitz, once adjutant to Prince Louis Ferdinand, who fell at Saalfeld, writes the following, in his journal of the Vienna Congress, concerning Duke Ernst:—"The Duke of Koburg is tall and stout, but not to the special credit of big men, who are only too often, and not without reason, charged with smallness of mind. The Koburg family are indeed generally honest and well disposed, but mostly wanting in ability, particularly Prince Ferdinand, at present an Austrian general, who has a handsome, regular face, with a thin, longish nose, in which you may discover anything you like, except sagacity."

At the age of thirty-three, Duke Ernst married, in

1817, the charming Princess Luise of Gotha, the heiress of that duchy, after the hand of the Russian Grand Duchess Anna Paulowna, formerly promised, had ultimately been refused him on account of the scandal with the young Greek.

The old, original "Patriarch of Rodach," the very reverend Superintendent Hohnbaum, the paternal friend of the young poet Rückert, son of Amtmann von Ebern, writes in 1817 about the lovely princess to his son in England:—

"Our duke has wedded the Princess of Gotha. This caused a terrible hubbub in Koburg. Everything was done with a view to splendor and pomp in Rodach, where I had to look after the arrangements on the border myself, with a view to simplicity. My old head had to produce a triumphal arch, and two pieces of poetry! In Rodach the illustrious party dined, and I had the pleasure of sitting beside the young princess, who also remembered you. She is a most natural and amiable creature. They will, however, put her in Koburg into the polishing-mill and sieve, you will see, till she is as flat and smooth as the rest."

What deep penetration had this old Superintendent of Rodach! The best proof of this is the melancholy end of this unhappy princess.

A few months later the Superintendent of Rodach again writes to his son:—

"You have wronged the young princess in remarking that her remembrance of you was probably only an idle court phrase. She told me much of her father's intercourse with you at that time. Altogether I do not think that any idle phrase would profane her lips, nor that any court vice can ever have ruined her heart. I consider her an unusually rare being."

Poor young princess, whom a cruel fate made successor to that beautiful Greek, and to so many, many others!

* * * * * *

Such was the situation in which my mother, after an absence of years, found her dear home on her return to

it, in which I for the first time entered Koburg, unconscious that in this town my fate was to be decided for my whole life,—portentously even now, and seven years later still more calamitously.

The family of my mother received us very affectionately. Uncle "Justizamtmann" had come from Rodach with his youngest daughter, the quicksilver-like, sprightly Riekchen to welcome us. A jolly, jovial, amiable uncle! His nephew, Ernst Baron Stockmar, once Treasurer to Queen Victoria, and later in a similar confidential position with the Crown Princess of Prussia, till a disease of the spine compelled him to live in melancholy retirement, relates, in the memoirs of his father (Johann Ernst Gotthelf Stockmar), "He was a lively, cheerful, humorous, kindly, benevolent gentleman, accomplished, fond of books, a scientific jurist. He was proprietor of the baronial estate of Obersiemau, on the Bavarian border."

Also my eldest cousin, Karoline, and her husband "President" Opitz, pleased me much with their heartiness. I was most interested, of course, in my cousin Christian, who, by his cleverness, had risen to the rank of a Baron, and become the intimate friend of a prince.

Cousin Christian was then—in the summer of 1822—thirty-five years of age, not handsome, but of good make and elegant appearance, and somewhat English in his manners; his eyes were bright and intelligent; they looked at me so penetratingly, as if they would search my most secret thoughts. His kindly-pleasant and winning smile, however, was frequently accompanied by a look of self-consciousness, satire, and irony. Moreover, the mixture of German and English, of homely and court-like ways in his bearing, confounded me. His whole remarkable career was represented in this.

The following characteristic trait of Christian's boyhood is told by his eldest son Ernst. His mother listened to him in astonishment when he once, at the family-table, exclaimed, pointing to the dishes, "In my house all that will have to be of silver some day!" But

she calmly replied, "If you can manage it, I shan't object!"

From 1810 Stockmar became assistant to his maternal uncle, the physician Sommer, in Koburg.

Christian Stockmar writes of that period about himself:—

"In the year 1812 I was appointed 'physicus' for town and country, and in this quality I established a large military hospital in Koburg during that great year of war, of which I became managing physician. It soon filled, first with the sick and wounded of the French and allied troops, then with Russians. The hospital typhus, which followed the armies everywhere, also visited this hospital. Several fatal cases among those who had come in immediate contact with the lazaretto, spread such fear among the physicians that only an old surgeon and I had the courage to do duty there. I, on my part, continued till some time into November, when, after having resisted infection for more than a year, I was seized by the hospital fever in its most virulent form. For three weeks I lay between life and death; but after the real illness was over, I recovered so fast as to be enabled to march to the Rhine with the contingent of the duchy of Saxony, as their surgeon-major. Arrived in Mainz, I was appointed staff-surgeon to the Fifth Army Corps, and was in command of the hospitals then being erected under Stein's government in Mainz, Oppenheim, Guntersblum, and Worms. Here I remained as one of the managing physicians till autumn, 1814, when I returned to Koburg."

During these campaigns Stockmar had come in contact with young Prince Leopold. When the latter, in 1816, became the consort of the Princess of Wales (Charlotte), he invited Christian Stockmar to England as his body-physician.

When Princess Charlotte died on the 6th of November, 1817, in childbed, the body-physician had so thoroughly gained the confidence of his prince that the latter made him promise, before the dead body of his wife, and with tears and embraces, to remain for ever with him as

his friend! So Cousin Christian had quitted his profession and until now lived with Prince Leopold in England, or travelling abroad, as his secretary, treasurer, court-marshal, and confidant. Now he had just returned from a journey to Italy with the prince, who, however, had gone to Vienna in the beginning of September, to meet the Emperor Alexander, whilst Stockmar remained behind in Koburg with his young wife.

Frau Fanny von Stockmar was always a puzzle to me, more especially as Cousin Christian's wife. She was the only daughter of Christian Stockmar's maternal uncle, Sommer, a wealthy apothecary; she was by no means pretty; brought up in the style of the lower middle class, she had a harsh character, which became more bitter and sour as she grew older—just like a mixture of gall-nuts and vinegar. It was a match without love. Christian married the 100,000 thalers, to secure for himself a perfectly independent position in his relations to the Prince. He knew that in this independence lay his power. This political and personal power the Baron Christian von Stockmar managed to preserve, even to his death, during a lengthy career at the courts of London and Brussels! He loved money not for its own sake, but he loved it as a means to an end, to his ambitious ends. Love of honor and a desire to rule were the chief features of his character—the main-springs of his action. And thus he married his unamiable cousin Fanny Sommer's money, and took reluctantly the wife into the bargain. But, being a clever diplomatist, he knew how to arrange matters so that his wife was not particularly burdensome to him. He only married her that he might live free and unshackled in England, whilst she remained with their children in Koburg. Now and then he would visit his family in Koburg, in summer, and then brought with him for his wife beautiful diamonds in place of love, presents of princely personages to whom the clever diplomatist, Baron Stockmar, had been of service. Sometimes several years would elapse without Stockmar seeing his wife and children. So far as I know, he has never taken

them with him to England or to Brussels. She sat in quiet Koburg consumed with jealousy, but scraping, scraping, scraping together money upon money. As years went on she hardened more and more, till she became avarice personified; and, by means of this avarice, she was able later on to take a terrible revenge on her poor, old, slowly-dying husband for her neglected youth.

Of that by-and-by.

Cousin Christian was then, 1822, the most amiable and charming of cousins. He purchased from my mother her last paternal heritage, the beautiful Glockenberg, near Koburg. He procured for our Louis a situation in the commercial house of his brother, Karl Stockmar, in Augsburg, and made a happy actress of me. He had quickly won my whole childlike confidence, and thus it happened that I poured out before my dear cousin my brimful overflowing young artist-heart and told him my story, that I was to be a nasty governess, with a long nose and spectacles, because my uncle, General Bauer, in Kassel, did not wish that his name should be on a playbill, and that a "*Bauer* with the noble blood of the Poniatowskis in her veins should stand on the ignoble boards."

Cousin Christian made me recite before him my favorite poems by Hebel, Schiller, and his favorite pieces of Rückert; he listened with a significant smile, which gradually grew more encouraging, saying eventually in his original, humorous way—

"Aunt Christiane, that which is destined to be good vinegar turns sour soon. Hitherto our family has not been blessed with artistic talent; I shall be glad to be able to call an artiste 'cousin,' and a cousin an artiste; but one thing I must insist upon, Lina, that you turn out a true, dignified, and able *comédienne*, and that you put on for every performance new shoes and gloves; *that* you owe to your art, and to the respectability of your family."

Thus it was resolved—in spite of my uncle, the general in Kassel—that I might become an actress. In great joy

I flung myself on the neck of my good, clever, excellent cousin. In that hour there was hardly over the whole world a happier mortal than young Linchen. How charming was life! How good all men! How the sun smiled in his brightest gold; how merrily the birds sang; how delightful were the flowers in their fragrance and bloom! All day I could have danced and sung, "Freuet euch des Lebens!"

In the company of Cousin Christian we also went to pay a visit at the ducal court. Duke Ernst received us very friendlily (although he was suffering at the time) in the charming Rosenau, his own creation. He had been gored by a wounded stag while out deer-stalking, and was still carrying his arm in a sling, and his head bandaged. He was a tall, stately man. The meaning of his fiery scrutinizing looks was to be revealed to me by-and-by.

The beautiful, shadowy park saw me soon at boisterous play with two merry boys, the dark-haired Prince Ernst, four years old (now Duke of Koburg-Gotha) and the fair-haired Prince Albert, exceedingly sweet, indeed angelic, in his whole appearance (then three years of age, destined to be the husband of Queen Victoria, and the father of the Crown Princess of Prussia.)

I saw in passing the mother of the young princes—the unhappy Duchess Luise; an elegant, attractive woman, with fair locks and blue eyes. Even at that time grave discords were troubling their married life and darkened the sunny youth of their children.

The scandal about the "young Greek" was still going on, although she had had many successors in Koburg since. Madame Alexandre Panam threatened the publication of her memoirs. To avenge herself for these many acts of infidelity on the part of her husband, and to distract herself in the loneliness of her heart, the duchess had now likewise begun to spin love-threads on her own account. In Koburg the very sparrows on the roof twittered stories of the amours both of duke and duchess.

In Kesschendorf we were received by the pious dowager-duchess very coolly and stiffly. I felt a shiver come over

me when near this severe and pharisaical lady. On the wall there hung the portrait of a handsome, tall young man with large melancholy eyes and an earnest expression about his delicate mouth.

He was a favorite son of this frosty princess, Prince Leopold, who was still mourning the untimely loss of his spouse the Princess of Wales.

What a profound compassion I felt for the beautiful, melancholy prince! Was he not, besides, the kind master and friend of good, humorous Cousin Christian?

And after seven years?

The kind gods granted us their most gracious present when they veiled the future from us.

Invited by good Uncle "Justizamtmann" Stockmar, we paid, on our return journey, a short but interesting visit in the little town of Rodach. The lively cousin Riekchen, Cousin Christian's four-and-twenty-year-old sister, no sooner saw me than she conducted me to her dear parsonage, to her revered bard, the hoary "Superintendent" Hohnbaum, the paternal friend of Friedrich Rückert, who has often sojourned in this parsonage of patriarchal hospitality writing verses, and who made his kind host immortal in the idyl "Rodach." And before me there stood the most original, most amiable of all parsons, a little, beautiful, rosy old man of seventy-five years, with a white night-cap, blouse-vest of white worsted, and long white worsted stockings that had, however, slipped down dangerously upon his well-trodden slippers.

The very house of a patriarch! There the spinning maids would sit in the evening in the same parlor with the family, where "the father" composed his sermons, wrote poetry, painted, or performed music, and where the rustic meal stood upon the table in pewter dishes.

Many an original anecdote characterizes the old man, who was vigorous in mind and sound in heart, who would call a spade a spade even before their Highnesses in Koburg and their Serene Highnesses in Hildburghausen.

Thus he did to the Duke of Hildburghausen, the brother-in-law of Queen Luise of Prussia, who was very fond of

"the old man of Rodach," and frequently invited him to dinner. The "superintendent" would come to court riding on his long-legged nag. Very often the duke graciously whispered to him there—

"Dear Hohnbaum, your old nag is wearing out fast. I shall make you the present of a young one; rely upon that."

But his Highness the Duke of Hildburghausen had just as bad a memory for the "superintendent's" horse as Duke Alexander of Würtemburg had for my father's gold watch.

One day when the "superintendent" was again dining at court, and towards the conclusion of dinner, a confection called "Spanish wind" was served. "The old man of Rodach" muttered—

"Real court pastry!"

"Why?" asked a courtier.

"It promises much and contains little!" was the naïve answer of the old man.

"A-a-h, so, I understand!" murmured the duke, not without embarrassment.

And when the "superintendent" arrived at home on his old nag in the evening, he found standing at the manger a splendid brown horse from the ducal stud. Upon it the old man rode next morning to court, to thank the duke with a sly smile.

On another occasion old Hohnbaum met the Duke of Hildburghausen in the vicarage of Eishausen, when the vicar ventured to hint to his sovereign that the swine and deer of the duke almost annihilated the peasants' joyful prospects every year! But the duke, a passionate sportsman, indignantly broke off the conversation until the frank "superintendent" from Rodach in Koburg reverted to the subject, saying eventually to the very face of the sovereign of Hildburghausen—

"Your Highness prefers your stags to your peasants!"

Then the duke, crimson with wrath, sprang up and left the room without salute. But he was no sooner seated in his carriage than he sent for the blunt "superintend-

ent," and, taking his meerschaum-pipe from his mouth, handed it to the old man, saying—

"You mean well both for my peasants and me. Here, take this pipe as a keepsake in remembrance of this hour; but you need not be so rough."

Did the peasants and their fields profit much by this rude lesson?—Spanish wind, court-pastry!

When the Princess Paul of Würtemburg and Amalie of Hildburghausen once paid the old "superintendent" a visit in Rodach, and had to wait a little at the door till the old man was ready to receive them, he said slyly—

"Your Highnesses will graciously pardon me; I had to pull up my stockings first."

Once an old woman from his own parish comes to buy corn from him at a low price. When he refuses to sell her any, she mutters, "Cursed corn-finch!" He pretends not to hear it. After a while she comes again cringingly to ask the "Herr Superintendent" to draw up a memorial to government for her! Immediately he sits down and draws up the petition. Enchanted she inquires what she owes him? The old man answers kindly—

"Oh, not at all! Nothing! The 'cursed corn-finch' has had pleasure in doing the old she-monkey this favor!"

In music and painting the old man far exceeded mere dilettanteism. He composed and set to music several cantatas for his church; he played and sang at his costly Vienna grand piano (which looked strange indeed beside the plain scrubbed oaken table and chairs) songs of his own composition, which, though simple, touched the heart and brought tears to the eye.

Once when, after one of his affecting little ditties, a celebrated songstress executed a grand aria, and then proudly looked about for applause, the old man said to her bluntly—

"You have sung the pocket-handkerchief to my tears!"

On Saturday, the 30th of January, 1825, there was to be a masked ball in Rodach. Riekchen Stockmar was

dressed already for the fête; over-cheerful, as usual, she took her father in her arms and danced with him about the room. Then the cry of "Fire" was heard. A neighbor's house was on fire. With perfect presence of mind the "Justizamtmann" first puts the moneys entrusted to him in safety, then he hastened to the back-part of the house to rescue his beloved books. But flames barred his way; he dropped down dead, his heart having suddenly ceased to beat. Whilst the corpse was being removed from the burning house to the parsonage, a black he-goat came up the back stairs, ran twice round the table, and then out the same way. Of course the people afterwards said that "the devil had fetched Justizamtmann Stockmar."

At the funeral sermon which the superintendent, then seventy-seven years old, delivered at the snow-covered grave of his friend Stockmar, not an eye remained dry. On the Sunday afterwards Hohnbaum celebrated his jubilee of fifty years' ministry. In the November following he was laid beside his beloved Stockmar in the frozen earth!

CHAPTER II.

THE CURTAIN RISES.

THE MYSTERIOUS COUNT AND COUNTESS—THEIR LIFE AND DEATH—KAROLINE BAUER RETURNS FROM KOBURG TO KARLSRUHE—HER FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE COURT STAGE, DEC. 22, 1822, AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN—HER SUCCESS—HER FIRST LOVE—THE BISMARCKS—AMOUR OF FRIEDRICH WILHELM VON BISMARCK AND THE PRINCESS AUGUSTE OF NASSAU—THEIR SUBSEQUENT SECRET MARRIAGE—BISMARCK MAKES OVERTURES TO KAROLINE BAUER—HIS CRITICISM OF HER IN THE STUTTGART *Morgenblatt*—HIS DEATH—KAROLINE IS SUBJECTED TO ANOTHER TEMPTATION IN KARLSRUHE—THE GRAND DUKE LUDWIG—GREAT SUCCESS IN MANNHEIM.

THE return journey from Rodach to the neighboring village of Eishausen took place towards the end of September. At that time the huge, gloomy castle of Eishausen enshrouded a remarkable secret which for years had greatly exercised the whole neighborhood.

And there the spectral castle lay before us opposite the parsonage, with its lofty grey walls and desolate dead windows, as if deserted. Nothing stirred in the courtyard, nobody appeared at the windows. But Parson Kühner could tell a great deal about his strange neighbors.

It was the beginning of the present century. Germany was inundated by French emigrants of high birth who had fled before the bloody Revolution.

Thus there had lived since 1803, in the little Swabian town of Ingelfingen, a gentleman and lady of distinguished appearance who were confidently assumed to be French emigrants, whose name, however, nobody knew. They were simply called the "count" and "countess." They lodged with the apothecary.

The "count" was a handsome, stately man of perhaps thirty odd years, of evident high-breeding and winning amiability. He was fond of chatting with his

landlord about the events of the time, and exhibited great sympathy for the banished Royal Family of France. Sometimes he would visit the apothecary in his laboratory, where he showed no mean acquaintance with the chemical and medical sciences. He received several foreign newspapers, and corresponded with people in all quarters of the globe, but concerning his own family affairs and the lady who lived with him he never spoke. He was once only heard to regret that he had no children.

The people of Ingelfingen took their guest to be a French prince, perhaps even the Duke of Angoulême.

Still less was known about the stranger's fair companion. She had arrived, deeply veiled, in her private carriage. Whenever she walked out on the arm of the count, she always wore a thick veil, or else green spectacles. At home she was completely invisible even for the apothecary's family, and for the servant who, hired in Ingelfingen, was strictly forbidden to enter the house except at certain fixed hours. Only people sometimes fancied they heard the countess gently weeping. All, however, were agreed in this, in spite of glasses and veil, that the strange lady was young and beautiful! Some even pretended to discover in her a striking resemblance to the unhappy daughter of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. At any rate she had a thoroughly Bourbon countenance.

A confidential chamberlain, who acted at the same time as their coachman, accompanied the mysterious pair, but he remained absolutely silent amid all the surrounding curiosity.

Suddenly, on an early morning of March, 1804, the strangers, coachman, and equipage had disappeared! The night before the count had received a letter which disturbed him greatly. During the night everything was packed and debts settled. To the apothecary the count gave valuable presents. Before Ingelfingen was astir the mysterious visitors had left the little town. Nobody knew where they had gone.

When soon afterwards the dreadful news ran through all the papers that Napoleon had, on the 14th of March, caused the Duke d'Enghien to be arrested in Ettenheim, a small place in Baden, and against all international law to be cruelly shot, then the Ingelfingeners put their heads together gravely. Yes, yes, our emigrant was also a Bourbon prince, who, being warned in time, had escaped from the executioner, Napoleon!

Some years later the *Swabian Mercury*—from what source?—contained the following:—

"A French emigrant of high birth, who formerly lived for some time in Ingelfingen, is dead."

Then there was mourning in Ingelfingen for the kind count, who surely must have been a prince. But what had become of his mysterious companion? The good Ingelfingeners did not dream in their innocence that one might send an announcement of one's own death to the papers, with the view of effacing one's traces from the earth before a dangerous enemy.

Meanwhile there lived in a quiet secluded farm in the Swabian Alps a mysterious couple of recluses, exhibiting a remarkable resemblance to the deceased and no-more-heard-of strangers of Ingelfingen, till, two years later, they also disappeared without leaving a trace behind them.

Soon afterwards, at the end of 1806, there stopped at the "Englische Hof," the most fashionable hotel in Hildburghausen, a closed carriage. The smart coachman opened the carriage door. A stately gentleman, about forty years old, very reserved in manner, helped out a young lady closely veiled, and, hat in hand, respectfully conducted her to the apartments held in readiness for them.

The servant in addressing the stranger, or speaking of him, never called him otherwise than, "der gnädige Herr." Letters which arrived for his lordship bore the address, "Baron Vavel de Versay." But in Hildburghausen the people soon talked about the rich French "count" who was so liberal with his money, and of the

beautiful young "countess" who, when driving out in her beautiful private carriage, drawn by greys, always wore spectacles or a veil, and whom nobody yet had seen properly, or spoken to, and of the taciturn servant who conversed with nobody.

After some time the count moved to a small private dwelling, sold his greys, and only drove out with hired post-horses. The countess entered the carriage in the closed-in court-yard, and the postillion had the strictest order never to turn round to look at his passengers. Corridor and staircase the count caused to be separated, by plankings, from the dwelling of the landlady. She had to see that the greatest quiet prevailed in the house, and to throw all letters addressed with the name of Vavel de Versay into a basket hanging at the door of the staircase, and then to ring the bell. One day, when the children were crowding at the back window to see the countess mount the carriage, the count threatened that he would quit his expensive apartments if such improprieties were repeated. On another occasion, the count chased away with raised pistol, very wroth, a begging journeyman who had entered by the staircase door, which had accidentally been left open.

Sometimes the strangers would leave for an absence of a few days. Then the confidential servant again mounted the box, and drove himself. Nobody ever learned, positively, whither these mysterious journeys led; but their destination was presumed to be either Mainz or Frankfort on the Maine, where, at that period, lived many emigrants of rank.

It was towards the end of September, 1810, that the "count" and "countess," and the confidential servant, went to live in the old unoccupied castle of Eishausen, upon the Hildburghausen domain, on the road between Hildburghausen and Koburg. On the ground-floor lived the old custodian and his wife, who had to see that the greatest quiet prevailed in the castle. The son of Parson Kühner gives the following graphic description of this seclusion :—

"When a boy of nine, I was once sent on a message to the old caretaker of the castle. I went timidly, and on tiptoe, up the stone stairs, yet before I had touched the bell the door opened quietly from within, and the custodian gently, with a few friendly whispered words, pushed me into his parlor. The good old man in his coffee-brown coat—which was half dress-coat and half surtout, and had two rows of metal buttons of the size of a crown-piece from the top down to his ankle—on that occasion gave me a very old picture-book. But he only spoke to me in whispers, and I was glad when I was once more out of the enchanted castle.

"The chamberlain, major-domo, or valet, was a grave, measured, taciturn man, with a stout-built, broad-shouldered figure, a full face, and snow-white hair. He never appeared except in richly-braided livery; he was a regular frequenter of the church, but had little connection with the people of the village. Nobody ever heard from him anything about the story of his master, nor even got the hint that he had something to conceal. In the village, he had the reputation of a wonder-worker. He could stop bleeding, foretell the weather, &c., a reputation which was probably only based on an education that seemed superior to his station. I myself have neither spoken to the man nor heard him speak, although I lived for four or five years with him in the same village.

"The cook was never permitted to leave the castle. When, after years of confinement, the count sent her one night in an extraordinary emergency to the parson, she could hardly drag herself along over the road. She had lost the faculty of walking on level ground!

"The seclusion of the chamberlain and the cook did not, however, remain without consequences. The cook had two children in quick succession; the first, a boy, was baptized Papageno, by the special command of the count. Both children were, immediately after they were born, removed from the castle, and brought up in the neighboring village of Steinfeld. Papageno, or 'Papperle,' as the people called him, caused the count much

annoyance in after-life by his irregularities. No suspicion was attached to the count himself with regard to these children.

"To effect a communication with the outer world, and especially to do errands at Hildburghausen, the count had engaged a married couple, of the name of Schmidt, who lived in the town, but who came daily out to Eisleben, being known to the people only by the terms of the 'errand-man,' and the 'errand-woman.' They, too, by the strictest order of the count, avoided all unnecessary talk with the people. A charwoman, who lived in the village, was never permitted to enter the castle.

"The order of the day was pretty well fixed. Early at four or five o'clock, the charwoman knocked at a window of the castle, handed through a window the milk to the cook, received the newspaper for the parson, and other messages.

"At nine o'clock the 'errand-woman' was seen coming from the town; she brought victuals and other things, also the letters and newspapers of the morning-mail. To her the castle was opened.

"The chamberlain, besides his private service in the castle, attended to the horses which had been purchased. At ten o'clock, as a rule, the carriage came to the front of the castle door. The count would appear with the lady deeply veiled, would conduct her, hat in hand, to the carriage, and, having lifted her in, would enter the carriage himself. Then the two huge, coal-black horses issued from the village at a rattling speed, the carriage always closed; as driver on the box sat the chamberlain, wearing a three-cornered hat, and a livery richly braided with silver. They proceeded on the road to Rodach. A few hundred yards on this side of the town the carriage turned and wended its way home. Sometimes, but rarely, the count would drive alone; the lady never.

"Towards noon the 'errand-woman' left the castle; in the afternoon the 'errand-man' arrived with the afternoon newspapers, and for new errands. In the after-

noons of Wednesdays and Saturdays, a third man from the village went to town to fetch the evening paper.

"What an apparatus of attendance for two recluses who had, seemingly, for ever done with the life without! Would it not have been very much the same, if they had received their papers a few hours sooner or later?

"Soon after the birth of his second child, the chamberlain died. His last hours were troubled by remorse of conscience. But in vain he called for the priest to receive his confession, and administer the holy sacrament. The count allowed this faithful servant to die without spiritual consolation, and without medical aid.

"The horses were no longer used, but for walking a grass park in the immediate neighborhood of the castle was rented, and surrounded with close wooden palings eight feet high. Every morning the count walked here for an hour. When he had returned into the castle, the errand-woman stepped out of the door, and, having advanced a few paces, stopped without turning round. After her, the deeply-veiled countess made her appearance, walking behind the errand-woman towards the door of the grass park, the latter not daring to look round. The errand-woman unlocked the door, then concealed herself behind it. As soon as the countess had entered, the errand-woman locked the door and kept watch in front of it till the countess threw up her handkerchief, whereupon the count, who watched from a window in the castle, gave a signal to the errand-woman to lead the countess back into the castle. This went on, with the same precautionary measures, for thirty years, without the errand-woman having ever seen her, or exchanged a word with her."

The countess was very fond of animals. Sometimes she was seen standing at a window feeding birds, dogs, and cats. The son of the parson tells us:—

"I only saw the countess twice altogether; only once at all distinctly, and even this was from some little distance, through a glass, although for fifteen years I lived, partly altogether and partly during my vacations, in the

village. I daresay it was in 1818. The countess was standing at an open window, and feeding a cat below with pastry. She appeared to me simply lovely: a brunette, with exquisite features; a shade of melancholy seemed to cover an originally gay disposition. At the time I saw her, she was leaning with charming grace against the window, her handsome shawl half thrown back, occupied, like a child, with the animals below. I can fancy I see her still, as she gracefully broke the pastry in small pieces and then wiped the tips of her fingers on her handkerchief.

"The count I saw several times when riding in his carriage, and once quite close. The latter occasion I shall never forget. It had gradually, by silent consent, been agreed amongst the peasants of the village, I should mention, that noise in the vicinity of the castle was to be avoided as much as possible, that the children should not play there, and that nobody should stare at the windows. This command had been enjoined upon me, too, by my father. Once, however, I ran along in play, without much thinking, even to the close vicinity of the castle. Suddenly, upon a narrow bridge which led from the castle across a brook, I beheld the mysterious one, who, upon the same bridge, came to meet me with great strides. A lad from the Riesengebirge, who suddenly beheld beside him the dread figure of Rübezahl, could not get a greater fright than I did at the sight of the unknown. I still see him in his grey felt hat, long dark surtout, and white stockings; I see his sharply-defined features, the healthy dark complexion, his coal-black hair and whiskers, the sparkling eyes, and the resolute quick step. I crouched to the railing of the bridge, drew my cap bashfully over my face, and stood motionless. The count went by, apparently without looking at me, but turned back again quickly, as if wroth, and before I had stirred from my place, he strode past me the second time, and disappeared within the castle."

Life, meanwhile, in the castle was on a decidedly luxurious footing. All details of an elegant wardrobe, both

for count and countess, and the most expensive delicacies in the way of food, were obtained from Frankfort on the Maine. The finest French wines and liqueurs were never allowed to last long in the count's cellar. After a service of hardly a fortnight, his new white silk stockings ceased for ever to do duty. Never would the count touch a book, a newspaper, a letter, that had passed through other neighboring hands before. On one occasion he complained, "In my castle at home, upon the large marble stairs which lead to the vestibule, never an atom of dust was allowed to lie, and here I find dust even in my room!"

A variety of curious stories were related in the parsonage about the eccentricities of the castle, and the imperious whims of the count.

The count's horses were sent to livery to the farmer of the domain after the death of the chamberlain. When the farmer suddenly and unadvisedly increased his charge for them, the count sold his beautiful horses that very night to the village mayor for a third of their value.

When a costly clock, ordered by his agent in Hildburghausen, arrived from Paris later by one day than it had been promised, the count, in great anger, returned it to the agent, but enclosed the full amount of his bill.

To a village urchin he paid twenty-four kreuzers a month regularly for years because he had noticed that the boy never stared at the windows of the castle.

The inmates of the castle were very sensitive to nightly disturbances. A cottager's dog which barked at night put the count in a fearful state of anger and excitement. Still he refused to pay the twenty-four kreuzers which the cottager asked for sending away the dog. But when the cottager on the advice of the parson, locked up the animal during the night, the count sent the happy proprietor a dollar next morning, from gratitude for his night's rest.

It was worst during New Year's night, when every Eishausen lad considered it his bounden duty to honor his sweetheart with a vigorously sustained discharge of

fire-arms. The excited count had influence to summon some military from Hildburghausen. In vain! The firing from obscure nooks and corners became all the more violent. At last the parson, by reminding the peasants of all the acts of kindness shown by the count to the village and whole neighborhood, succeeded in inducing them voluntarily to renounce the practice of firing pistols. That was done. After the first quiet New Year's night, the count put a well-filled purse at the parson's disposal, in order to give the peasants a hearty feast. He also contributed liberally towards their "kirmess." So peace was established, and the count continued to pay these gratuities to the peasants annually.

The liberality of the count was truly great. He gave a large contribution to all the benevolent institutions of the country, without, however, at any time associating his name with it. So he appeared in the lists (on the proposal of the Hereditary Princess Amalie) always as "a gentleman known to our country only by his generous acts."

The outlay of the count was estimated at seven or eight thousand gulden annually.

Of his signature the count made a great secret. When the Duchess Charlotte of Hildburghausen, the ingenious sister of Queen Luise of Prussia, who took a keen interest in the mysterious strangers, seized the opportunity in 1810 to inform the count that the duke placed at his disposal the castle of Eishausen, and at the same time expressed her gratitude for his many benefits to the country, the count indeed replied in the most elegant and courteous manner, but so cautiously that the correspondence had to rest there once for all. Moreover the beautiful handwriting was not his; possibly that of the countess, or of the chamberlain; and as for the signature, it was quite illegible.

Later on, the Hereditary Princess Amalie addressed to the count a written request for a contribution towards the maintenance of the Hildburghausen industrial school. She received immediately at the hands of the parson ten

louis-d'or, and an apology from the count for being, through indisposition, prevented from writing himself.

With parson Kühner at Eishausen the count carried on a strange correspondence for many years. At first the count sent his German, French, and English newspapers for the clergyman's perusal, drawing his special attention now and then to particular articles through the errand-woman. All were strongly Bourbon in color. Later on the count sent verbal messages through the errand-woman to ask the parson to procure some books for him. But when this led to various troublesome confusions, owing to the titles being in Latin, French, or English, the count wrote these titles upon a piece of paper, which the errand-woman had always to present in white kid gloves, but to bring back to the count immediately. These pieces of paper very soon grew into lengthy letters, which the errand-woman in white kid gloves had to carry across and back again daily for fifteen years, without a single line from the count's hand having been permitted to remain in the parsonage. No letter ever bore the count's signature, none a date. Upon the seal, generally a blank one, the parson thought he, on two occasions, could trace the three Bourbon lilies.

The parson's son writes as follows about this strange intercourse :—

"The two men have never spoken to one another. For fourteen years (with a single interruption) they write to each other almost daily; they conceive a friendship for one another; their intercourse becomes a necessity of their lives; not rarely something approaching an excited discussion is brought on; the errand-woman hurries with theses and anti-theses to and fro between the castle and the parsonage six to ten times on a forenoon; but even this correspondence all passes through the hands of the errand-woman, who has come from town for this purpose, a distance of over five miles. Without her agency the parson can send no communication into the castle; he dare not even address the woman when she, on her way from town, passes by his window; he has to wait till the

count sends her of his own accord. He must not transfer the commissions which the count gives him for the town, to the errand-woman who daily comes to the parsonage and the castle, but he must send an express. From their windows the two men could have seen and recognized each other by means of a glass, had they liked; but the parson has to take care not to look towards the castle. When the count drives past the parsonage in his carriage, he leans from the window, and salutes; when the parson on horseback and the count in his carriage meet on the road, they politely lift their hats to one another. Thus these men salute each other silently as strangers, and then perhaps hasten hurriedly home *to write to one another.* They never exchange a word. . . . When the Allies entered France victoriously the count had sent word to the clergyman, 'If peace is established I shall seek the pleasure of your personal acquaintance.' Peace was concluded, but the two men never spoke."

In spite of all these incomprehensible oddities, the sympathy and esteem of the clergyman for the count grew. He did not believe in the latter's guilt, but only in his misfortune. As to his irritability, the count wrote to the parson—

"Add to my natural disposition my entire seclusion from the outer world, and my sad experiences, and you will excuse my irritability."

No allusion was ever made to the "countess," in this correspondence. At most the count wrote on the occasion of the New Year *feux de joie: One* of us has spent last night sleeplessly, owing to the noise in the neighborhood of the castle, and now feels fatigued." When the parson's wife at the very first, sent, in her innocence, her girl with the most beautiful bouquet of her garden into the castle, "with most respectful regards to her ladyship," the count ran "quite mad" about the room, and the existence of a lady in the castle was henceforth entirely ignored in the parsonage.

In the village it was said that the beautiful lady of the castle for her amusement put dogs to a carriage, and

drove her beloved cats about the rooms. She had once been overheard calling the cats of the farms from her window, "puss, puss," the only words that were ever heard of her in Eishausen outside the castle. Cats are called "puss" not only in England, but in Westphalia, Hanover, and Holland.

The peasants maintained further that the lady was of the higher rank of the two, as was supposed to be plain from their respective attitudes when she walked with the count on the lawn during the first years of their stay in the castle.

Even the cook, during the twenty-six years she staid at the castle, saw the countess only twice, and heard her speak but once. Twice she was called at night by the ring of the bell into the count's room, and found him very ill, but to her astonishment she also found the countess present bathed in tears. The count said to her—

"Cook, if I die, take care of this lady!"

During the winter of 1829–30, the cook was called again into the room of the count one night and again she found the weeping stranger present. Now she heard the first word from the mouth of her mistress—

"The gentleman has been suddenly taken ill; help me to prepare a draught for him!"

The count recovered, and afterwards praised the nursing he had received as "being beyond all praise!"

During the passage of troops, in 1814–15, once a Russian captain was quartered upon the parson, and showed a lively curiosity regarding the unknown in the castle opposite. He said that the stranger might possibly be an old acquaintance of his, and that he would pay him a visit! The clergyman only succeeded by a strategem in hindering the Russian from forcing his way into the castle. He induced a neighboring parson to invite the Russian to meet a party of officers at dinner. In the evening the Russian came home drunk, and next morning had to continue his march without having seen the count.

Years after this event the count once remarked—"At

the time the troops were passing through there was a man here who knew my secret, and would have decided my destiny, had he seen me!"

When, in 1826, Hildburghausen fell to Meiningen, the new government officially requested the unknown occupant of the castle in Eishausen to establish his identity.

The count sent in a declaration through his law-agent in Hildburghausen that his papers were lying ready, but that if he were compelled to show them, he would immediately leave the country!

Even the offer of the reigning duke to receive the papers of the count into his own hands, to examine them and to keep their secret, the latter declined with thanks.

And strangely enough, prince and government allowed the matter to rest there, and no longer troubled the unknown (who brought much money into the country and among the people) with such inconvenient questions for the future.

The town of Hildburghausen went even further, expressing its unlimited confidence in his lordship, the Count Vavel de Versay, by making him an honorary burgess as an acknowledgment of the many benefits bestowed by him on town and neighborhood.

The count responded to this mark of confidence by the purchase of three houses and gardens in and about Hildburghausen. The largest house he caused to be entirely and elegantly furnished; the garden he enlarged by the purchase of additional ground, and surrounded it by a high enclosure of palings. A new carriage was ordered from Frankfort. Thereupon the count and the countess drove with four post-horses to Hildburghausen, to inspect their new property. Having staid a few hours in the house and garden, they returned to Eishausen. This visit to Hildburghausen was repeated a few times in summer, but the count and countess never passed a night outside the Eishausen castle.

Upon such a drive the Meiningen Privy Councillor von B. accidentally saw the countess without veil, but wearing

green spectacles. He was surprised at her striking resemblance to the Royal Bourbon family.

In the same garden at Hildburghausen the countess is said to have spoken to one other person. At least the son of the above-mentioned "errand-man" and "errand-woman," who lived in the new house, boasted of it when he related afterwards: "I was busy in an obscure corner of the garden without the count's knowing it. Then suddenly the countess stepped out of an alley, was startled at first, but quickly composed herself and said, 'Dear Schmidt, I should like to speak to you, I'— Then the count ran up furiously, seized the alarmed countess by the arm, and quickly drew her away. After a second attempt on the part of the countess to speak to me, I was altogether forbidden the garden."

In February, 1827, Parson Kühner died suddenly during the night. When the knell sounded the next morning, the count did not inquire after the name of the deceased, but changed his rooms to others not facing the parsonage; and the errand-woman said tears glittered in his eyes, just as some years previously, when the count had told her that a great prince had died! Perhaps by this he meant Czar Alexander, who died in 1825, and with whom the count (as can be proved) has repeatedly come in contact.

The count at any rate deeply mourned the clergyman, to whom he had never spoken. He sent word to the widow that with the deceased the last link was broken that had till now bound him to the world. But after a few years he began again that mysterious correspondence with the widow of the late Parson Kühner, now living in Hildburghausen, of which no written paper ever remained in the hands of the recipient; he also conferred many secret benefits through her.

In autumn, 1837, the count for the first time made mention to the clergyman's widow of the "companion of his life," full of anxiety about her fast decline. But he called no physician, no nurse, no confessor to her sick-bed.

On the 25th of November the mysterious lady was a corpse. At midnight, by torchlight, she was conducted to the hill-garden that had been purchased in Hildburghausen, there to be buried quite quietly and obscurely. "The deceased has there sojourned with enjoyment on a few occasions; I desire to be buried one day beside her," the count had said. But he did not accompany the funeral to the grave.

On the special command of the count, the coffin, according to the custom of the country, was opened at the grave. All persons present were deeply moved by the "touching beauty" of the nameless woman who, clad in white satin, now lay so still before them in the red glare of the torches.

But the people did not believe in this "visible corpse," because they had for so many years accustomed themselves to think of the invisible countess only in connection with a hundred mysteries. There soon went the saying abroad, "In that hill-garden only a beautiful wax doll was laid in the grave, the countess had left the castle by night, and gone on by special post."

Was no official inquest in existence in Meiningen at that time?

When the clergyman desired the count to furnish the necessary particulars concerning his late spouse, for the purpose of registering them in the vestry-book, he received the laconic answer: "She was not my wife; I never gave her out as such!" He refused further information. Only after the clergyman had promised to keep everything a secret till after the count's death, he received this scanty intimation,—"Sophia Botta, spinster, *bourgeoise* (not of noble birth), from Westphalia, aged fifty-eight years."

Now the ducal sheriff intervened; officers entered the rooms of the deceased, to draw up a list of her estate. They found a rich wardrobe, partly unused, dozens of the finest chemises, a Catholic prayer-book, about a hundred new gold pieces, lying about in several small bags as if a child had played with them, but no letter, no paper, that

could have given the least hint about the deceased's identity. And the count also refused to the authorities any information concerning her. Even when the sheriff put his seals on the property, and intimated that he should publicly invite all those who might have claims on the estate of the deceased to produce them, even when a powerful personage offered his mediation at court, even then the count's determination remained unshaken.

"No earthly power shall tear my secret from me. I take it with me to the grave. I have no favors to ask in Meiningen. My measures are taken for all emergencies, and cannot be shaken by anything!"

The count was evidently resolute and had made his preparations for departure; and, strange to say, the government again relented, and was satisfied to let the count depone at the law-court the value of the residue at 1470 gulden, deceased's property.

In his profound pain and deep excitement the count wrote to the widow of the late Parson Kühner in Hildburghausen:—

"My life becomes more and more intolerable; it is not a severed matrimonial connection, it is more, it is the tearing asunder of twins grown together; the one cannot live on without the other. The deceased's effects were yesterday heaped up, with great trouble, into one room. You may imagine that it contained many valuable articles, relics especially of former times, silk dresses, shawls, &c., the most of which had never been used. In a little silk purse were found twenty louis-d'or; in a box, ten or twelve ducats, and perhaps a couple of dozens of crown dollars. She had not had the opportunity of spending a farthing for the last thirty years; she marked her linen with pencil, nor could she write to anybody, because she had no acquaintances. I always regarded with a sort of religious awe her many chests of drawers, never touched them; I knew not how many beautiful things (forced upon her) they contained. The sealing by the sheriff has been gone through quietly. I have submitted to the laws. I lie down sometimes during the day, but in vain;

gout disturbs the quiet of my body as much as the surrounding objects do my mind. The house is desolate. If no seals had been affixed, the whole residue would have been left for the benefit of the poor, with the exception of a few dozen chemises and a few robes."

Other letters to the same widow contain the following concerning the deceased :—

"She was a poor orphan who owed all she possessed to me, but has repaid all that to me a thousandfold. My union with her had something of the romantic about it, something resembling an elopement. I never was married."

Also a letter of the deceased, addressed to him, "who had saved her from great danger, and misfortune," he laid before the widow; there was no signature to it, however. The letter was written in German, with some orthographical mistakes, but overflowing with love and gratitude :—

"I know that thou, beloved Louis, gavest up much on my account, and only with my love can I repay thy thousand sacrifices!"

The count wrote in profound melancholy: "It is really necessary first to lose a possession in order to realize its whole value! I should like to go out into the fresh open air, upon the heights of the hills; there, only there, I imagine I might be relieved." He also wrote that the two favorite cats of his partner had died of grief a few days after her death, and that the farmer's dog was sitting whining under her window, refusing all food since *she* no longer reached it to him.

His generosity doubled. To the same widow he sent rich gifts for the poor of Hildburghausen, requesting her, "Do write to me of the happiness of others, that I, lacking it myself, may be cheered by it."

A physician whom the count now sent for found him in bed, suffering mentally even more than bodily—"like a dangerously wounded lion"—but with unbroken strength of will. He seemed to feel the necessity to open up his heart. He told the physician that all his relatives had died young, that he had lived in Paris attached to an

embassy, had known the Bourbons intimately, and had had intercourse with Lafayette and Benjamin Constant; also at the court of Weimar with Lieflanders and Curlanders, and with Loder in Jena at the time of Schiller. He also alluded to his journey to Vienna, to meet the Czar Alexander, in these words: "At that time the lady was already with me; I had to travel incessantly with relay-horses; I could not leave the lady, she *must* accompany me, and nobody must suspect her presence. Imagine what embarrassment!" Then: "I wanted to send for you to attend her in her illness, but she would not hear of it; moreover she would have asked sacrifices of you. . . . . Sir, you do not know what responsibility you would have incurred had I conducted you to this lady! . . . . . If *one* man had died somewhat sooner, I should have returned to the world. . . . . You think I shall leave memoirs behind me. There will be found no papers of mine except a bill-of-fare or two."

Later on the count seemed to regret that he had been so communicative, for he wrote to the widow Kühner, "It is with me as with nuns: when they have the permission to talk, they talk too much!"

Eight years more of this sad recluse life were in store for the unhappy man in the castle of Eishausen. In 1845 he wrote to his correspondent of many years in Hildburghausen, "My seclusion was for a long time one of necessity; latterly, however, it was voluntary!" So at the death of his partner for life he might have returned to the world had he wanted to do so.

Repeatedly he had the intention of making his will, but he would not comply with the injunctions of the court, which demanded a personal surrender of the testament. He wrote on one occasion:—

"As to my fortune, everything has been settled long ago. I have only to dispose of what little property I possess in this neighborhood. I have relations who are very wealthy, love me tenderly, and will not claim these trifling things!"

The hill-garden in which the companion of his life was

laid he made over to the family of Schmidt, to his faithful errand-woman, with the stipulation that the garden, till ten years after his death, was not to be turned again into a pleasure-ground. He had taken young Schmidt, with his wife and two children, into the castle to attend upon him.

In the beginning of April, 1845, the count felt that he was dying. Great restlessness troubled him. Was it remorse? Was it the weight of the conscience that burdened his soul? He repeatedly complained that he could not come to a resolution. He sent for another son of the errand-woman from Hildburghausen, to take a message to the law-court, but he sent him home again without giving him any.

A few hours before his death, he said to his nurse, in perfect consciousness, "When I am dead, a public notice will appear; thereupon a lady will come, for my only male relative has lately met with an accident. Then you will see that you have been well provided for."

On the 8th of April, 1845, the stranger of Eishausen died, still and lonely as he had lived, about eighty years of age, even in death presenting a beautiful, striking appearance.

He was laid in the God's-acre at Eishausen, near the grave of his dear parson, and not, as he had desired, in the hill-garden by the side of his mysterious companion in life. The whole village followed, mourning to his grave. The grateful orphan-children of Hildburghausen sang at the grave of their benefactor.

What a great—yea, perhaps, what a terrible—secret was buried with him.

The authorities now engaged in an examination of his effects in the castle of Eishausen, and placed their seals upon everything. His estate in real and personal property, including cash, was valued at 15,000 florins. From letters and other papers found, the following was gathered:—

The deceased's name was not Vavel de Versay, but Leonardus Cornelius van der Valck. He was baptized

on the 22d of September, 1769, in the Roman Catholic church at Amsterdam; later he became an officer in the French army, and, till 1799, Secretary to the Dutch Legation in Paris, but left for Germany with passport on the 1st of June of that year. He continued to correspond with his relatives in Amsterdam till his death.

Also a number of letters were found, written between 1798 and 1799, in Mans, and signed Angés Barthelmy née Daniels, probably addressed to the Secretary of the Dutch Legation, Leonardus Cornelius van der Valck.

From these letters could be gathered that Angés Barthelmy, maiden name Daniels, came from Cologne; her brothers lived in Bonn, Zweibrücken, and Kaiserslautern. L. C. van der Valck had known and loved her before her marriage. Circumstances hindered their union. The beloved of his bosom was not happy in her marriage, and since 1794 had lived apart from her husband, an officer, in Mans, department *Maine et Loire*, watched by the family Barthelmy, in poor circumstances, but receiving aid from the lover of her youth in Paris. Her whole happiness is a lovely daughter.

For a long time L. C. van der Valck in vain implores his beloved to elope with him to Germany! She desires him to forget her, not to abandon himself to melancholy and loneliness, and to accept a brilliant connection which offers itself to him. Only in autumn she resolves to flee with her daughter to her brothers in Germany. Here the letters conclude.

Now the conjecture suggests itself that Angés met the lover of her youth near the Rhine, and followed him later into the solitude of Ingelfingen, in order to escape from the persecutions of her jealous husband. The beautiful unknown, however, who appeared in Eishausen, was probably the charming daughter of Angés, meanwhile deceased, that "poor orphan who owed all she possessed to me, but has repaid it to me a thousandfold!"

And that man who was in Eishausen during the passage of the troops was *perhaps* the jealous Barthelmy,

that "man who knew my secret, and would have decided my destiny, had he seen me."

Perhaps! Nobody has yet got beyond this *perhaps*.

In some of the chemises of the deceased, which the bereft one would not give up to the Poor Board, were found, sewn into the cambric, the three lilies of the House of Bourbon, as indeed they had been impressed too upon some letters to the parson and his widow.

Were those persons in Ingelfingen and Hildburghausen perhaps right after all, who, struck by the remarkable resemblance of the mysterious lady with the Bourbons, concluded that she was a French princess—perhaps *De Condé?*"

But enough of these "perhapses!" I, the old woman, am only moved by the thought, what demons of the heart may have raged for so many long years in that quiet castle at Eishausen, which I saw when a young girl, full of life, till they grew dumb for ever under the cool turf of the rustling hill-garden in Hildburghausen and the quiet cemetery at Eishausen?

But I am still more moved by the thought, What a terrible resemblance has the forgotten, mysterious life of this "count" and "countess" with the dark life of another "count" and another "countess" in the solitary hill-side house on the lake of Zurich, a life of torture which nobody knows in its gloomy depths as I do.

For I am this "countess" myself.

With what pleasure I returned from Koburg to Karlsruhe in 1822, about the end of September! Had I not overcome all the scruples of my mother and the whole family? I was permitted to be an actress—to play comedy! Delicious thought!

In my innocence I did not dream what a dangerous incline the "boards" form, which were in future to become my world. A slippery incline, upon which many a frisky performer in stumbling had lost her footing, and fallen to rise no more!

Is it not a blessing for the innocent child that it can pluck flowers on the brink of an abyss, that it jumps with

shouts of joy out of the window in order to catch a passing butterly, that it triumphantly sets the house on fire in order to make a pretty little bonfire for itself?

And I a girl of fifteen, still a simple, innocent child, who looked upon the tree of knowledge just as she would upon a beautiful apple-tree which bears rich juicy fruit for us! Alas! I was not to remain much longer so child-like and simple. In the new world of stage-scenes one turns world-wise frightfully fast!

I now commenced with pleasure and diligence to educate myself for my new career. Day and night I had no other thought, no other aim than to be able to appear on the stage as soon as possible. I continued my dramatic studies with Professor Aloys Schreiber very zealously, while the retired court-comedian, Mdme. Demmer, trained me in the practical part of the profession. I committed to memory a part, which I played under the direction of my instructress.

Thus within three months I was already able to appear on the court-stage in Karlsruhe. My mother writes to her cousin Leopold in Hamburg about it on the 23d of December, 1822:—

"Convinced of your and my dear Luise's heartfelt sympathy, I hasten to inform you of two gratifying events within two days which have made us happy and very grateful to God.

"Firstly, the day before yesterday, there arrived the news that my second nephew, Karl Stockmar, had entered as partner a very good house in Augsburg, and that he expects Louis' arrival about the middle of January. He asks no premium, and hopes that he will succeed in making a good merchant of him within two years; so that at the expiry of that time he may find a livelihood in London, where my eldest nephew, Christian, will procure him a good place. But if Louis will remain in Augsburg, Karl Stockmar promises to give him a share in the business, after some time. So he is not only provided for, but also in very good hands, and may learn a great deal. How happy that makes the heart of a mother!

"The other gratifying event will still more astonish you. Lina yesterday made her *début* as Margarethe in Iffland's 'Hagestolzen,' and delighted the whole town. All this appears to me as a dream. Everybody here knew what a great liking Lina had for this profession, and so the house was crammed by five o'clock; hardly a place to be had, and yet it is as large as the theatre in Hamburg. She was received with much cordiality by the body of officers, who, I dare say, only wished to honor in her the daughter of a gallant comrade. This caused her a little nervousness for the first few minutes, but she soon composed herself, and now played beyond every one's expectation so well, so naturally and sweetly, that I was astonished myself. The loudest applause was accorded her, and at the conclusion of each scene there were cries of '*Brava!*' This grew into a perfect storm of enthusiasm at the end, so that one thought the house was coming down. She was not prepared for such applause, and yet she thanked the audience in a few words so prettily and simply that all were enraptured; and to-day I can hardly snatch a moment to write to you and my Luise. I received call after call to congratulate me on such a talent, for it is asserted that Lina played better than Mdme. Händel-Schütz, who also appeared lately as Margarethe here and was much appreciated. Lina played as if she had been at least ten years on the stage. All the actors, even during the rehearsals, were quite surprised at her assurance. Theatre-goers assert that such a talent would not reappear within a hundred years. As anxious as I was before, so glad am I now; for I alone know that Lina was induced to take to the stage not merely by inclination but by higher motives, which are and must remain a secret here to everybody. We are here generally believed to be in affluent circumstances. Now the whole town desires that Lina should be engaged for our stage, and even their Highnesses have expressed themselves highly satisfied, and wish to keep her here. Everybody is fond of her; the whole body of the better middle class like her and make more of her than she could fairly expect.

Grand Duke Ludwig is good, in spite of all his dissipation and sensuality, and will, I am sure, never forget that her father died for his country, and that he owes us compensation for this loss. Lina waited upon him in person and requested permission to make her *début* here. He received her truly like a father. All boxes and stalls have been bespoken already for her second appearance, which is to take place four weeks hence, when she will act the part of Iffland's 'Elise Valberg.'

"But what makes me indescribably happy is the certainty that Lina, after this really unique and rapturous evening, is still quite herself—as modest and hearty as a child.—'Do you love me, mother?' were the first words she uttered after our return home from the theatre.

"Lina's teacher also is quite delighted at this great first success, and maintains, that so long as Karlsruhe has had a stage there had not been so much joy and satisfaction in the theatre, although the most celebrated artists and artistes had passed over its boards.

"You may therefore ease your mind, and so may my good Luise about Lina's future. She will always and in every respect be a credit to her family; she promises this solemnly also to you, with her kind regards. At first there were many in this place too who were opposed to Lina's becoming an actress, especially our clergymen—excepting the worthy prelate Hebel—but to-day there is but *one* voice: that it would be a sin if this talent were hindered from developing itself. You will shortly hear more of Lina. If she obtains an engagement here, she will be allowed every year to go on professional tours. When once she has attained the rank of a thorough artiste, and has played with acceptance in other places then we shall see you again in Hamburg. Lina looks forward with great delight to this time, when she intends to give her best to your city. Write of Lina's new calling to Setterburg as cautiously as possible, that the dear, good relatives may not be offended. My relations in Koburg all agreed to it, and expect to derive much pride and joy from her success."

Also to my late father's sister, Frau Amtmann Karoline Wagner, in Ziegenhain, near Kassel, my mother at that period wrote a similarly joyful, overflowing letter, which I have partly communicated in "Stage-life." I merely quote here the following:—

"I gave my consent to Lina's new theatrical career only reluctantly. Also my brother and other relatives in Koburg would never have agreed to it if they had not last summer learned to know and trust her. Cousin Christian, in spite of the brilliant position he holds in the world, was yet the first to cheerfully recognize Lina's decided talent, and to induce me and the family to make the decision depend on the success of her first attempt. If Heinrich had lived to see the evening of yesterday! How proud he would be of his Lina! She is his very image in body and soul. I hope that your brother will still get reconciled to his artiste-niece when he has once seen Lina on the boards. Do remind the general—will you?—how often your brothers teased you by calling you 'the *comédienne*.' Now they are punished for it, for a 'Bauer' has after all appeared on a play-bill; and, if God wills, will be nothing but a credit not only to her art, but to her family. To-day Lina was frisking around me and her brothers, and said with a roguish laugh: 'Did I not always tell you, when my brothers would call me "Big-nose," that thus, and exactly thus, must a nose be for the stage if it is to tell, and this nose will turn out an honor to you yet, some day, and the papers will write of Mdlle. "Big-nose" in terms of the highest respect.' I would gladly have removed to Hamburg, but Lina did not wish it; she also declares that she will never marry. But to be independent, esteemed, and honored, that is her aim. She, I am sure, would be Heinrich's favorite, for of all his children *she* resembles him most. She has his fair hair, his open blue eye, his honest heart, but also his easily moved mind. Her heart is pure, and shall remain so."

Thou good, happy mother, happy is the delusion of thy purest mother's affection! "Her heart is pure and shall remain so." As if that had been in thy power! But

thou knewest just as little as I did the slipperiness of the boards, which are indeed a descending slide. Only too soon our eyes were to open with a shudder.

I was sixteen years old—I was pretty, sought after, and lionized—I was the *enfant gâté* of the Karlsruhe public—and I was a public actress! Under such circumstances it is surely but natural that love approached me—love in all its shapes—love tender and coarse, noble and vulgar—sweet, sweet love, that makes one happy and elevates one to the sky—and false love, that "vile passion," as old Sophie Schröder used to call it—that dissolute demon of the heart that poisons the character and drags body and soul into the mire.

And still I was lucky enough to pass through heaven before I became acquainted with purgatory and its consuming flames.

I was barely sixteen years old when I loved for the first time, with the fervor and ardor of a pure young heart which has not been desecrated by any ignoble thought. My heart was a bright, fragrant spring-flower, which had opened on the first kiss of the sun, before the poisonous mildew or icy hoar-frost had settled on its cup. I loved, and I *was* loved.

Among the many admirers who approached the young actress with their homage, flowers, pretty amorous looks, gallant phrases, sighs, and fopperies, there was a young Hamburger, Edmund Amberg. He had come to Karlsruhe in autumn, and had brought us greetings from cousin Luise Leopold. He was handsome and amiable, very well-bred and gentle, so very different from our Karlsruhe gentlemen. And he looked so pale and ill. It was said that his chest had suffered owing to overstudy, and that he had come to our milder climate for change of air. He approached me so tenderly. I saw by his sparkling eyes how much he liked to come, and my heart flew to meet him whenever I heard his step. The word "love" had never been pronounced between us. But his flowers, songs, every sound of his soft melodious voice spoke the language of love—his eyes beamed—the

pressure of his hand in the dance at the club-assembly said, "I love thee!" And he knew that I returned his love. I had not the strength to hide this from him. And this first genuine love — the purest and loftiest of my whole life — made me richer and happier than any triumphs on the stage could afterwards.

And then came the hoar-frost in the night of May, which with one blow crushed all the gay flowers of my poor little heart, then, ah! so happy!

It was an evil evening when my mother and I accepted an invitation to a party at my colleague Amalie Neumann's.

Amalie Neumann, *née* Morstadt, was the most brilliant artiste and the most fascinating beauty of our stage. In her playful coquetry she was irresistible for old and young. When appearing in Leipzig during a professional tour, she gathered around her a perfect love-court of minnesingers and knights-errant. Her admirers founded in her honor an "Order of the Roses," and raised the celebrated one upon the shield as "Queen of the Roses." In Vienna the Neumann enthusiasts procured her gold slipper, which she had worn in the opera "Cinderella," and out of it drank the health of their idol in champagne. In Berlin even the busiest doctors paid homage to her, at their head old Heim and Gräfe; she was called there the "medicinal Venus."

Thus Heinrich Heine writes from Berlin, 7th June, 1822:—

"What shall I say of Mdme. Neumann, who charms everybody, even the critics? See what a beautiful face can do! It is fortunate that I am short-sighted, otherwise this Circe would have changed me into a grey little animal, as she did one of my friends. This unhappy man has at present ears so long that the one crops out in the *Voss Journal*, the other in the *Spener Journal*. Some youths this lady has turned into lunatics already; one of them suffers from hydrophobia, and writes no more verse. Every one feels happy who may approach the beautiful woman. A boy from a grammar school has fallen in love

with her platonically, and has sent her a calligraphic specimen of his handwriting. Her husband is an actor too, and shone like glazed linen in 'Kabeljau and Hiebe.' I am sure the good woman must be bothered by the frequent visits of her admirers. It is said that a sick man who lived next door to her had had no peace, owing to the number of people who every moment violently opened his door to ask, 'Does Mdme. Neumann live here?' and that he at last caused to be written on his door: 'Mdme. Neumann does *not* live here!'

"The beautiful woman has even been cast in iron, and small iron medals are sold, upon which is stamped her likeness. I tell you the enthusiasm for this Neumann is epidemical here, like the cattle-plague. Whilst I write these lines I also feel its influences. I think I still hear the enthusiastic words ringing in my ears with which a man with grey hair yesterday spoke of her. You see that Homer could not depict to us the beauty of Helena more forcibly than by pointing out that even old men were enraptured at her sight. Many medical men likewise pay their court to the beautiful woman, and she is called here jocularly the 'medicinal Venus.' But need I say so much? I am sure you will have carefully read our theatrical notices, and perceived how they seem to follow a metre, indeed I think that of the Sapphian Ode to Venus. Yes, she is a Venus, or, as an Altona merchant said, a she-Venus. Only the confounded compositor will sometimes throw a wasp-sting into the cup of Hymettian honey which the pious critic offers up to our goddess. The *Intelligenzblatt* (the title of this journal is ironical!) corrects the following typical error:—'In the notice about the performance of Mdme. Neumann in No. 63 of *Spener's Journal* of the 25th of May, read at line twenty-six, instead of very active "Minn espiel,"[1] very active "Minnespiel."'"[2]

Ah, this very active "Minnespiel" was to cost me only too soon the hottest and bitterest tears of my life. Amalie Neumann was twenty-three years old, lately

[1] Love-making. [2] Mimicry

become a widow. She wore on that portentous evening deep, but most coquettish, mourning. She wore a dress of black velvet, in front very open, which contrasted very seductively with the rosy flesh of her full form and her rich golden locks. "Frau Venus," in the "Hörselberg," could not be more bewitching, more enchanting.

Poor Amberg was to experience this on that evening. "Frau Venus" threw out the meshes of her golden locks after him, allured him with the sweetest tones of her silvery voice, and kindled a hot flame in him with the mysterious fire of her wonderfully beautiful, blue forget-me-not eyes, and smiled at him with white teeth — and Tannhäuser was a prisoner, lost in the Venusberg.

Did she love him? No, she only grudged me "this conquest." She had uttered in the charming freedom of Karlsruhe gossip, which was of course speedily repeated to me by sympathizing colleagues, "What? this young nose-wax wants to play a part too, and perhaps even compete with me! I shall show her what. . . ." And she did show me her power. I still see her eyes look down upon me with a derisive smile as they passed by poor Amberg, who was already in full flame. Perhaps she was hardly able to feel how deeply she wounded me.

I returned half-dead from that party. I was on the verge of despair with shame and woe. I had aged years that evening. The sweet dream of youth and innocence lay behind me, spoiled. I had tasted of the tree of knowledge!

My mother took me into her arms and cried with me. But then she, the world-wise, dried her tears and subjected my poor sick heart to an energetic treatment. She negotiated for my first appearance on another stage, and called forth my pride as girl and as artiste.

We drove to Mannheim for the performance. I was to appear on three evenings even as Preziosa. Here I had to gather up all my strength to pass with honors before the art-loving public of the old theatre-town of a Dalberg, an Iffland, and a Schiller. And I did pass, and recovered! In the struggle for the laurel I found myself again, and

the dignity of my nature. One who could be caught so easily in the frivolous snares of a coquette was not worthy the tears of a faithful heart.

And when Amberg, soon after my return from Mannheim, became aware of this frivolous game and awoke from his wild love-fit—when the sparrows on the roof were telling each other that the beautiful charmer had not been able to resist the golden whistle of the lustful old Grand Duke—and when poor Tannhäuser, thrust out of the Venusberg, wanted to return to me ruefully, then I had gained the strength not to allow myself to be found again by him.

Such was the first struggle of my heart! such its first victory! But how much it cost me!

How often have I since asked myself, "Why was not thy first, purest, happiest love allowed to be thy last?"

Yes, "love in all its shapes" approached me, in spite of my youthful sixteen years, because it thought to have the old-established right of looking upon a public actress as a kind of merchandise which is allotted to any purchaser who pays most.

Thus it was a hundred years ago, thus it was fifty years ago, thus it is to-day—to the shame of the merchandise, but also to the shame of the purchasers!

At that time (1823) there lived in Karlsruhe Count Friedrich Wilhelm von Bismarck, General of the Royal Würtemburg Horse and Resident Minister accredited to the Court of Baden; he was married to Princess Auguste of Nassau-Usingen. Alike famous by his deeds of valor during the wars of independence, and by his compositions as military writer, and his many other accomplishments and talents, he was undoubtedly the most considerable personage in Karlsruhe, and was only second to royalty as far as rank was concerned. He looked back upon an eventful, nay, almost adventurous life. The "Star of the Bismarcks," which was to beam with greater brilliancy still later on, stood over him.

As far back as the time of Karl the Great (Charlemagne), the Bismarcks had come into the Mark of

Brandenburg from Bohemia, and had built there the castle and burgh of Bismarck and the village of Burgstall. A branch of this chivalrous race (who as occasion offered were sometimes knight-robbers too, I daresay) had taken up its abode in Westphalia, but had gradually fallen into poverty. In Windheim there was born, in 1783, Friedrich Wilhelm von Bismarck. His father had fought in the Seven Years' War as officer of Hussars, but had been wounded so badly that he had to quit the service and live on a scanty pension. His young sons, Louis and Friedrich Wilhelm, very soon left home to seek their fortunes as soldiers abroad. Louis entered the Nassau army, and Friedrich Wilhelm, at the early age of thirteen, obtained a cornetcy in the service of Hanover, but followed his brother over to Nassau when the Hanoverian army was disbanded in 1803.

The very same summer Princess Auguste of Nassau, twenty-five years old, daughter of the reigning prince, Friedrich August, during the unrestrained court life of their little residence-town, Biebrich, found so much pleasure in the blooming and valiant Friedrich Wilhelm von Bismarck, then a youth of twenty, Lieutenant in the Guards and Groom-in-waiting at court, that, although the betrothed of Prince Ludwig Wilhelm of Hesse-Homburg, she favored the handsome lieutenant with her love. Had not he entered the lists of the world, impelled by burning ambition to seek his fortune? And he was no less audacious than ambitious. He did not allow this love to lie unnoticed by the roadside, although it belonged, strictly speaking, to another. The quiet groves in the lovely castle garden at Biebrich, and the cosy apartments of the princess, soon saw enough of it. It was a secret, forbidden love, not unlike that of Princess Amalie of Prussia and von Trenck, Lieutenant of the Guards at Potsdam. But Friedrich von Bismarck was more fortunate in his love and life. His love did not end in the frightful casemates of Magdeburg, nor his life on the guillotine in Paris.

In vain Louis von Bismarck, who knew the secret and

the danger of this august amour, endeavored to induce his brother to shun the neighborhood of the princess, to go to England and to take service there in the German Legion, which was then being formed out of the whilom Hanoverian corps.

Friedrich von Bismarck remained with his lady-love, and she—the publicly announced betrothed of a prince—wrote in January, 1804, to her beloved lieutenant:—

"Dear beloved, my own friend,—I feel it more deeply and better every day that I can never live happy without thee; for that reason I often reflect—if it were a possibility—whether I shall tell my parents everything and ask of them the happiness of my life, but alas! they would then probably separate us, and I am, to be sure, betrothed! My dearly beloved, art thou sure thou knowest well how dearly I love thee? I only think of thee, the whole world is nothing to me, thou only art my happiness, my only desire. I love thee, *that* is the everlasting echo of my heart."

Soon afterwards:—

"My mother had invited to her house a great many people to-day. Some spoke of thee; they said that thou wert a good dancer, a handsome man; I was flattered, I confess, to hear thee praised, it did my heart good. Art thou not mine, my friend, my bliss? Are not most people pleased when they hear their houses, their equipages, &c., praised? and should I not be happy to hear him praised whom heaven itself has given me for my happiness? Could'st thou hear me in the stillness of the night, how I pray for thee! Could'st thou see my loving, guileless heart, how it throbs for thee!—man of my love! I know not how, but my feelings for thee are mingled with a passionate exaltation which could even make it desirable to me to die for thee, and again, with a sentiment of self-sacrificing tenderness, which might conquer even my natural jealousy, if I were once convinced that another could make thee happier than I."

And the marriage of the princess with the prince of Hesse-Homburg was to take place on the 2d of August!

In vain the unhappy princess had confessed to her mother her love for Bismarck, and had implored her to have the engagement dissolved, or at least the wedding postponed. But her mother had smiled at this early love-affair, which would find a worthy conclusion in the entry of the princess into the Landgravine Castle at Homburg. Marriage between princes, she said, was no concern of the heart, but a duty. The Prince of Homburg would not demand more of his spouse.

And so, on the evening of the 1st of August, when her princely betrothed was already present in the castle at Biebrich, Princess Auguste took leave of her beloved Fritz with hot tears, and next day stood at the altar with the unloved Prince of Homburg.

Feast followed feast at the court of Biebrich. When the newly married prince and princess gave a brilliant fête to the whole court in the Nassau hunting castle "die Platte," on the third day after the marriage, Friedrich von Bismarck, quite quietly and without farewell to the princess, left Biebrich, and went to England to enter the German legion as officer. From Hamburg he bade adieu to his lost lady-love—a mournful tender farewell. Did he hope still? This letter Hugo von Breidbach, a friend of Bismarck, handed to the princess of Homburg, in the presence of her husband and the whole court, in a pocket-handkerchief.

Such an union could not be attended by happiness and blessing. Indeed, a few months after the wedding the princess left her husband, and returned to Biebrich. Soon afterwards she was legally divorced from him.

The princess and Bismarck now set in motion all levers to promote their union. The princess's mother at last gave her consent. But the father would not hear of this "mésalliance."

After a separation of eighteen months the lovers met again secretly in Frankfort on Maine. Then Bismarck returned to England. There he shot dead his superior officer Captain von Quernheimb, in a duel, but was acquitted at the English assizes.

In summer 1807, Friedrich von Bismarck returned to Germany and entered the Würtemburg regiment of chevaux-légers as first lieutenant. At last the Duke of Nassau also consented to a "secret" marriage of his daughter and her lover. This marriage ceremony was performed by a friend of Bismarck, Pastor Mang, in the presence of the princess's mother, but in the absence of the prince, in the princely palace at Frankfort, on the 7th of September. The young couple spent their honeymoon in the suburbs of Frankfort, in a rented garden-cottage. Then Bismarck returned to his Würtemburg regiment.

The princess, his spouse, remained at the ducal court in Biebrich. About a year later, the young married couple saw each other again secretly for a few hours in the post-house at Sinzheim, then for a fortnight in Frankfort, shortly before Captain von Bismarck had to take the field under Napoleon against Austria, together with my poor father.

In the engagement of Ridau, on May 1st, 1809, Bismarck, whose horse was killed under him, so distinguished himself through bravery and "sang froid" that Masséna, a few days later, presented him to the Emperor Napoleon in the castle at Ens, saying :—

"Voilà un jeune officier allemand qui donne beaucoup d' espérance!"

Bismarck incurred great dangers during Napoleon's campaign with Russia. But the star of his wonderful fortune remained true to him also there. At Borodino he had three horses killed under him, and only sixty-five men were left out of his regiment of chevaux-légers; Major von Bismarck was unhurt and was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy.

Whilst the greater part of Moscow was consumed by fire Bismarck lay dangerously ill with typhus fever in a suburb. With difficulty he was transported to the Kremlin. Still faint to death, emaciated to a very skeleton, he too had to leave the desolate town, not to fall into the hands of the Russians. In an open cabriolet, wrapped in furs and rugs, accompanied by his faithful servants,

the sick man slowly drove back on his way to Germany, through abandoned, devastated, burned villages, through the shattered remnants of an army, once so brilliant, so proud of victory. Moreover, often nothing could be had to sustain the invalid, nay, not even a piece of bread, or of horse-flesh roasted on a stick, to appease his ravenous hunger, which increased from day to day as he advanced in convalescence. Raw coffee, boiled in snow-water, was often his only, and a highly welcome, refreshment after one of these dreary rides.

In Smolensk Bismarck enjoyed the comfort of a change of clothes for the first time since he had left Moscow, and was able to sleep in a warm room upon some fresh straw. Hardly had they turned their backs upon the town when the fortifications were blown up by Marshal Ney. And soon their vehicle, urged forward by artillery-men, lay in fragments at the bottom of a hollow. In order to get on his way the suffering Bismarck, who had not strength yet to hold himself on horseback, in the piercing cold, had himself strapped on the saddle. In the midst of numerous skirmishes with the Cossacks the retreat was continued. One night, Lieutenant-Colonel von Bismarck, the husband of a princess, could find no other room in a farm-house, crowded with soldiers, than by pushing a soldier, just dead, a little aside, and resting his head upon him as on a pillow.

Colonel Friedrich von Bismarck entered Paris in the suite of the allied monarchs on the 30th of March, 1814. Only in autumn, after a separation of nearly three years, decked with orders of Würtemburg, Russia, and Austria, he was permitted to embrace again his spouse, Princess Auguste.

After the conclusion of the war and Napoleon's banishment to St. Helena, the King of Würtemburg made Quartermaster-General of Cavalry von Bismarck, a hereditary count—principally, I dare say, to bring him nearer the rank of his spouse. After the death of Duke Friedrich August of Nassau, the last Prince of Nassau-Usingen, their secret union was at last recognized publicly. Prin-

cess Auguste went to live with her widowed sister the Margravine Friedrich, in Karlsruhe, and Count Bismarck also found a friendly home in the Margravine palace in the Karl-Friedrich Strasse. Here the distinguished cavalry soldier began his important career as military writer, living, as he did, on leave of absence for the greater part of the year with his spouse.

In 1820 the King of Würtemburg appointed him Envoy Extraordinary and accredited Resident Minister to the Grand-Ducal Court at Baden, with the style of Major-General and Peer of Würtemburg.

As such, he, the stately man of forty, of high rank, approached me, the actress of sixteen years, with his gallant addresses. As often as I appeared on the stage he sat beside his no longer young wife, in the Margravine's box, and devoured me with his large, round, rather disagreeably prominent blue eyes. He sent me flowers, verses, sweetmeats, and perhaps also that costly set of jewels concerning which my mother writes in the spring of 1824 to our aunt in Ziegenhain :—

"What friends and patrons Lina has won already! Just fancy, at Christmas she received by post a little box containing a golden comb, also necklace and ear-rings set with the most beautiful amethysts, and a note in French which I enclose. We don't know from whom the present comes. Some guess that it is from the Grand-Duchess Stéphanie, from Mannheim ; others, from our Margravine Friedrich. Enough, it remains a secret."

My good, innocent, unsophisticated mother! how did the very natural question not strike her—

"Où est l'homme?—where is the man, the admirer of the pretty young commédienne, who tries with this golden key to open her heart?"

I believe that Count Friedrich Wilhelm von Bismarck sent me those jewels, but secretly, that his spouse, the Princess of Nassau-Usingen, might not hear of it.

Scarcely three months after having received that costly gift at Christmas, the Stuttgart *Morgenblatt*, the leading

journal, brought the following art notice from Karlsruhe—

"Short as my stay in this place has been, I must make mention of a very sweet creature its stage possesses, a very gem, such as hardly another theatre can show. I refer to Mdlle. Karoline Bauer. Every representation appears like a picture in which some leading character, that which she performs, stands out life-like and striking. The audience take a lively interest in the fate of these chief persons, which announces itself often through compassion, tears, loud applause, and outbursts of joy. The interest of the audience is, in fact, of three kinds. First as to what the author has put into the part, then what mimic art will be able to make of the part, and lastly, joined to it is the interest which the representing individuality calls forth by peculiar position, personal charms, education, descent, unsullied reputation, domestic affairs. One cannot separate that. Through immorality and coarseness every talent loses, however great it may be. Hence the interest which Mdlle. Bauer awakens is so lively. That she is the daughter of an officer, the sister of an officer, raises the interest of this rising artiste very greatly indeed. Add to this an unsullied reputation, a rare combination of virtue, bodily charms, highly-cultured mind, sprightliness, liveliness, which not mere *fama* gives her credit for, but all of which also portrays itself in her performance.

"I saw Mdlle. Bauer in several parts, for instance, in the 'Rehbock' as Baroness. This part was a difficult one, not indeed in its general representation, but rather in its special shading. To begin with, any part of a married lady must be difficult for a gentle young maid; but when the author places this lady in indelicate positions where one equivocation follows hard upon the other, keeping the ear, so to say, in a state of siege, in so plain-spoken a manner that the audience is kept in a continuous round of laughter, then of necessity the embarrassment of the young maiden, who counts but sixteen summers, must rise the more she is carried away involuntarily in

the midst of the play and the persons acting together with her. This embarrassment was stamped on the performance of Mdlle. Bauer, but the play itself not only suffered nothing at all, but the interest in her individuality was even heightened by it. For this perplexity was not a want of confidence, of assurance, in her acting; it therefore did not strike at the art, but at the maidenly shame of the tender, sweet virgin, who finds herself placed in the midst of a sphere of equivocations foreign to her, which she does not know how to escape. This very perplexity, therefore, raised her charm, since it was, under the given conditions, so to say, a necessary complement to her acting, and could not have been missed without her maidenly delicacy suffering by it. Under this point of view the interest of the whole representation gained. The contest between her play and her inner feelings, between the outward representation and the inward state of mind, was unable to conceal itself.

"This performance is the last of my stay here. The first character in which I saw Mdlle. Bauer was that of 'Gabriele' in the 'Nachtlager von Granada.' When the beautiful young maiden appears on the scene in her inimitable grace, and yet so unassuming, bewailing the loss of her beloved dove, when at that moment the wandering Prince Regent appears, the audience consider it quite natural that the prince's astonishment at finding here, in this wilderness, so sweet a maiden is quickly transformed into the gentle feeling of love. This part the young artiste seemed to me to give with special delicacy.

"I was unable to obtain an opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of Mdlle. Bauer, for access to her is difficult; however, I thought it my duty to direct attention to this rising and assiduous artiste, who deserves friendly encouragement."

This amiable and anonymous critic was Count Friedrich Wilhelm von Bismarck. I wonder if he read out to his Princess-spouse the text of his enthusiasm for the pretty young actress.

The critic's real intention was to become only too apparent to me soon after the publication of that notice.

One day at noon, my brother Karl, the light-headed, impulsive young lieutenant, returned home in a very excited state, hardly able to find words for that which filled his youthful heart (he was then twenty years old) with pride and rapture. He could only utter by snatches:

"I say, Lina, something very remarkable has happened to me—which will be a great advantage to all of us. I was taking a ride just now, when I met Count General von Bismarck, likewise on horseback; he addressed me so friendlily, so cordially, as if he, too, were only a simple lieutenant with twenty gulden a month. And he praises my horse and my horsemanship, and invites me to ride along with him. And we proceed to Baiertheim, he saying to me that he had always felt a keen interest in me for the sake of my late father, whose acquaintance he had made in the Austrian campaign, and to whom I bore a striking resemblance, and that he would charge himself with my promotion. He asked whether I had any debts, and if he could assist me with his purse, all without ceremony, just as it is the custom among good fellows. But don't imagine, Lina, that I told him anything about those paltry sums I owe to Fratel, and to Meyer-Itzig, and—but that, indeed, you don't require to be told; and take care, mother, that you don't tell; though a sum of 250 gulden or so might set me on my legs again, I dare say. And then the count spoke also of you, Lina, of your great talent, and your charming impersonation of 'Preziosa,' and of your beauty, loveliness, and virtue, and he grew quite enthusiastic over you, and he said that he loved you, and that if he had not his old woman on his hands you should be his countess, and that, if you only had confidence in him and could love him, and would wait patiently for a few years till his old dame was gone, then he would marry you, and give it you in writing even now, and make over to you his whole fortune, and he would even now provide for you as your affectionate friend, in-

deed for all of us, and double my pay as lieutenant for me—ah, Lina! what a prospect!"

I must not conceal that all this flattered my vanity very much. But my good angel preserved me from becoming the mistress of a married man, waiting for the death of his "old dame," in order to take her place some day.

I have still to acknowledge that Count von Bismarck ever remained to me an anxious friend and protector, though he never became my lover. Later on, when he came to Berlin in the position of envoy of Würtemburg to the Prussian court, he paid us a visit there in all courtesy and honor, and wrote many a friendly notice yet on the artiste, Lina Bauer; he also brought it about through his influence that I was allowed to remain in Berlin without incurring the penalties for breach of contract to the Karlsruhe stage, and to return to it on a starring tour.

It was twenty-three years after that declaration of love on horseback, in July, 1846, that Princess Auguste of Nassau-Usingen in Wiedbad died, the last of her race, after having been partially paralyzed for years.

Two years later Count Bismarck retired from public life and took up his residence on his beautiful estate near Constance, on the lake of the same name, where he married the lady-companion of his late consort. He died in Constance in 1860.

And strangely enough, I was to make the acquaintance of the Dowager Countess Bismarck in the most friendly way ten years afterwards: she was an amiable lady and had a lovely daughter. The question forced itself upon me: "Wouldst thou have been happier if thou hadst at that time waited—ignoring the dictates of conscience and heart—and as reward, become at last Countess Bismarck?"

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One other temptation I was subjected to in Karlsruhe when but sixteen years old. This time it proceeded from no less a personage than the reigning duke. He was full sixty by that time, had never been married, but had been the most dissolute prince of his age. The tale was told

quite openly in Karlsruhe, that the Grand Duke, when Margrave, had carried on criminal intercourse with his step-mother, Countess Hochberg, *née* Geyer von Geyersberg, the morganatic wife of Grand Duke Karl Friedrich, and that the young Margrave of Hochberg was both his son and his step-brother! Did the people not speak quite without restraint of the legion of his amours and his avowed mistresses! There was the unfortunate Fräulein von Ende, a niece of the chief groom of the chambere von Ende, whom the latter himself had disposed of to his master, when he could not induce him to contract a morganatic union. There was the beautiful Mdlle. Werner, who was regarded in Karlsruhe as "ruling mistress," and who, as such, maintained a brilliant establishment. There was as sub-favorite the actress Mdlle. Ku. . ., who was ambitious enough to appear in Berlin in the part of 'Preziosa,' and who made a tremendous fiasco in spite of her luxuriant beauty and brilliant costume, and who subsequently married a Baden officer, having received from the Grand Duke a dowry of 40,000 florins. There was, last not least, the lovely Mdme. Amalie Neumann, my celebrated colleague, whose debts the gallant Grand Duke paid, and to whom he allowed a salary of 5,000 florins, an endowment then quite unheard of in Karlsruhe.

And now I was to be added as another to the already numerous ducal gallery of beauties! The notorious Major Hennenhofer, who had been long before the confidant of Margrave Ludwig, and whose name figures much in the Kaspar-Hauser scandal, who was strongly suspected of having connived at the mysteriously-sudden death of the two young sons of the Grand Duchess Stéphanie, who were the legitimate heirs of the Baden throne, the same Major Hennenhofer, who afterwards ended his life in madness, called upon me as official procurer of the Grand Duke Ludwig, to make me the most brilliant offers on the part of his master.

But here, too, my good angel preserved me, and disgust at the crowned old debauchee who, for all that, was fond of parading morality, of which the annexed letter of my

mother will give proof. Just in time, the dear God, who would so gladly save and help his earthly children—so long, indeed, as they wish to be saved and helped—sent me a friendly helper in need, who removed me from all these temptations and dangers in Karlsruhe.

Heinrich Bethmann, the "director" of the new Königstadt Theatre in Berlin, came to Karlsruhe in his search for artists; he saw me play and made the most enticing offers. But my contract ran for two years longer. My mother and I had to resolve with heavy hearts to ask for an audience of the Duke, and for the dissolution of my contract.

In April 1824 my mother writes to my aunt in Ziegenhain:—

"The Grand Duke received us very graciously, but would not hear of a formal annulment of the contract, even for Lina's sake, he said, in order that, should our expectations in Berlin not be realized, she might return to her engagement in Karlsruhe, which he then would gladly improve so far as the finances of the theatre might permit; but that he would allow her leave of absence for eight months, to enable her to perfect herself in the representation of leading characters by the study of celebrated patterns. He was convinced that Lina would remain, even in that dangerous place, Berlin, a 'pattern of virtue.' Did she return to Karlsruhe he would charge himself with her future fortune. You may imagine, dear sister, how glad we were. It only remained to be seen whether the Berliners would be satisfied with a leave of absence of eight months. Therefore Lina wrote to Director Bethmann, and the gentleman accepted, hoping to win Lina for a longer period by and by. Her leave begins from the 1st of June, and her pay in Berlin from the 15th of May. And what an advance, from 600 florins to 800 thalers!

As Madame Neumann is at present engaged on a professional tour of three months, and Lina has to take her parts, we shall hardly be able to set out before the end of May. We hope to embrace you in Kassel or Marburg. We may, however, only tarry there for a few hours. We

have to perform the enormous distance to Berlin in eight days, because Lina is expected to be present at the rehearsals there. You will be surprised when you see Lina again. She is now taller than me, and has, as is generally maintained here, a beautiful figure; a full, deep chest inherited from her father, and at the same time, a slender, pliant waist. Otherwise you will find the same Lina as you saw her in Zeigenhain two years ago: good, happy, natural, indefatigably diligent, the favorite of old and young. Our nobility and gentry esteem her, the whole of the middle-class are very fond of her. There is nothing stiff or vain about her. She is pure, and shall remain so. She feels very happy in her calling, and would not change places with the richest and most fashionable countess. I shall relate to you by word of mouth what prospects were held out to her by a count, but at the expense of her virtue. She will not marry, no, never, always to be able to remain with me, as an independent and esteemed artiste.

"And what friends and patrons she has got already! Yesterday the Royal Mail brings from Paris a little box addressed to Lina containing a quantity of the finest satin shoes and kid gloves. But we here believe the giver is my nephew, Baron Christian Stockmar; because he always said to Lina in Koburg: 'Always new gloves and shoes when you appear, little cousin,' and Lina answered laughing: 'Yes, that is all very well, if only the salary would permit it.'

"We hope that our position in Berlin will now soon put us on an easy footing. You may imagine, dear sister, that the first year at the theatre brought with it more expense than income. Lina, being an officer's daughter, cannot show herself but well dressed; and indeed she has got together already a very fair wardrobe. She wants now only a real Turkish shawl, which my nephew has promised to send us from England before we set out.

"Lina is to continue in Berlin to take lessons from the best teachers in science and art, especially in music, because she has an uncommon talent both for the piano and

singing. She has indeed played and sung here at two concerts with great applause.

"In January we were in Mannheim, where Lina gave three performances and was a great success, especially as 'Preziosa.' The Grand Duchess has been heard to say that never had a play so pleased her. But Lina does render that part very beautifully, and has met with more acceptance here as 'Preziosa' than the celebrated and very beautiful Mdme. Neumann. Quite a peculiar charm of maidenly gracefulness and virgin innocence is spread over Lina's 'Preziosa,' which a delicate sense would miss in married ladies playing this part. And yet with what anxiety have I looked forward to Lina's 'Preziosa' in particular, as this character is regarded as one of the most difficult, even for actresses who have been on the stage for years. The famous Stitch, for whom the part was written, shines in it, and our Neumann plays it everywhere. So that the anticipation was universal here that Lina could not succeed in that part after Neumann, that it was too difficult for a beginner. Even the critics, who admired Lina's 'Margarethe' so sincerely, you remember, shook their heads sceptically; and I requested Lina for my sake to put off 'Preziosa' for a few months. However, Lina said very determinedly, 'Mother, I *must* play "Presioza" now, at any cost, even were I to die over it on the stage. I have asked for that character as *dèbut*, and I should be ashamed all my life long if, from vanity and arrogance, I had presumed to undertake more than I could carry out. And how I should be laughed at and mocked, if I were to throw down my arms before the battle is even commenced; I, the daughter of a gallant soldier! Courage, mother, you must show yourself, too, a gallant soldier's wife! I have the sure feeling in me that the dear God will stand by me and help me to conquer, as indeed He has hitherto helped us so wonderfully.' And I was unable to resist her any longer. But I shall never forget the dread with which I entered the box in the evening and found the theatre crowded in every part and in great excitement. Sympathy, curiosity, malicious

expectation had thus crammed the house. I sat there nearly fainting. My heart beat terribly, so painfully and loudly that I thought my neighbors must hear it. I could not get rid of the dread: Lina will make a fiasco, and she will be decried as conceited and presumptuous—she who is modesty itself. But everything went wonderfully well. Lina played with an enthusiasm and sweetness such that I thanked God from the fulness of my heart that I had not compelled her to give up the part. Now you may fancy, dear sister, how this 'Preziosa' was extolled in Mannheim by the hot-blooded students from Heidelberg, who were present by hundreds every evening. I often thought the house would come down with their roars of cheering. But I could not help laughing when I heard between the cheering a young consequential voice in the pit say in the Swabian dialect: 'I say, John, my father gave her lessons, and I have danced with her—aye danced! She dances beautifully—away with all your Heidelberg lasses!' The voice belonged to the son of our good Professor Aloys Schreiber, whose heart grows quite warm with Lina's triumphs."

CHAPTER III.

UNDER AN EVIL STAR.

The Story of Wilhelmine Maas and Count Konigsmarck.

Whenever I sang to myself that old melancholy song which Heine heard on the Rhine and embodied in his lyrics, whether young or old, my eye always moistened. It always reminded me of a poor, delicate little violet which once stood on my lifepath, and which withered and died so sadly under the raw rime of life, that fell upon the young flowercup which we call the human heart.

I refer to Wilhelmine Maas, the artiste who was once so highly esteemed by a Goethe and an Iffland, and who was my colleague in Karlsruhe, but who has long been lost out of sight and mind. No theatrical encyclopedia mentions even her name. Neither the exact year of her birth, nor of her death is known. No tombstone marks her grave. In the album of the Royal Theatre in Berlin, whose ornament Wilhelmine Maas was at one time, we find the short and sad entry: "She died, as was reported, between 1830 and 1840."

This "as was reported" indicates the tragic nature of her life. It was granted to me to look more deeply into her life and heart, and to learn to know the demons of that heart which destroyed this life, once so hopeful of happiness and confident of success. And I fear that I am the last of that by-gone, art-loving, inspired time able to speak of it with knowledge. Be it so! A twig of cypress-tree I place upon the unknown grave of the unhappy artist; be it a word of exhortation and warning to those who may live and strive like her hereafter.

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Wilhelmine Maas was a native of Berlin, born perhaps in 1786. She joined the ballet when still very young,

dancing among the fairies and angels. And she was the loveliest, prettiest angel and the neatest little fairy of the theatrical world. But this hopping and springing, this spreading and stretching of her arms and legs, soon failed to satisfy her lively spirit and ambition. She also wanted to speak on the stage, for she felt that she would speak well. She called on Director Iffland, and asked from him instruction and employment as actress. Iffland made the little damsel recite something, then nodded approvingly and gave the pretty child a large bag with sweets, and now and then some dramatic instruction in his study. Later on, when Wilhelmine had turned sixteen, but yet preserved the looks of a child, Iffland sent her to "Master" Goethe, in Weimar, who happened to be just then in need of a talented young girl, to train her for the parts of youthful lover. For he liked to let no chicken out upon his stage that he had not hatched himself.

Goethe writes in his diary of 1802:—

"On the 7th of February, Mdlle. Maas appeared upon our stage for the first time. Her neat figure, her graceful and natural bearing, sonorous voice; in short the entirety of her happy individuality immediately won the audience. After three *débuts*, as 'Mädchen von Mairenburg,' as 'Rosine' in 'Jurist und Bauer,' and as 'Lottchen' in 'Der deutsche Hausvater,' she was engaged, and very soon she could be counted upon in the cast for important characters."

As early as June of that year Goethe wrote for Wilhelmine Maas the charming bantering part of the nymph in his pleasing Prelude written on the occasion of the inauguration of the new theatre at Lauchstädt, "Was wir bringen." The other parts were in the hands of father Malcolmi, mother Beck, Karoline Jagemann, Amalie Malcolmi (later Wolff), and Becker, the bereaved husband of "Euphrosyne." Goethe writes thus about it:—

"On the 6th of June I went to Jena, and wrote the Prelude in about a week; the last touch it only received in Lauchstädt; the studying of the parts and rehearsals went on to the last hour. It produced a very agreeable

effect, and for many years friends who saw us there would recall those highly dramatic enjoyments."

Wilhelmine Maas became Goethe's favorite pupil, after Christaine Néumann-Becker (Euphrosyne) and Amalie Malcolmi-Wolff. Only, her tiny, child-like little figure caused him much difficulty, as he could find no suitable lover for her small stature. Thus the very first year of her engagement he was greatly embarrassed when his youthful lover Vohs left, to go to Stuttgart. The faithful stage-manager, old "Wöchner" Genast, was sent south to search for "lovers." In Nurnberg, Genast found the brilliant young "lover and hero" Ferdinand Esslair, and negotiated with him. But when he gave report to the "Master" of Esslair's imposing height, six feet, the alarmed Goethe replied to him at once in these words :—

"Look out for somebody else; I have no use for a 'lover' whose beloved only reaches up to his waist."

During the winter of 1803–1804 Wilhelmine Maas, Pius Alexander Wolff, and other favorite pupils of Goethe went through ice and snow, once a week, to Jena, where the "Master" then sojourned, to learn from him the Elements of Euclid or A, B, C, of the histrionic art.

The Maas engaged in it with an especial pleasure. As late as 1816 Goethe wrote about her to his friend Zelter :—

"I was always well disposed towards her, by reason of her great self-possession, and her very charming recitation, for which reason I once grew very angry with her in a rehearsal for 'Tel,' because she proved, God knows why, tongue-bound."

But only too soon more serious disagreements arose between master and pupil. Wilhelmine went, with Goethe's permission, on leave to Berlin, to see her relations, in the spring of 1804. But Goethe peremptorily refused her request to be allowed to play in her native town, from fear of losing her to the Berlin stage.

But the little actress always had a determined little mind of her own. She risked the wrath of the Weimarian theatre-thunderer, and repeatedly appeared on the Berlin

stage, with such brilliant success that Iffland offered to engage her.

Zelter, who never dreamt of Goethe's strict injunction and wrath, faithfully sent the following report to his friend in Weimar:—

"Mdlle. Maas has met with much success here. I only saw her play once. Her utterance may one day be very perfect. She has happy moments and *hardiesse;* she may by-and-by be quite at home in things that most actors never learn."

The bold little damsel had to pay for her disobedience and *hardiesse* on her return home. Goethe sent her into confinement. Defiantly she demanded her immediate discharge from the Weimarian theatre, and when Goethe refused this roundly she induced Iffland to mediate. But Goethe answered the latter likewise rather harshly in a letter dated the 14th of June, 1804.

"I was just about answering your Honor's confidential letters when I heard that our friend Schiller was staying with you. I was convinced that, even without being asked, he would assure you of my ever-continuing esteem, and of my sincere confidence.

"Theatrical affairs are subject to so many vicissitudes that one must ever be prepared for changes; and although it be somewhat inconvenient for us that our actors find favorable reception upon larger and better equipped theatres, we must, to some extent, value the honor thus shown us, and at least imagine that we contribute something towards the promotion of art and artists. Besides nothing can be urged against a new engagement which begins only after the old has terminated; at the same time I beg to state that Demoiselle Maas has requested an earlier discharge, which request, however, we can on no account grant.

"As to 'Götz von Berlichingen,' I shall inform you, as soon as it is producible. Unfortunately it does not yet quite seem to suit the stage. It is difficult to overcome an inborn defect.—With sentiments of unchanged esteem,

"I remain

"Your Honor's very obedient servant,

"GOETHE."

Perhaps Goethe expected that Wilhelmine Maas—also a "naughty favorite of the Graces"—would meanwhile change her mind, and yet attach herself again to the Weimarian stage, and to his person.

But she did not change her mind—unfortunately for herself.

Hardly had her contract in Weimar expired when she began her new engagement in Berlin (1805); she received 780 thalers of salary and one benefit per annum; this was then considered very good pay. Had not Lemm, the actor, been engaged at 364 thalers, and young Rabenstein with only 78 thalers, but a few years previously?—and both turned out chief ornaments of the Berlin theatre.

Wilhelmine Maas made her *début* on the Berlin stage with the happiest success as "Natalie" in "Die Korsen" (1805). The clerk of the theatre, Johann Valentin Teichmann, a contemporary, writes about her in those days that I now recall:—

"She pleased much by the pure sound of her voice, and soon became the favorite of the public in her parts of the so-called *naïve*, merry, and affectionately loving girls, as in 'Hass der Frauen,' 'Laune des Verliebten,' 'Rosen des Malesherbes,' etc. She was less fortunate as heroine, queen, or tragic lover, which may have been due greatly to her small, stout figure."

The public declared her tragic heroines to be wanting in depth and warmth of feeling and rapturous passion. Thus, when his "Wanda" was performed in Berlin (1805, Zacharias Werner requested that the part of "Ludmilla" might be given, not to the callous Maas, charming though her utterance be), but to Mebus, though so much older."

On the other hand, "she charms in Goethe's 'Tasso,' by her tender pathos, and the clear bell-like ring of her voice," whilst Frederike Unzlemann-Bethmann, "plays unsurpassably" the part of "Leonore Sanvitala."

Old "Music-master" Zelter who, as we saw, had once so greatly praised the playing of Maas, when he believed the disciple still in favor with her master Goethe, missed no occasion afterwards to aim a few thrusts at Goethe's

discarded favorite. Thus he writes to Goethe about Wilhelmine Maas as Shakespeare's "Juliet" (in April, 1812):—

"This artiste (as we call the like here) continues to be what she was, a good *réservoir*. She delivers her part without hesitation, one might say without emotion, and the spectator may form Juliet for himself."

Ah! the mischievous rime had indeed fallen already upon the sweet little violet in the night of May, and it began to wither—to die.

A gloomy demoniac passion had seized the heart, the whole life of the young artiste. Love, otherwise so blissful, became her misfortune.

In Berlin, a young Count Königsmarck had approached her with the most ardent manifestations of love; he was a scion of that ancient proud Swedish race, to which belonged the unhappy Count Philipp Christoph von Königsmarck, who loved the beautiful Electress Sophie Dorothea of Hanover, and who was murdered, on that late evening in July, 1694, in the princely castle at Hanover, by the jealous prince, later known as George I., of Great Britain. A sister of this unhappy Count was the Countess Aurora von Königsmarck, beautiful to maddening, who set so many hearts on flame, and who, even as Abbess of Quedlinburg, lived and loved so merrily, and who died so wretchedly. Voltaire called her "the most celebrated woman of two centuries."

Charles XII. of Sweden, who was never conquered by love for woman, so much dreaded Aurora's enchanting beauty that, when she went to him in the camp of Kurland, in 1702—being the bearer of a message from her lover, the Elector Prince Friederich August of Saxony, to induce him to conclude a favorable peace—he did not venture to admit her to his presence.

And the same hot, wild blood, and the infernal beauty and lovableness of that Philipp Christoph of old, and of Aurora von Königsmarck, continued to glow and to kindle in that descendant of the proud house of counts, after more than a hundred years, for the misfortune of the poor

darling artiste Wilhelmine Maas, and for his own. They were not merely destined to taste "the burning delights of love," but also "love's freezing woe." Their love was a "happiness without rest," and without rest, there is no real happiness.

Count Königsmarck was so passionately in love with the charming actress that, in spite of the protest of his family, he repeatedly offered her his hand and his name. But Wilhelmine Maas was too noble and proud to wish to force herself upon a family who did not welcome the artiste as a member. Besides, she loved Count Königsmarck too sincerely to have desired to be the occasion for an estrangement between him and the members of his family and class. With a full, loving heart, she brought him the sacrifice of resignation, and became the mistress of the count, although it lay with her to become his wife.

But Count Königsmarck, who was an exalted enthusiast of art, was not content with the charming actress's love, nor with her triumphs; he wanted to see her admired also, as the greatest tragédienne of the century, by all the world.

Wilhelmine Maas, accompanied by Count Königsmarck, also came to Karlsruhe, and played with a view to engagement. I first saw her as "Sappho," and, along with the rest of the audience, looked in astonishment at this little elegant *tragédienne.* It is true every pose, every movement in the picturesque Greek drapery, was faithfully copied from the antique, but too painfully and artificially. Her enunciation was correct and melodious, her voice sonorous, although not strong enough for the great part; but the house remained cold, because this "Sappho" was cold. Her declamation, her play, lacked the touching poignancy of flaming and kindling passion, which must proceed from the heart if one is to believe in it. It was a really clever, artistic performance of a thinking and experienced actress; but it was not an art-inspired, love-glowing old Grecian poetess, who in despair throws herself into the sea.

The divine tragic spark was absent, and without fire there is no warming flame.

In her second character, as "Octavia," in the tragedy

"Kleopatra," Wilhelmine Maas pleased still less. Her short figure, and her round, soft, upturned nose, made this noble Roman lady almost incredible.

Of course, I too had heard of the strange relations of the artiste to Count Königsmarck. One does not walk with impunity under the palms of a painted theatre-sky. Curious, I looked after him when I met him in the street. He was called in Karlsruhe "Count Ahasuerus." Indeed, he was a strange, almost dismal appearance in the quiet provincial-looking streets of our Grand Ducal residence. A tall, slender, somewhat stooping form, with shaggy beard, in neglected dress, shapeless shoes, he hurried along with large steps, looking at nobody, generally fighting the air with his arms, and murmuring indistinct words. In the museum he would sit for hours, dumb and motionless, staring at the newspaper with his large wide-open eyes, or over it into vacancy, till he suddenly sprang up, and hastened into the open air without saluting anyone. He had not yet exchanged a word with anybody in the museum, nor had he made any calls. He lived quietly and retired in the hotel, and only during calling time went to see his fair friend daily.

When, after having been engaged, I had to call on the elder members of the theatre, I would at first on no account visit Mdlle. Maas; and I expressed myself sharply and sarcastically about the icy, buttoned-up colleague and her immoral relations to Count Ahasuerus Königsmarck.

But my mother, usually so mild, rebuked me rather severely for my youthfully rash, heartless verdict.

"Child, how can you so heartlessly condemn on appearance; so rashly repeat, without reflecting, vulgar theatre and town scandal? Know you, then, what is the state of the heart that beats under this apparently icy cover? I fear her heart has suffered much already, and still suffers keenly. Mdlle. Maas is not happy, either as artiste or in her love for the count. This love is, I am sure, the greatest misfortune for both—an abortive flower without fruit. Both, I dare say, have long ago arrived at the melancholy conviction that in this blighted love their

whole life is blighted. And is it not touching to see how faithfully they also in misfortune cling to one another; since, I fear, youth and beauty, luck and star, golden dreams of the highest artistic renown—and in these disappointments, perhaps also, golden love—have faded and died? Lina, be careful not to throw stones so rashly and heartlessly: stones, as they are found lying in the street but too readily. Who knows in what dangerous glass-house you yet may live? Judge not, lest you be judged!"

I was ashamed of my heartlessness, asked my mother's pardon, vowing to keep my rash little tongue in better check for the future.

Then we paid our visit at Wilhelmine Maas' house. She inhabited a suite of cheerful rooms on the ground floor, not far from Mdme. Neumann.

She received us somewhat reservedly and formally, but with the greatest courtesy, and the *bon-ton* of good society. In the room there was not a trace of the notorious so-called "artistic confusion." The actress in her grey-silken gown and the fresh, white cap, looked like a fashionable lady of rank, and so she also spoke. No theatre-scandal, no jealousy of the parts of other artists, no petty malice about colleagues, manager, or the public, appeared in her conversation.

I took little part in the conversation, for I was perfectly spell-bound by a large, lovely oil-painting which hung opposite me on the wall.

It was the "Maid of Orleans!" representing Johanna scarcely out of her teens, in the picturesque costume of a shepherdess, leaning upon her long staff against an old oak-tree. Abundant locks encircled the sweet, innocent, child-like face; her pious eyes looked devoutly up to heaven, and the lovely mouth is slightly opened.

There could be nothing more charming for the eye, nothing more refreshing for the heart than this darling Johanna. A chaste spring flower, scarcely awakened to life by the kiss of the sun.

Afterwards I found the same costume on the Berlin

stage: scarlet frock, a bodice of black velvet, and long, wide, white sleeves.

And this lovable Johanna, so blooming in her youth, now sat opposite me, grown pale, pining away, faded and embittered, torn from all the intoxicating early dreams of happiness and love, of everlasting sunshine and ennobling fame—an ageing, weary, weary *comédienne.*

My heart grew heavy, and my eyes were moist.

Wilhelmine Maas read in my countenance what took place in my soul. She said in a trembling voice, choked by tears —

"I presume, dear young lady, you hardly recognize the original of this Johanna? Years, and the storms of life and love leave behind them their ugly, unextinguishable traces. This picture represents the 'Maid' as a simple, guiltless shepherdess, an inspired seer, ever before her the one high aim which God Himself had set her. She is still the pure maiden, her eyes have not yet seen Lionel, her heart has not yet succumbed to earthly love, to the demons of infatuating, destructive passion."

I could have cried aloud, but my voice failed within me, when I looked into the burning, restless eyes of Count Ahasuerus, which were almost swallowing the wonderful picture on the wall. And there lay in these large blue eyes, still of bewitching beauty, an unspeakable mockery, a painful bitterness.

The count had entered by the open door of the adjoining room, and approached upon the soft carpeting without being perceived.

Wilhelmine Maas was the first to recover her presence of mind, and introduced Count Königsmarck to us, but the conversation did not revive again. The count had sunk apathetically into an arm-chair, only staring at the beautiful, sunny picture of Johanna.

On the first favorable occasion my mother rose and took the most cordial leave of the unhappy new friend.

When we arrived at home my mother said to me in a gentle tone—

"Well, Lina, do you still think your colleague so callous and hard as the thoughtless, indifferent multitude?"

Crying aloud, I threw myself on the breast of the best, the most affectionate of mothers, who tenderly clasped me in her arms, as if she could thus preserve me from the sad lot that had befallen this poor little violet, and from the destructive frost of the early night of May.

But that, even the most faithful, shielding love of a mother could not do!

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Wilhelmine Maas had conceived a hearty confidence in my gentle, beautiful mother, and she often gave us a short call when her heart was full of sadness to breaking. But never even the smallest complaint escaped from her lips against Count Königsmarck, and we, too, learned to esteem him in his devoted fidelity, and to pity him in his profoundest misfortune.

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When we (my mother and I), deeply moved, took leave of Wilhelmine Maas at the end of May, 1824, in order to enter on my new engagement in Berlin, she said to us with tears in her eyes:—

"Remember me kindly to my dear Berliners! With consuming longing I think of that enthusiastic, innocent, golden time when I was that Johanna whom you know in the picture!"

Soon after I read with joy in the Stuttgart morning paper how a Karlsruhe correspondent eulogized Wilhelmine Maas for her systematic, well-studied play in the tragedy of "Sappho," and as "Salmonäa" in the Maccabäern;" also for her artist's wife in the comedy "Der Bethlehemitischen Kindermord;" the aristocratic, simple-minded fisher-girl in the "Bräutigam aus Mexico," and for her captain's wife in "Der Fremde."

Then we heard that she had given up—or lost?—her place in Karlsruhe, and that she was again wandering about the world with Count Königsmarck from stage to stage.

And then no more was heard for a long time of Wilhelmine Maas.

Then—I think it was in the beginning of 1829—an old acquaintance of ours announced herself. It was Wilhelmine Maas!

"What a pleasant surprise to see you here in Berlin!" I exclaimed joyfully, clasping my sister-artiste in my arms. "You will perform here as guest, won't you? How delighted I shall be once more to play with you, as of yore, in good old Karlsruhe! I think you will have to praise me a little as you did the tyro Linchen, who has learned so much from you. I have not been idle here, and have made progress. When are you going to appear?"

So I thoughtlessly went on chatting, without at first noticing how pale and sorrowful our visitor looked. How faded! How broken down!

Then I suddenly started and stopped, embarrassed. But Wilhelmine guessed my thoughts, and said, smiling mournfully:—

"You are right, dear mademoiselle. 'I am but the shadow of that Marie!' and 'Gone, gone by are our plays!' I came to Berlin on the advice of my old patron 'Hofrath' Henn, to seek an engagement in my native town—I feel that it will be my last on earth. But my prayers were in vain! In vain did I offer to play the humblest parts for the smallest wage—yea, even to play comic old women! I would fain have died and been buried in my dear Berlin, where once stood 'the cradle of my fame.' Polite phrases were all I got, and I dare say it is best so! I—with a heart wounded to the death—playing 'comic old women!' The very thought is enough to drive me mad."

"And your friend? Are you now standing all alone in this world?" my mother faintly asked.

"All alone! Count Königsmarck has made his peace with his family. I myself advised him to leave me and to approach again his relations, since I felt that his love for me, being no longer fed by my successes in art, had

for ever died. Unstaid and restless he wanders on through the world. At present he is in Paris."

"But you, poor, dear friend, and your love, so faithful, so true and self-denying?"

"This love of the heart God will pardon me, for it was pure and innocent! But my insatiable ambition, my thirst for fame, the criminal self-over-estimation of my talent for art—they have turned out a curse for me which will abide with me till I am laid in a lonely grave."

"And now, whither will you turn your steps? Will you not ask the king personally for an engagement? *Do* ask him. He was well disposed towards you, and he has a good, feeling heart. I shall hasten at once to see his Private Chamberlin, Timm, to ask him to intercede for you," I exclaimed, deeply moved.

"Thank you, dear mademoiselle, but Wilhelmine Maas does not force herself upon any theatre! I understand how to want, to suffer quietly, and—to die. I intend to take up an abode in Frankfort on Maine, or in Mainz, and to give lessons in elocution till my hour strikes. I feel it is not far distant."

For a moment the old pride had flashed forth again, and she stood there erect and proud as of old. But soon after, the poor, wounded bird drooped her broken wings again in sadness.

My mother wished to offer some words of comfort, but our guest sadly shook her head.

"The heart-comforting sun of fortune has gone down for me, I myself know, forever. Ever darker I see the cold night rising, rising without star, without hope. And he who hopes no more continues to live from habit only, without fruit-bearing hope, without the courage that struggles hard for victory. Without joy and love of fame there is no true artist. Blighted love—a blighted life!"

Deeply affected, we took leave of each other. Did we not all know that it was a farewell for life and death?

Weeping, my mother and I, holding each other in mournful embrace, looked from our window after the unhappy woman, how she walked along across the square in

apparently unbroken gentility and happy confidence, but with death in her heart.

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How long Wilhelmine Maas continued to live and to suffer on earth after this I have never been able to learn. But she did live to experience the pain that the assassination in Paris of her unhappy Ahasuerus, Count Königsmarck, must have caused her.

She also lived to see that the family of Königsmarck approached the poor actress with reverence and gratitude, because she had possessed the lofty pride not to force her way into this aristocratic family, causing there confusion and perplexity. The nephew and heir of the murdered count introduced his young wife to her, when on his marriage tour, and requested her to accept from him a pension for life.

But just as Wilhelmine had once refused in pride, or lofty womanliness, to accept aid from her beloved Count Königsmarck, so she now also point-blank refused the pension offered by the family.

That wonderfully lovely picture, which represents Wilhelmine Maas in the splendor of youth and beauty, in the flush of first love and aspiring art, in the character of the "Maid of Orleans," is held in great honor by the family of the Counts of Königsmarck up to the present day, as a dear memento bound up with mournful reminiscences.

"Wilhelmine Maas died"—so the report goes—"between 1830 and 1840!"

Surely a melancholy obituary notice for a loftily designed artistic life!

And yet there were in my own glittering life dark, tantalizing hours, full of self-accusation and despair, in which I have envied Wilhelmine Maas, her lonely deathbed and her soon-forgotten grave.

Although I was not yet a fallen Eve, for ever driven out of paradise by the angel with the fiery sword, still I had carried on a dangerous game, with the forbidden fruits on the tree of knowledge, upon the slippery slope of theatrical life during those seventeen months.

CHAPTER IV.

WITH HIS MAJESTY.

ENGAGEMENT AT THE ROYAL THEATRE — FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE KING—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—KAROLINE'S LIKENESS TO THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE—THE ROYAL THEATRE — THE KING'S "PATTING FLIRTATIONS" — HIS MAJESTY'S CARE FOR THE REPUTATIONS OF THE ACTRESSES — HIS PASSION FOR THE THEATRE — PRIVATE THEATRICALS IN THE PALACE — THE ROYAL FAMILY — THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS — KAROLINE ACCEPTS AN ENGAGEMENT IN ST. PETERSBURG — HER FIRST APPEARANCE A SUCCESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES—SHE RETURNS TO BERLIN — ROYAL RIDDLES—ACCIDENT TO THE KING.

WHEN I gave up the Königstadt stage in the autumn of 1824, in order to accept an engagement at the Royal Playhouse, a whisper went through the town that it was at the special request of the king, who had taken a rather deep fancy to the gay, fair actress—that Timm, his private chamberlain, and Prince Wittgenstein, who feared another and more dangerous influence upon his Majesty, had brought about this engagement through Herr von Arnim (Pitt), the substitute of Count Brühl, the intendant—who by Spontini's influence had been set aside for some time —and through Privy Councillor von Gräfe, his agent and confidant, in order to bring me nearer the eyes and wishes of his Majesty.

What may have been at the bottom of this talk I do not know. Only so much is certain, that Friedrich Wilhelm III., on the 9th of November, 1824, before I had yet appeared on the royal stage, and even before his Majesty had yet addressed a word to me, was privately married to Countess Augusta Harrach by Bishop Eylert in the royal chapel of Charlottenburg—in the presence of the Crown Prince, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Prince Wittgenstein, Master of the Ceremonies von Schilden,

Colonel von Witzleben, Cabinet Privy Councillor Albrecht, Private Chamberlain Timm, and the bride's parents.

When this secret became known in Berlin next day surprise and astonishment were universal—yes, people believed themselves perfectly justified in being indignant at this whim of "the old gentleman!" The unknown stepmother who dared to occupy the place of a Luise was hateful. Besides, a Catholic Crown Princess to have also a Catholic stepmother! no, that was too bad; it was too much for the moral dignity of the Berliners. Of course, now, the king and the whole court would become Catholic; and then the country would need to follow suit! When the letter-postage was raised, new silber groschens struck, and toll demanded upon the turnpike-road to Charlottenburg, then lamentation and wrath broke forth again and again; all this was owing to the Catholic royal stepmother!

The altar candlesticks were stolen from the Catholic church of St. Hedwig. When the thieves found out that their booty was only of nickel metal, they put the candlesticks back in their places again, a few days afterwards, with a paper attached, saying: "Good gracious! Crown Princess and Princess Liegnitz; and yet no silver candlesticks in the Catholic church! That's what we call shabby!"

The natural though biting wit of the Berliners, easily moved and ever ready, was quite inexhaustible in remarks about the "stepmother" and the "queen of the night" who was only *princess* by day.

So again it was said that the troops no longer cheered with a "Hurrah" when they greeted the king, but with "Harrach!"

It was further said that the princes, and especially the crown prince, were indignant at this stepmother, and that the princesses, namely the daughter of the king (accidentally present at that time), Alexandra-Charlotte of Russia, Alexandrine of Mecklenburg, and Princess Luise, who was betrothed to Prince Friedrich of the Netherlands, as well as the Crown Princess Elizabeth, never

ceased crying; nay, that Prince Karl had been ordered into a two days' confinement by his father, for having insultingly treated the "stepmother."

Nobody believed very much in the "Bohemian gem" which the king was said to have added to his crown. It was sarcastically hinted that the Bohemian glass-blowers were very skilful.

Yes, perhaps the court and the Berliners would have given the preference even to the little actress, Mdlle. Karoline Bauer, as royal friend, instead of *Mdme. la Princesse* Liegnitz in her awkward position as morganatic royal spouse, which nobody could altogether realize.

My first meeting with the king took place at one of the so-called Brühl balls, in the concert-hall of the play-house, soon after his second marriage. These festivities were so-called because the intendant, Count Brühl, arranged them and issued the subscription invitations for them. I wrote about them to my brother Louis at that time:—

"I have also got a *sight* of the Count Brühl subscription-balls in the concert-hall of the play-house, for there is hardly any dancing. People converse, observe, pass in review, and envy each other's toilettes. The gentlemen move about in the hall, the ladies sit mostly upon raised seats along the walls. The king walks untiringly through the crowd, and speaks affably to everybody. At the same time he looks around him, smiling like a father who is pleased to see his children enjoy themselves. I sat quite modestly, along with my mother and a family of our acquaintance, enjoying the glittering crowd, when I suddenly heard a whisper: 'The king wants to speak to you, come down;' and I stood for the first time before Friedrich Wilhelm 'the Affable.'

"I felt that all present were watching how I might behave; my eyes were swimming, but scarcely did I meet the mild, affable look of the king than I became composed. The king said in his well-known fragmentary manner, 'Am glad Brühl gained you over for my theatre—often seen you in the Königstadt theatre—received much pleasure—like gay ways—pleased me very much.'

"'Your Majesty makes me very happy.'

"'When appear?'

"'At the beginning of January, sire.'

"'What pieces?'

"'Beschämte Eifersucht;' 'Jurist und Bauer.'

"'Good; like comedies—much success!'

"Then the king nodded kindly and passed on.

"Hofrath Henn (Clauren) offered me his arm to conduct me back to my place; but I only got to it with great difficulty. Everybody wanted to be introduced to me—to examine me—to speak to me."

At this ball Princess Liegnitz appeared for the first time in her new dignity before the Berlin public. And how she was stared at and criticized!

I think I see her still before me in her private box, as if it had been but yesterday, dressed in azure tulle, upon her dark tresses a turban of white crape with marabout plumes. She was no beauty, but she looked fresh and blooming.

She sat there intimidated and shy, as if she did not know what to do with herself and the public. The king appeared only for a few moments in the box of his spouse, and conversed with her without seating himself. Also he, it was plain, was not yet perfectly at home in his new part.

The king liked to see the principal members of the opera, of the drama, and of the ballet, at these Brühl balls in the concert-hall, and at the larger subscription-balls in the opera-house, and was especially pleased when the dancing was animated. The younger members were, one might say, *commanded* to attend the masked balls. They received the most brilliant costumes from the wardrobe of the royal theatres, and, if desired, also a dancing fee for the evening.

To some young officers, who stood looking at the dance as if bored, the king said sharply, "Why not dancing? Are you of wood? Then better stay at home."

One of these brilliant subscription-balls in February, 1826, was to be of somewhat greater consequence to me.

Mdme. Brede, actress to the court of Würtemburg, and a friend of Rahel, a celebrated beauty, had joined us (my mother and me).

She drew all eyes upon her in her charming costume; a white satin dress, a garland of roses wound around her delicate classic head! I wore white tulle over rose-colored satin, and orange-blossoms, and likewise thought myself rather nice and pretty.

Then the king approached on his first round, attended by a large suite. At his side walked an illustrious English officer, in scarlet uniform resplendent with gold, with a mighty aquiline nose, the Duke of Wellington, the famous hero of the War of Independence.

The public respectfully stepped back on both sides. The king nodded to me with a gracious smile as if he would say, "Ah, you have dressed yourself up very prettily!" I also noticed how the king pointed us out to the duke (Augusta Brede and me).

The duke looked at us at first very placidly, but then started, and gazing at me very searchingly, whispered a word to the king; he too stopped and fixed his eyes upon me in astonishment; and I could see repeatedly this evening that I was an object of very special attention both for his Majesty and his great English guest.

A young officer from the king's suite, who afterwards engaged me to dance, at last satisfied my burning curiosity. He had heard quite distinctly how Wellington whispered to the king in French, "What a remarkable likeness to our late Princess Charlotte of England, the wife of Prince Leopold of Koburg!"

We shall soon see how portentous this likeness was to turn out for me!

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I was repeatedly distinguished by his Majesty in the kindest manner, since, in my quality of court-actress, I belonged to the chosen few who were allowed to play in the small performances at the "Palais," which took place quite *en famille*, once a week.

This "Palais," in which comedy was played before the

court, was known as the palace of the princesses, but was connected with the king's own palace by an archway across the Oberwallstrasse. It had belonged to the Margrave Heinrich von Schwedt, and had been joined to the former crown prince's palace by an arch, when the happy brothers, the inseparable "Castor and Pollux" of Prussia, came to occupy the palace. I mean Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm and Prince Louis, with their new happiness, the sweet sisters Luise and Fredericke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. After the death of Prince Louis and Queen Luise, the little palace became the residence of the daughters of the king, the Princesses Charlotte, Alexandrine, and Luise, and thus was called by the people, and soon after by the court too, "the princesses' palace." When the princesses were married to Russia, Mecklenburg, and the Netherlands, the Princess Liegnitz went to live in the upper story, whilst downstairs, on the ground-floor, there lived Prince Albrecht until his marriage with the unhappy Princess Marianne of the Netherlands.

In this palace the king, a great admirer of the theatre, had caused a small stage to be erected, upon which comedies were played almost every Monday, unless the king was absent from Berlin, and at other times also when there were august visitors staying at the court.

The king went to some theatre every evening, summer and winter, if not unavoidably prevented. As the clock struck six he entered his small side-box to the right hand of the stage, and before the door of his box had yet stopped creaking the conductor gave the signal for the commencement of the overture or the lively introduction to a comedy or farce. Even in summer, when the king staid in Potsdam, in the Pfaueninsel, in Paretz, or Charlottenburg, and the most beautiful weather invited to the open air, a minute before six his well-known much-mended yellow caleche, with the two snorting Prakelm horses, stopped before the theatre. The king did not fear twelve to sixteen miles of dusty causeway, in order to enjoy anew in Berlin some comedy, or farce, by no means always ingenious, and which he had seen dozens of times before.

Also, during his regular, periodical sojourn in the watering-place of Peplitz, the king was never absent from the hot, stuffy little theatre, and often a very moderate wandering troupe had to play before him their stale farces, when the king never left till the curtain fell for the last time, to the great weariness of his suite.

Only on festive occasions, or when there were distinguished strangers present, the king appeared in full uniform, with cocked hat, in the central royal box. But, as a rule, only during the first act. Then he exchanged the tight uniform for his comfortable, long, grey undress surtout without epaulettes or orders, and cosily leaned back in the corner of his small side-box, where he was hidden from the public eye. The august prince did not like to be bored. But we upon the stage could watch him all the while, as he sat there apparently rather indifferent to the acting.

During the entr'actes the king frequently stepped through a secret door on to the stage, inspected the new decorations, machinery and costumes, and addressed kindly words to the actors. He had given a positive order that not the slightest regard was to be paid to him on the stage. "All to take its proper course," he would say. The rising of the curtain was not to be delayed a minute on his account. "Make no fuss about me! Dreadful!

This led to an absurd accident once. His Majesty had staid too long upon the stage. The curtain rose, and the astonished audience only saw the rapidly withdrawing august legs in military dress.

On another occasion the king sat upon a flying-machine, which at the conclusion of the ballet that had just been finished had served for the elevation of some fairy queen or goddess upon the stage, and was engaged in a pleasant talk with the solo dancer Lemière, when, of a sudden, the royal seat was seen to be rising again to the cloudy theatrical sky. His Majesty was only saved this involuntary aërial expedition through the prompt action of the stage-master.

Twice a week Mdlle. Lemière had to present herself to

the Princess Liegnitz to give her lessons in French conversation and advice as to her toilette. The king was generally present on these occasions, but took small part in the conversation.

The Lemière also furnished the toilettes of the Princess Liegnitz and the royal princesses, according to the *Journal des Modes* of her brother in Paris, and made much money by it. She had likewise a share in the French theatrical enterprises in Berlin. By the king's command she also engaged the Parisian dramatic company that played every winter in the Saloon of the Royal Play-house.

In spite of this openly pronounced liking for Mdlle. Lamière on the part of his Majesty, and despite her great influence upon him, he never had any amorous intrigue with the bold dancer, or with any other artiste, nay, very likely, no impure love affairs at all. At least so his private chamberlain Timm asserted, adding, "His Majesty is far too shy for such a thing, and the remembrance of his never-to-be-forgotten Luise prevents that." After the king's death Luise's likeness was found in a secret case of the order of the Black Eagle which the august sovereign wore upon his breast. The queen's rooms were kept in the same state as they were during her lifetime. In her sleeping-room there lay, beside her golden dressing-table, the Bible.

The people of Berlin used to call these royal amours with the ladies of the theatre, "his Majesty's patting flirtations," because the king, at most, took the liberty of patting a beautiful cheek, a round shoulder, or a full arm. Those who had tact enough to get nicely patted, to make amorous eyes, and to talk plausibly, received beautiful presents. Henriette Sontag was one of these favorites. I cannot boast of any particular royal *cadeaux*, although the king was always well disposed towards me.

Once, when Timm was distributing the royal Christmas-boxes, I received a fine set of black lace, but by mistake, because it was intended for a dancer; on another occasion a Parisian hat, and now and then a little basket of hot-house fruit.

The Lamière lost a great deal of her influence with the king, owing to her altogether mad passion for the handsome harp-player Desargus, a countryman of hers. She married her lover, in spite of the warnings of the king, and had to pay dearly for her infatuation. Desargus was a gambler; he soon treated his unloved wife so badly that a separation took place. Years afterwards I again met Mdme. Lemière-Desargus in Baden-Baden, as a very elegant lady. She died, however, in poverty, at Paris, during the late Franco-German war.

There was a good deal of malicious talk at times about these "virtuous *danseuses*" and good "papa" Timm as "Chief Eunuch of this strange harem," but his Majesty was in perfect earnest with regard to the virtue of his stage-artistes. Whenever a new engagement was thought of he would at once ask, "What about her reputation?" If the answer was unfavorable his orders were,—

"Sorry for it.—Pleased me well otherwise.—But must go.—Can't make use of her.—Such things infectious."

And the king was even anxious to *protect* the reputation of his artists.

Thus at a ball in Peplitz the king saw the Duke of Brunswick, then still on the throne, dancing repeatedly and passionately with an actress who was both beautiful and virtuous, and also otherwise courting her in a very marked way.

At last the king beckoned the young lady to approach him, and then whispered to her, "No dancing any more with the duke. He is a *mauvais sujet*.—Intentions not honest.—Hurts reputation. And a good name costlier than much fine gold. Follow my advice, my dear young lady."

In other respects, too, the king had a real paternal regard for the weal of his stage-artists. Here he indeed merited the name of "The Just!"

The king always showed, by his respectful and gentlemanly behavior, that he valued the woman higher in us than the artiste. He was never too exalted, or too far distant, to protect his dear comedians from the

caprices of the public or the spite of partial critics, nay, even from the arbitrariness of their superiors. For Henriette Sontag, who felt deeply mortified at Rellstab's pamphlet, "Henriette, the Beautiful Singer," and at Saphir's satirical attacks in the *Schnellpost*, the king struck in personally and energetically. Rellstab was sent to Spandau, there to be confined in a fortress; and a sharp royal mandate was issued against Saphir to this effect: "Art-criticism permitted; personalities forbidden."

And when I myself was compelled to invoke his Majesty's protection from a prince of his own royal house, that protection was not denied me, and his favor remained the same, as I shall relate more minutely by-and-by.

When it was necessary to assist an artist in trouble, owing to sickness or sorrow, Friedrich Wilhelm der Gute had always an open heart and an open purse.

His munificence alone enabled poor Pius Alexander Wolff to undertake the annual journeys to the watering-places which were so necessary for his throat affection; and, that Wolff might not have to travel alone, his wife also received not only leave of absence for eight months, but the travelling expenses which would enable her to accompany the invalid to Italy.

And how often did the king pay Ludwig Devrient's debts? Unzelmann's? Wauer's? In order to provide also for the old age of these incorrigibly bad managers he caused their contracts to be made out *for life.*

Wauer, in his old age, liked to tell how the king concerned himself most scrupulously about the smallest details.

In Kotzebue's comedy, "Die Pagenstreiche," Wauer, in the scene where in the character of "Herr von Brennessel" he has to run his head through a door, struck against a beam so unfortunately that he fell down senseless. The king sent frequently to inquire after his state, insisting that "if Wauer felt unwell he was on no account to play 'Pachter Feldkümmel aus Tippelskirchen' in Charlottenburg until quite recovered, and that the per-

formance was rather to be given up, although his Majesty had expected much pleasure from it.

Wauer played, however, in spite of his sore head. In the scene where "Pachter Feldkümmel" has to make a monstrous meal, the much-concerned king sent his adjutant behind the scenes to call out to the enforced gormandizer "not, for goodness' sake, to eat so much; considering the state of his health it might kill him; that his Majesty was very nervous about him; he was to stop eating though the whole play should suffer by it." Only the assurance that Wauer was not swallowing meat, but only a sort of light custard colored with claret, pacified the king's mind.

When Raupach's "Vor hundert Jahren" was to be given for the first time, the king took the most active interest in the uniform and drill of the old soldiers of a hundred years ago. The king's *aide-de-camp*, von Thümen, had to drill the actors and supernumeraries personally according to the drill, not of the day, but of the time of King Friedrich Wilhelm I. Wauer, as Corporal Sturm, created great enthusiasm in the drill scene:—"One-and-twenty; two-and-twenty!—Mohrentausend donnerwetter![1] Seibold, do you hear? Hold up your head! One-and-twenty; two-and-twenty!"—and the king never grew tired of seeing the piece, however often it was performed.

Later, when the court painter, Franz Kruger, by his Majesty's command, painted his great canvas, "Grand Parade in Berlin," intended as a present for the Emperor of Russia, the king himself selected the best-known personages of Berlin, to the number of more than a hundred, whose portraits were to appear in the picture, and among them was the actor Wauer.

The king also took a lively interest in the mounting of the "Militairbefehl," he himself dictating the costumes and other requisites. Before its performance in the palace the *aide-de-camp* had to inspect everything with the utmost minuteness. The latter put Wauer's military hat

[1] An untranslatable humorous oath.

into a different position. Then the king himself came to the stage, patted Wauer on the cheek, and said—

"Well, my old Wauer? Very good, first rate! Anticipate a special enjoyment of your performance as 'Bernhardt.' But your hat sits wrong. Come here, thus, thus it must sit!" In so saying the king put old Wauer's hat back again to its original position.

These are small traits, but they are illustrative of the passion Friedrich Wilhelm III. had for the theatre.

Concerning this passion for stage matters, to-day almost incomprehensible, of the good, virtuous king much has been said, written, printed, and guessed. About it and against it appeared several pious brochures, such as Tholuck's "Voice against the Theatrical Mania," which, though it did not name the king, most unmistakably meant him. The burning of the play-house, in 1817, was represented point-blank as a just punishment of heaven, because this house of sin stood between two churches.

The king also received many a pious letter in which heaven and hell were held out to him. He would damage his soul if he continued to give his people the ruinous example of spending evening after evening in the theatre.

In vain. The timid, strictly orthodox monarch, who otherwise was so very much concerned about his good reputation, paid not the slightest attention to these prayers and warnings from the heart of his people; he did not merely cause the play-house to be rebuilt between the two churches upon Gensdarmenmarkt—the "devil between the two angels"—but he himself went, as before, night after night into it.

To solve this psychological riddle the faithful of the king's retinue have taken great pains—thus Bishop Eylert, Theatre Intendant Count Redern, Prince Witgenstein, General von Witzleben, and my old colleague, Louis Schneider, afterwards *Hofrath* and reader to the king.

Thus Count Redern writes with well-meant zeal:—

"Considering the reserved character of the king, and his peculiarity of only having intercourse with few per-

sons, the theatre was a welcome occasion for him to come into close contact with the conditions of life and the requirements of the time. What it was not permitted to say, or to write, to him personally he here heard in unfettered freedom. On that ground he favored especially modern productions, and with them the dramatic authors of his time. Thus, gradually there appeared on the Berlin court stage all great representative talents, so that the combined impression of the performance must have been rare and grand. The king wanted to treat his good people of Berlin to theatrical feasts, and therefore would not listen to any paltry economy that might detract from the increasing success of the whole; for all that he insisted on economical management, so that the supplementary sums from the royal purse rarely exceeded the original allowance."

The explanation of Prince Wittgenstein sounds more natural, I think. Once, being wearied during the performance (I don't know how often repeated) of "The Friend in Need," a piece of no special merit, he said:—

"Your Majesty, I cannot enjoy a representation, every word of which I know before the actor has spoken it."

Whereupon the king replied with a smile:—

"Do you believe, I ask you, that *I* find pleasure in it? I only go to the theatre because there I can think without being disturbed, and recall what important things may have taken place during the day: I ponder, muse, and reflect. Here I do not need to listen to the speaking; all other speeches are either addressed to me, or at least said with the intention that I may hear them. Wherever I may be, I am at once seized upon. Here I am not lonely, and yet am alone with myself; here people want nothing from me."

That certainly is partly correct, but only partly. For this loneliness and repose in the Berlin theatre would surely be bought somewhat dearly by a drive of several hours from Potsdam to Berlin and back again. Moreover, when walking in his gardens nothing obliged the king to speak, or to hear either, if he did not wish to do

so; and surely he could think without being disturbed about state-business better in the quiet verdure of the "Pfaueninsel," or the privacy of his study, than in the noisy theatre. I believe the solution of this psychological riddle to be far simpler and to be much nearer. I am convinced it is this:—

The king went to the theatre night after night from habit and from *ennui.*

The saying here is not "Le roi s'amuse," but "Le roi s'ennuie."

* * * * * *

We always regarded it as a special pleasure and honor to be commanded by his Majesty to take part in the small private theatricals in the palace, or in Potsdam; for nobody was admitted to this select circle of artists who was in any way compromised, or personally distasteful to the king. The king always perused the list of the plays proposed, and of the performers, and scored out what and whom he did not relish, even at the risk of damaging the performance by so doing. Thus I do not remember that Mdme. Stitch ever played again in the palace after her "Stitch-Stitch-affaire" with young Count Gebhard von Blücher.

It was deemed a still greater proof of his Majesty's favor when the august sovereign addressed us at the rehearsal, during the pauses, or after the performance.

It is among my most pleasant reminiscences that in 1827, at the special desire of the king, I was allowed to play and to sing in the part of Edile in Thouard's comic opera "Joconde," along with Henriette Sontag. The singer who had studied this part had been taken ill, and, the king having distinguished visitors, Sontag was to appear before them. In the short time available no substitute could be found; for no prima donna such as Milder-Hauptmann, Seidler, and Schultz-Killitschgy could be expected to serve as a foil beside Henriette Sontag.

Accordingly, the chief manager of the stage, Karl Blum, came up to me in great haste with a message from the intendant and conductor: "You must help us out of

our dilemma. You must sing the part of Edile. Their Highnesses are pleased to hear Sontag and Bauer in 'Joconde.' You have musical talent, I am sure you will do. Your 'Edwin' was first-rate. I think we'd better begin at once," and Blum opened the grand piano, pressed the music into my hands, and began the accompaniment.

"I!" cried I, very excitedly, "I to sing with Sontag before the court! My head goes round at the very thought of it; and, besides, to study the part at lightning speed!—to make a fiasco!—to stick fast—rather die!"

But Blum was so persistent in his solicitation, and tried to allay my scruples by assuring me that the court would be informed that I had only from a sense of obligation ventured to sing beside Sontag. "Joconde" would not be repeated in Berlin, as I knew. And at intervals he played fragments of the sweet, enticing melodies which Edile has to sing. I was conquered, and got up the part at the risk of my life. The rehearsals went well; but during the chief rehearsal in the new palace I stood there trembling and nervous, for the king with his whole suite was present, sitting close behind the orchestra.

After the first trio, and at the end of the first act, Friedrich Wilhelm der Gute suddenly stood before me, and said in his mild, paternal way, "Don't be nervous—of course I know—sing only from obligingness—very pretty—creditable—will do very well—thanks, many thanks." So saying, the affable monarch nodded in the friendliest way and was gone. This revived my courage. I breathed more freely, sang and played more boldly, and even in the evening did not make a fiasco. Next day I received from the king, at the hands of his private chamberlain, delicious hot-house Potsdam grapes and a charming hat from Paris. This present, almost the only one I ever received from the Prussian court, pleased me on account of the accompanying billet: "Edile is desired to think with pleasure of the sacrifice she was good enough to make."

The summer festivals in the new palace generally filled

up the whole time of the king pleasantly for the day. In the morning he was present at the rehearsals, and chatted with the actors. Then followed a grand court dinner in the cool grotto hall, performance in the small theatre of Frederic the Great, finally supper. The road through the park of Sans Souci was illuminated by torches for the return drive of the guests.

On the other hand, a few chosen guests, the dancers Lemière, Hoguet, Galster, Gasperini, and of the opera and drama only Henriette Sontag and I were invited to the private *dîners*, which "Papa" Timm had to give in the Stadtschloss at Potsdam, at the same time and of the same dishes as at the royal table. When the cloth was removed the king appeared for a homely chat, but without sitting down. He leant in easy attitude against a table or some piece of furniture while we surrounded his Majesty in a semi-circle, waiting to be addressed. The king liked to hear us chat away among ourselves without ceremony.

Thus, on one occasion the sovereign, smiling, said to me, threatening with his finger:—

"Take care, madam,—ruin my lieutenants—have heard a little bird twitter. What about the pipe?"

I had to reply, "Indeed, your Majesty, why are your lieutenants so crazy? The young madcap who paid ten thalers to the property-man for the pipe from which I had to smoke during the last performance in the Potsdam Stadttheater has, I am sure, too many mother's pence. If I were his mamma, I should put my thumb a little more tightly upon my purse-strings. And the pipe did not even smoke well."

In this manner the conversation was carried on, old and new stage scandal, with and without the "cloak," came upon the carpet, till it was high time to dress for the theatre. The king went away; "Papa" Timm quickly put into our hands great paper bags full of the remaining dessert, and we sped gaily across the wide drill-ground to the theatre.

The king, though past fifty-five, was still stately and

handsome of person, full of dignity and gentleness; he approached us several times with a friendly word concerning the theatrical performance of the evening. Also the two brothers of Queen Luise, the gentle, kind Grand Duke Georg of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Duke Karl, the ingenious *maître des plaisirs* of the court, favored us regularly with some mostly jocular words.

Their sister Friederike, the Duchess of Cumberland, a princess, even then, not without charms—of whose gallantries and passions Berlin had so many piquant stories to tell—always had on her lips for us a cheerful little chat.

But I was almost startled at the lion-head and the suffering eyes of her spouse, the Duke of Cumberland, afterwards King of Hanover, when he approached me so closely that our noses almost touched, and said with his English accent—

"Miss, charmante ausgesähn als Bedduinin — sähr glücklicher Bedduine!"[1]

Prince Wilhelm, the king's brother, a handsome, chivalrous-looking personage, with whom at the Congress of Vienna so many ladies fell in love, to their misfortune, passed us by coldly; it was said, from bashfulness.

The youngest brother, Prince Heinrich, was not so timid, and lived in Italy with his evil passions, in a kind of banishment, and almost forgotten.

Princess Wilhelm was very much honored and respected by the king. She was tall and thin, but from her strict views of religion no particular friend of comedy and comedians; yet, from her eyes shone great kindness of heart.

The king's sisters, Wilhelmine, Queen of Holland, and the unhappy Electress Augusta of Hesse-Kassel, who had so much to suffer at the hands of Countess Reichenbach, the "black Marthe," the ruling mistress of her husband, that she withdrew to Bonn with her son the Electoral Prince; these stately, kind princesses were often on visits in Berlin and Potsdam.

[1] The accent is less English than affected. The words mean, "You looked charming as an Arab girl. How I envied the Bedouin!"

The Electoral Prince of Hesse, a dapper young gentleman, slender, with pretty, gentle features, once invited me to give performances in Kassel. But I was obliged to reply that General Bauer, in Kassel, did not wish to see his niece upon the boards.

Soon afterwards there was a rumor of this handsome, quiet prince having fallen desperately in love with the wife of Lieutenant Lehmann in Bonn, who afterwards left her husband to become Princess Hanau.

Thus the poor Electress Augusta had the dismal fate of not only being carried back from Bonn to Kassel, by a sudden raid on the part of her husband, and there to endure at her side an all-powerful favorite, Countess Reichenbach, *née* Ortlepp, but had also the mortification of being forced to recognize as her morganatic daughter-in-law a Princess Hanau, the divorced wife of Lieutenant Lehmann.

Who at that period, during the Berlin court festivities, had seen these cousins, the Electoral Prince of Hesse, the little Prince George of Cumberland, and the king's sons, carry on such friendly intercourse and fun—who, I say, would then have ventured to prophesy that one day, forty years later, these happy cousins, as reigning princes, would be facing each other in hostile array, sword in hand?—and that Elector Friedrich Wilhelm of Hesse-Kassel and King Georg of Hanover would live and die far from their overturned thrones—in exile?

Yea, the stage does not offer more affecting dramas than those furnished by real life.

And again, at these select court *fêtes* of Friedrich Wilhelm III., the beautiful children of the King of Prussia, as Heine justly calls them, really, what a charming sight! Truly, a beautiful, vigorous race of princes. There was no misshapen branch on that stem.

When I for the first time played in the palace, the Grand Duchess Alexandra was then staying on a lengthened visit at her father's court; delicate, and yet royal in appearance, capable of being charmingly amiable when she liked. She asked me whether I had no intention of

playing in St. Petersburg, as she would be happy to see me there again.

This friendly invitation I complied with in the spring of 1828. Empress Alexandra received me as kindly in St. Petersburg as the Grand Duchess had done in Berlin.

It was related that Princess Charlotte of Prussia had had a deep early affection for the handsome General von Natzmer, and had written a letter asking her father's consent to her marriage with the general; but her lady-in-waiting had succeeded in intercepting the letter, which never reached the king. Thus Princess Charlotte did not change her name for that of General Natzmer, but for that of Alexandra, Empress of all the Russias.

The Grand Duke Nicholas was the handsomest man I ever saw. Cousin Christian Stockmar draws the following characteristic sketch of the Grand Duke, who was just twenty years old when he was on a visit to Prince Leopold and Princess Charlotte of England at Claremont, in 1816, and this sketch was fairly accurate, even ten years later.

In Christian Stockmar's diary we read, November, 1816:—

"Nicholas is an unusually handsome, seductive lad; taller than Leopold, without being thin, grown straight as a fir-tree. His face, youthful like his whole appearance, exceedingly regular, a fine free forehead, beautiful arched eyebrows, an extremely beautiful nose, beautiful small mouth, and finely-cut chin. He sports the rudiments of mustachios and an imperial, wears the uniform of the light horse, quite simple green tunic with red, silver colonel's epaulettes, a small faded star, a white sword-belt, and a steel sabre with leather sword knot. His behavior is lively without embarrassment or stiffness, and yet very becoming. He speaks French fluently and excellently, accompanying his words by suitable gestures. Although everything he said may not have been precisely clever, everything was, at least, courteous and agreeable; he also seems to have a decided talent for love-making. If he wishes specially to emphasize anything in his talk,

he shrugs his shoulders and casts his eyes to heaven somewhat affectedly. In everything he shows the greatest confidence in himself, yet apparently without arrogance.

"He did not pay much attention to Princess Charlotte, who addressed him more than he her. He ate very moderately, considering his age, and only drank water. When Countess Lieven played the piano after dinner he kissed her hand in compliment, a proceeding which appeared to the English ladies very strange, but decidedly desirable. Mrs. Campbell could find no end in praising him. 'What an amiable creature! and how good looking. He will be the handsomest man in Europe!' Next morning the Russians left the house. I was told that at bedtime his servants filled a leather sack with hay from the stable for him, upon which it was said he always slept. Our English friends consider this affectation."

But Cousin Christian and Prince Leopold were inclined afterwards to look upon this "devilish handsome man" as a devilishly accomplished comedian.

In Berlin I never saw the Grand Duke Nicholas court any lady but his consort, of whom he was passionately enamored; but in St. Petersburg the Emperor Nicholas certainly courted other beauties besides. My lovely colleague, Charlotte von Hagn, was especially distinguished by the "handsomest man of all the Russias," on the occasion of her professional visit to St. Petersburg, and was also invited by the Czar to Kalisch, when he attended the Princes' Congress there, in 1835.

The Hereditary Grand Duchess Alexandrina really was "that shining, majestic picture of a woman" of whom Heine writes in ecstasy—

"She resembles those chivalrous women who are reflected to our imagination so sweetly in the magic mirror of old fairy-tales, and of whom it is hard to say whether they are saints or amazons. I believe the sight of these pure features has made me a better man."

It was said that a Dr. Stuhr fell so passionately in love with the beautiful Princess Alexandra as to lose his reason over it, that he followed his goddess's every step, and at

last offered himself to the king as his son-in-law, quite seriously, in a letter. The king had the poor lunatic sent to an asylum.

I found this "shining, majestic woman" specially interesting, owing to the great resemblance she bore to Queen Louise. But H. H. the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whom King George IV. of England, the "first gentleman of his time," had wooed in vain, because Friedrich Wilhelm III. did not wish to have a *mauvais sujet* for a son-in-law, was looked upon as very proud. We comedians did not exist for her at all.

On the other hand, her husband, the "Red Paul," was urbanity and good nature itself. In May, 1825, by command of the king and through Timm's good offices, it was my good fortune, together with other favored ones of the theatre, to be present at the brilliant festivities given on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Louise with her cousin, Prince Frederic of the Netherlands. In the *Lustgarten*[1] the cannon thundered; in the *Schloss* we saw the stately bridal procession pass by us to the chapel. It was generally remarked that Princess Liegnitz, though she was the king's wife, took no part in the procession like the other royal princesses; but trotted after them with her lady-in-waiting, and carried her own train. At the gala dinner she did not appear at all. Nor did she during the grand performance of Spontini's opera, "Alcidor," sit in a row with the Queen of the Netherlands and the princesses, but behind them, a victim to cruel court etiquette.

The crown prince and his brothers never addressed us theatrical ladies at the feasts in the palace. This, it was said, proceeded on the part of the crown prince from disinclination; on that of his brother from prudence. With a courteous salute they passed us by.

On the other hand the charmingly beautiful Crown Princess Elisabeth never missed an opportunity of addressing a sympathizing word to us. And how hearty sounded her strong Bavarian accent!

[1] Pleasure-grounds in front of the Royal *Schloss* (palace) in Berlin.

Thus she came up to us, when after Pius Alexander's death we played his comedy, "Der Mann von funfzig Jahren," at the palace for the first time, and kindly addressed Amalie Wolff—

"Did it not refresh your heart to see his memory honored here, in the creation of your late lamented husband whom all so admired and esteemed? The play has very much delighted me. You, dear Wolff, and Ludwig Devrient were masterly; also, Fräulein Bauer was charming."

And when Amalie Wolff kissed the kind princess's hand, unable to speak a word, the crown princess continued still more softly—

"Since *you* conceive and practise your art as real, genuine *art*, and not as a trade, it will be, I have no doubt, a solace for your mourning heart."

I was glad to have at last had an opportunity of admiring quite near those wonderful, large, expressive eyes, perhaps the most beautiful I ever saw. Even when a child in Baden-Baden I had gazed from a distance at them.

The crown princess and her dear Fritz lived in happy, harmonious, quite middle-class matrimony, only she often deplored with tears that she was denied the so much longed-for blessing of children. A charming characteristic trait was told of her. When the Prussian crown prince had come to woo her, she, then Princess-Elizabeth of Bavaria, had quickly taken off her one shoe with the high heel, which she was in the habit of wearing on account of a slight halt in her gait, that the lover might not be deceived about this bodily defect. And yet he had taken his Elise in spite of her limp, and never repented it either. The crown prince, his brother Prince Wilhelm, and Prince Frederic of the Netherlands I have seen in their travelling coach in Karlsruhe, when I was a girl of twelve. They wore at that time, according to the prevalent fashion, Scottish dust-mantles of Stuart tartan, and made a very favorable impression upon me in their blooming freshness of youth and cheerfulness. In the evening they appeared in the theatre, when Calderon's "Life a Dream" was performed, and then continued their journey to Baden-

Baden, where the Bavarian and Swedish royal families (who were rich in daughters) happened to be staying at the time.

Now, and here in Berlin, the gallant-looking Prince Wilhelm was always being talked about as a suitor; only, to-day betrothed him to a Princess of Würtemburg, to-morrow to Princess Marianne of the Netherlands or the Princess Marie of Wiemar, the day after to-morrow to Princess Cecilie of Sweden, with whom I had once danced so gaily when a child. Prince Wilhelm could not have delighted me more than if he had espoused the charming Cecilie. But it was said that Prince Wilhelm could not fancy any of these princesses, though all were pretty, and that he would not marry at all if he were not allowed to espouse his ardently loved Princess Elise Radziwill. But cruel politics and dire court etiquette could not permit this.

Was it this hot, hopeless love that made him so completely insensible to all theatrical beauty at that time? Cold as ice, Prince Wilhelm passed us by.

And yet I have once spoken to the prince—behind a screen. It was in the spring of 1828, during an engagement in St. Petersburg. Prince Wilhelm was staying there on a visit to his sister, the Empress Alexandra; some said, to gain over the empress-mother for his betrothal with Princess Augusta of Weimar, who together with her parents was spending the winter in St. Petersburg; others, to make a last effort to effect his union with Elise Radziwill.

Well, I arrived at St. Petersburg for my engagement in March, 1828. To secure its success it was of the greatest importance that I should first play before the court in the Winter Palace. But there were great difficulties in the way of that, since Empress Alexandra was to leave only three days later for her spring sojourn in the Crimea. All levers were set in motion to arrange my introduction at court and my appearance on the stage. Friend Timm had given me a letter of recommendation to the chief chamberlain of the empress, who promised

to do his best. With the director of the German theatre I hastened, scarcely alighted from the travelling coach, to the all-powerful theatre divinities, Prince Wolkonski, Prince Cutaigow, intendant of the German Theatre, and Prince Dolgorucki, intendant of the French stage, and all promised that they would further my wishes. But when their realization became even more doubtful I was advised to ask the prince to use his influence with his imperial sister in my favor. So I hastened back to the Winter Palace to beseech his Royal Highness for an audience. This was immediately granted. The prince appeared in the reception-room, but, like myself, was rather embarrassed. While I was laying my request before him steps were heard to approach. I, in my embarrassment, stepped behind a large screen, the prince follows, perplexed we face each other, till I regain sufficient self-command to stammer forth my request. The prince promises to speak to the empress, and so finishes this strange screen audience. Thanks to the good offices of Prince Wilhelm, the performance at court really did take place. I chose the comedy "Der Mann im Feuer," in which I had met with great success shortly before in Riga; but owing to the hasty rehearsal in St. Petersburg I had no great hope of succeeding. The other actors were not even up in the text of their parts, and, in their anxiety to hear the prompter, they dragged on shockingly what otherwise was a graceful comedy, full of *esprit* and *tempérament.* Nor were the personal appearances of the stout, phlegmatic Barlow and the prosy Wiebe at all suited for the general and the fiery lover respectively.

In rather desperate humor I completed my toilette that evening upon the pretty stage of the magnificent hall, behind a screen, for dressing-rooms there were none. I wore white satin with a covering of silk lace, a set of pearls and a rose in my hair. When I was ready, I entered the hall to have a closer look at its decoration and, perhaps, by so doing relieve my apprehensions. Suddenly a side-door opened, and Prince Wilhelm and the Prince of Orange stood before me, saluting me kindly.

With my best, once famous curtsey, I expressed my thanks for H. R. H.'s kind recommendation, but also my anxiety lest I should make a fool of myself with so imperfect a cast.

Then Prince Wilhelm said with great goodness—

"Oh, she who pleases so much in Berlin will not be put to shame in St. Petersburg. I have seen and admired you before in this part."

And I did *not* come to grief. The empress laughed heartily, and the emperor applauded me vigorously. When, after the conclusion of the play, I again stood behind my dressing-screen, wiping off the paint, Prince Wolkonski brought me a beautiful golden diadem with a star of brilliants "de la part de l'impératice."

As often as Prince Wilhelm afterwards saluted me in his paternal palace in Berlin a rosy smile came over his manly face. He thought, like me, of our embarrassment during the strange screen audience in the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg.

When I left Berlin in the May of the year following, "to follow other stars in England," as Varnhagen writes, the Prussian capital was preparing for the festivities in connection with the marriage of Prince Wilhelm of Prussia with the beautiful Princess Augusta of Weimar.

The king's third son, Prince Karl, of whom Heine writes with strange enthusiasm in 1822, "that beautiful, youthful form, with gentle features and lovely clear eyes," was not so shy as his brother Wilhelm. He was gay, and carried on all kinds of sport with horses and dogs, and it was asserted that the young ballet beauties were not such strangers to him as might have been supposed from his staid demeanor towards them at the dances in the palace. As for promptness of retort and boldness of wit, the lively prince was nearly a match for his brother the crown prince. A capital anecdote is related of him.

Once young Prince Karl visited München, and, of course, also the eccentric artist-king, Ludwig I., the brother-in-law of the Prussian crown prince. King Lud-

wig at that period had the strange whim of asking everybody riddles. For example:—

"What would you do if you were a dentist?"

The reply was always given by his Majesty himself with great self-complacency,—

"I should extract the bad tooth of time."

Or, "What would you do if you were a diver?"

Answer:—"I should throw myself into the sea of the past."

Prince Karl fortunately had heard of this royal sphinx, and when King Ludwig asked him triumphantly,—

"What would you do if you were a dentist?" the prince answered with the greatest gravity,—

"Your Majesty, I should throw myself into the sea of the past."

King Ludwig I. of Bavaria never again tried to set riddles to Prince Karl of Prussia.

With the same fortunate boldness Prince Karl also cut through the Gordian knot which threw obstacles in the way of his marriage with the beautiful Princess Maria of Weimar, whom he loved tenderly. The proud mother of the princess, Grand Duchess Maria Paulovna, wished to have the wedding take place in Weimar; but King Friedrich Wilhelm claimed this honor for Berlin. No one knew a way out of this difficulty, till the impatient bridegroom settled the matter. "I was born, baptized, and confirmed in Charlottenburg, and I have always vowed to be married only there." And thus it was done, but quite privately, since the proud mother of the bride preferred absenting herself from her eldest daughter's wedding rather than concede precedence to the crown princess of Prussia.

Also, the entry of the newly married pair into Berlin passed off rather noiselessly, because on the occasion of the entry of the crown princess many persons had lost their lives in the waters of the Spree, owing to the collapse of a bridge under pressure of the crowd.

Princess Karl was a charming young bride, beaming with happiness and gaiety. During the next performance

in the palace she stepped up to us and brought Amalie Wolff the kindest regards from her old master Goethe; and often afterwards she had a kind word for us.

The king's youngest son, Prince Albrecht, had grown tall very rapidly; he was fair, and so young still that little could be said of him. He married, soon after my departure from Berlin, the lovely Princess Marianne of the Netherlands.

An union without luck or joy.

Princess Liegnitz, whose blooming face was ever covered by the same cool marble repose, has always been a puzzle for me. She was never heard to laugh heartily, nor were her eyes ever seen to gleam with emotion. Was this phlegm? Was it a polite scheme, or, as some people thought, stupidity? Did the princess feel happy or uncomfortable in her ambiguous position? I have no answer for it, but speak to us comedians the princess never did.

Prince Friedrich, son of the late Prince Louis and Princess Friederike, Duchess of Cumberland, had something ideal, amiable and winning in his whole personal appearance. His spouse, the unhappy Princess of Anhalt-Bernburg, with the delicate pale face and great melancholy eyes, even then a languishing flower, rarely appeared at court. Did she anticipate her awful fate—to have to spend almost all the bright season of youth in the desolate loneliness of the castle at Ellern, near Düsseldorf, like her unhappy brother, wrapped in mental darkness inherited from her mother?

The youngest princes at the court of Friedrich Wilhelm III. were the sons of Prince and Princess Wilhelm, mere boys. Adalbert, afterwards husband of the dancer, Thérèse Elsler, and Waldemar, whose slender, poetic, youthful form was to prove so dangerous to a daughter of Bettinas, till death so prematurely tore him from her arms.

Just like an ideal hero of fiction, so fascinating in his charms, with dark burning eyes, the Prince of Lucca now and then appeared as guest at the Berlin court, suddenly to disappear again as soon as the great spring parades

began. It was said that the handsome Italian prince could not be persuaded to mount a horse, and he would have had to ride in the suite of his Majesty.

The king broke the bone of his right leg immediately above the ankle one morning, by slipping while descending the small iron stair that leads from the apartments of the late lamented Queen Luise into his own study. This alarming news fell like a thunderbolt on the 24th of December, 1826, amidst the gay court life.

All Berlin was greatly agitated, and crowds assembled in front of the palace to hear particulars. Mother Eunicke came rushing up to us crying, to communicate the dreadful news. The worst fears were for some time entertained, owing to the King's advanced age. We too hastened to Timm to inquire.

We found the faithful servant in tears, but heard also the joyful bulletin of the medical men, that the fracture of the leg would indeed require time for its cure, but was not dangerous. Nay, the Princess Leignitz, at the request of the king, had to take her accustomed drive the same afternoon, and through as many streets as possible, to show to the Berliners that they had nothing to fear.

The accident had happened on the same stair which had cost the Crown Princess Louise her first hopes of maternity, from a fall occasioned by fright at a stranger whom she met on it.

In the palace, lists were opened, in which sympathizing visitors entered their names. The king was much amused by these lists, which he was never tired of having read out to him, with their often genuinely Berlinese remarks of quaint but devoted loyalty. His Majesty suffered most from *ennui*, since the wonted evening *divertissements* in the theatre of course had to be dispensed with. How delighted we were when we heard for the first time that on the morrow a performance would again be held before his Majesty in the palace! And then, when the king in a wheeled chair appeared among us during rehearsal with all his old affability, then we kissed his hand with sincere tears of joy. And how great was the cheering with which

the king was received when driving out, and on the occasion of his first visit to the theatre!

On March 21st a brilliant court festival took place in the concert-hall of the play-house, in honor of the Queen of Bavaria, who was on a visit to her daughter, the crown princess. It caused no small noise that, besides the court, no spectators were admitted except some favorites of the theatre, invited by Papa Timm, by command of the king. And so we sat, in first-rate toilettes, up in the gallery, separated from the royal gallery only by a rich velvet *portière*, Mdme. Angelika Catalani and her son, Henriette Sontag, Mdme. Milder-Hauptmann, Mdme. Lemière-Desargus, Mdme. Hoguet-Vestris, Ballet-master Hoguet—who had taught the court the mystery of quadrilles—my mother and I.

The Catalani had lately arrived in Berlin upon her last great concert tour through Europe, but had not yet sung in public. By a strange accident I had made her acquaintance already, in the waiting-saloon of a bathing establishment. She carried a charming little poodle dog upon her arm; similarly I had my beloved little spaniel Lisinka. At first sight I recognized in the tall, majestic lady with the beautiful Italian features the famous *cantatrice*, whom I had admiringly gazed at once in Karlsruhe when quite a small child. The reciprocal admiration of our favorites soon brought about an introduction and an animated conversation.

Then a stately gentleman stepped into the saloon, leading on his arm an aged matron; this was Prince Puckler-Muskau, and soon he was the third in our dog-friendship. He drew out from under his fur coat the prettiest rose-colored little greyhound I ever saw. It was not larger than a squirrel, and its little eyes sparkled like diamonds. Of course Catalani and I broke forth into the loudest French admiration. We were introduced to the princess, and our little dogs made each other's acquaintance on the sofa.

CHAPTER V.

PRINCE DON JUAN.

THE FAMILY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT — THE LIAISON OF PRINCE AUGUST, ALIAS DON JUAN, WITH MADAME RÉCAMIER — HIS OTHER AMOURS — HE PERSECUTES KAROLINE WITH HIS ATTENTIONS — SHE SPRINGS THROUGH A WINDOW TO ESCAPE HIM AND INVOKES THE PROTECTION OF THE KING — TRIAL OF MADAME KRACAU, THE PRINCE'S ACCOMPLICE — KAROLINE LEAVES BERLIN FOR KOBURG — HER FIRST MEETING WITH PRINCE LEOPOLD — SOCIAL LIFE IN BERLIN — HENRIETTE SONTAG — THE JUSTUZRATH LUDOLF — SOPHIE MULLER — PROFESSOR VON SCHLEGEL — DR. CHRISTOPHER BIRCH — FRIEDRICH FORSTER — DRAMATIC BERLIN — RAUPACH — MADAME STICH — PIUS ALEXANDER WOLFF — AMALIE WOLFF — TÉICHMANN — MUSICAL BERLIN — BOUCHER — KARL MARIA VON WEBER — PAGANINI — HIS AFFECTION FOR HIS SON — ZELTER — MENDELSSOHN — BEER — MEYERBEER — BERGER — MOSCHELES — KAROLINE AS A PIANISTE — KARL ECKERT — OTHER BERLIN ARTISTS — THE SCULPTOR RANCH — THE PAINTERS KRUGER AND BEGAS.

FORMERLY, when on the stage of the Königstadt theatre, my attention had often been attracted by an aristocratic gentleman in the uniform of a general, seated in the royal box: a fine-looking, imposing figure, with sharply-cut, interesting features, dark, curling hair, and black sparkling eyes, which he seldom diverted from me, from the moment I appeared on the stage, looking all the while at me with a burning lustre, as if they would consume me.

"Who is this bold starer?" I asked my colleague, Fräulein Weidner.

"Ah! you don't know him yet? That is Prince August, to be sure, *alias* Prince 'Don Juan,' on account of his many gallant adventures. He is the most dangerous man in Berlin. Be on thy guard, sweet floweret."

"But he does not bear the least resemblance to the fair

princes of our royal house. He looks more like a Frenchman."

As often as Prince August was in the theatre, the same bold stare of his burning eyes, before which I had to cast down mine as if by instinct, and the expression of his intrinsically handsome face, appeared to me each time more and more repulsive.

And then, after the first theatrical performance in the palace he came up to us with his wicked smile, like a victory-conscious pasha, who examines his slaves with a view as to whom he will throw his handkerchief at.

He addressed me alone of all the lady artistes, and his words drove the hot blood into my face. He praised me, my beautiful figure, my blooming freshness, my fair hair, but as the sportsman praises a beautiful horse. His eyes burned upon me, his breath touched me, I was scarcely able to answer a few cool phrases. My tears threatened to break forth. Then the prince walked on with a strange smile.

"Little dear, take care!" said Amalie Wolff to me. "He has cast his eyes upon you, and Prince 'Don Juan' is not accustomed to do things by halves!" I laughed, but my heart was oppressed. The dancers put their heads together, tittered, and looked at me mockingly.

It was soon known throughout Berlin that Prince August had thought me worthy of his attention, and on all sides we were warned against this worst of all *roués*. I now also learned more about Prince "Don Juan."

His father was the youngest and least distinguished brother of Frederick the Great. His mother, Princess Ferdinand Louise, a daughter of Margrave Friedrich Wilhelm of Brandenburg-Schwedt, was distinguished in her youth for her beauty and her numerous gallantries, and in her old age for her pride. Her Italian singing-master she had filled with so ardent a passion, that he built himself a hut on Vesuvius, to live entirely on the remembrance of her. A Count Schmettau was the declared favorite of her heart. Frederick the Great used to call her children

"the horrible Schmettau race," for whom his imbecile brother accumulated treasures.

The eldest son, Friedrich, had died in the prime of youth. The second was the highly talented but unhappy Prince Louis Ferdinand, who had inherited the hot blood of his mother. His wild youth was a chain of amours and debts. His uncle, Prince Heinrich, who died in Rheinsberg, had made the handsome, amiable Louis Ferdinand the sole heir of his large fortune, but the light-headed, good-natured young prince had renounced his right in favor of his father, having been persuaded by his family to do so, in order to be able to divide the fortune with his brother August later on.

Thus it happened, when Prussia's death-despising Achilles had fallen at Saalfeld, in 1806, that he left behind him many a gentle weeping heart, and many mourning creditors. His million (thalers) of debt has never been paid.

Prince Ferdinand died in 1813, the proud princess Ferdinand in 1820. Her pompous funeral ceremonies she had herself prescribed down to the smallest detail in her testament, but not the merry dances which people and soldiers executed with their torches on the occasion.

Her son, Prince August, was the richest prince at the royal court. He was possessed of ten millions (of thalers) and the beautiful castle of Bellevue in the "Thiergarten."

In the Wars of Independence he is said to have distinguished himself by courage and prudence. At the age of twenty-seven he fought at Jena, and during the retreat he rode the noble English horse that had carried his brother Louis unto death at Saalfeld, and whose saddle was still bespattered with the brother's blood.

In the autumn of the following year, 1807, Prince August was allowed to leave France, after his captivity. But before doing so, he paid that fateful visit to Coppet which brought him in contact with the beautiful Madame Récamier. Klausewitz writes from Coppet, August 16, 1807:—

"We are here daily in the company of Madame de Staël.

She speaks much, but interestingly, so that one really hardly tires of hearing her. With acquired flourishes about art and literature one does not get far with her. I see a living example of this (Prince August), and therefore I am all the more pleased in my silence, for I feel that in maintaining it I do not play quite the worst part. The notorious Madame Récamier forms one of the party, a very ordinary *coquette*."

With this "very common coquette," who was, nevertheless, considered the handsomest woman of her time, Prince August, always amorous, quickly formed the most tender *liaison*. Even a betrothal took place, and rings were exchanged, although Madame Récamier's husband was still living in Paris. Madame de Staël, with her loving heart, blessed the union!

Quite naïvely the beautiful Julie, in a letter, asks her husband's consent to a divorce, that she might be able to marry morganatically, the beautiful Prince August. Monsieur Rècamier gives his consent, but at the same time reminds Julie that she was a Roman Catholic, the prince a Protestant, that the prince was not allowed to marry her without the consent of the king, and that she would occupy but an awkward position at the proud court of royal Prussia. And who would warrant to her that the prince, notorious for his many amours, would remain faithful to her?

So they stopped short meanwhile, at the betrothal and the most affectionate love. Madame Récamier has often vowed that handsome Prince August of Prussia had been her only passionate love. In October, 1807, the lovers had to separate, after having been together in Coppet for nearly three months. The prince returned to the Prussian court, then in Königsberg; Madame Récamier, to her husband in Paris, to have herself painted for her beloved prince by the famous Gérard, in a bathing costume, which could hardly be called a costume at all.

In a glowing letter, dated Königsberg, the 24th of April, 1808, the prince answered:—

"How can I express the delight which filled me when

I read your letter, and then looked at your sweet portrait? Whole hours I pass in front of this enrapturing picture, and my fancy paints a happiness which surpasses whatever luxurious imagination is able to invent. What human bliss can be compared to the sublime feeling of being loved by an angel like you! You know, by my former letter, with what impatience I await your answer, which will decide about my departure for Aachen" (Aix-la-Chapelle.)

The meeting in Aachen did not, however, take place, nor in Karlsbad, or Teplitz, whither the love-stricken prince so often invited his beautiful Julie most urgently. The prince arrives for a rendezvous at Schaffhausen, previously arranged, but does not find his beloved, since, by order of Napoleon, she is forbidden to leave France. Only during the prince's sojourn as victor, in 1814 and 1815, in Paris, the lovers met once more, and then again in 1818, during the Congress, in Aachen, whither Julie had come at the request of her lover. There, in the stillness of the night, were seen the prince's equipage and two mounted torch-bearers, stopping for hours in front of Madame Récamier's dwelling.

That probably was the end of this love affair. Prince August had turned to other goddesses long before. That picture of the beautiful Julie leaving the bath I have seen in Berlin. The prince had sent it to an exhibition of paintings, where, of course, it stimulated strongly the biting wit of the Berliners.

Madame Récamier received a pension from the prince. His portrait adorned her writing-table in the Abbaye aux Bois in Paris till her death.

In my time there were, among the prince's hundred amours, two recognized sultanas. The one was the sister of the celebrated artist-brothers Wichmann, whose portrait busts were particularly in request. The younger brother also executed a most beautiful bust of Henriette Sontag.

By the influence of Prince August, Mdlle. Wichmann was created Countess Waldenburg. Her daughters, the

eccentric Countesses Waldenburg, were even admitted to the royal balls, where they attracted attention by their exaggerated vivacity. Of Comtesse Evelina Waldenburg, it was said afterwards, that she had once, in a kind of paroxysm of love, in Potsdam, attempted to hang herself.

In September, 1825, the king ennobled also Prince August's second mistress (a beautiful Jewess from Rheinsberg, named Arens, with magnificent, large, dark eyes, and brilliant black hair), under the name of Von Prittwitz. This name they took from the beautiful estate of Prittwitz in the Neumark, which the prince settled upon his beloved. In Berlin Frau von Prittwitz inhabited her own beautiful house at the Potsdam gate, and whenever she appeared at the theatre she was glittering with diamonds.

Strictly speaking, it was incomprehensible how King Friedrich Wilhelm III., so virtuous and otherwise so strict in morals, by his public recognition literally sanctioned these love affairs of Prince August. Timm gave me this explanation:—"That, according to the family laws of royal Prussia, only the princes standing nearest the throne were expected to marry legitimately; for otherwise, where was it to end, with all the royal princes and princesses, who could claim rights from the throne, and appanages from the country?" But Prince August was such a very distant cousin of the king's, that no such claims could possibly be made on behalf of his children, however legitimate. I have never been able to comprehend such abstruse policy at the obvious cost of public morality.

Now I was to be raised to the rank of third acknowledged sultana of Prince August.

After the prince had molested me by his importunities at all the theatrical performances in the palace, he one evening, in company with an adjutant, came on foot even into our dwelling. What torments did my mother and I suffer in that hour! what humiliation! what disgrace! And yet we durst not exactly show the door to the lascivious admirer, because he was a royal prince, and cousin to his

Majesty, and I only a royal actress! In that hour I think I felt more bitterly than at any time of my life the humiliation and danger of my position as a public actress.

When the prince at last went away our honest landlord heard how he said on the stair to his adjutant—

"And yet the young prude must be mine, should it cost me a hundred thousand thalers."

In what excitement, in what despair, did my mother and I remain behind!

Next morning a messenger brought us wonderfully beautiful flowers in pots, with large, white, shining, bell-shaped blossoms, which exhaled a peculiarly sweet narcotic perfume.

"From whom?" my mother asked the bearer.

He produced a card without a name, but with the words, "The most ardent admirer of beauty would like not to be named, but guessed."

Old Colonel Zechelin, the most faithful of the old theatrical guards, who happened then to be present, whispered to us—

"The very same flowers I saw in the magnificent hothouses of Prince August in Bellevue."

"Take back the flowers; we receive presents from known friends only," said my mother; and messenger, flowers, and perfume were gone.

Soon afterwards, when I read E. T. A. Hoffman's strange novelette "Datura," in which an old dame, the wife of a young professor, is to be removed by her husband, who is smitten by another love, by means of the perfume of the white, poisonous datura blossoms, I could not help thinking of Prince August's homage of flowers.

At *Hofrath* Henn's (Clauren) house we had made the acquaintance of a most elegant, very musical lady, who in a most ingratiating manner approached my mother and me, and asked to be allowed to visit us. She was called Madame Kracau, that was all we knew about her. She came and overwhelmed us with acts of civility. We sometimes played *à quartre mains* together.

One day Madame Kracau brought a whole basketful of

magnificent trinkets, and desired me to choose from them as I pleased. I should, by doing so, highly gratify an admirer of high rank.

"Prince August!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

Madame Kracau smiled with much significance, and nearly melted away in praise of the fine-looking, chivalrous, magnanimous prince.

"We cannot make any use of these trinkets," said my mother, very determinedly, "and must insist on your not troubling us with such presents for the future."

When madame had in vain tried all her persuasive arts upon us, she asked to be at least allowed to leave the trinkets with us in the meantime, as she had to pay an indispensable visit, and could not take the heavy basket with her.

We were good-natured, and not politic enough to refuse this request. My mother made room for it in a chest of drawers, locked up in it the costly basket, and gave the key to Madame Kracau, who only took it after much hesitation.

But, of course, Madame Kracau never returned.

Meanwhile, letters upon letters from Prince August had arrived, in which his Royal Highness became more and more plain and business-like. He offered for my possession 100,000 thalers, at last even 200,000, a furnished house in Berlin, and the title of baroness. The king would give his consent, and I would live with my mother in Berlin, highly honored. My children would be recognized.

My mother's only answer to all this was the urgent request not to disturb our peace. But at last she threatened to invoke the protection of the king.

Then the prince's epistolary love-proposals ceased, but not his practices. Repeatedly we wrote to Madame Kracau, to fetch away the trinkets. She did not reply. Then, one morning, I met the elegant "lady" "Unter den Linden," just when I was coming from a rehearsal in the opera-house. I must presume that she had waylaid me.

She met me heartily in her old way, apologized very earnestly for never yet having come for the trinkets. She was afraid of my mother's severe looks, with whom she had lost favor, no doubt owing to her over-great sympathy with a noble gentleman, who was, after all, very love-worthy. But if I would have the great kindness to go with her the few steps to her house, she would give me the key to the chest of drawers, and be obliged if I would return the things to her.

Madame Kracau understood how to chat away so innocently, to play the repentant so charmingly, that she had soon overcome my scruples. Thoughtless as I always was, following only the impulse of the moment, I guilelessly followed the alluring tones of the practiced fowler, and went into the snare. She took me to the Neue Wilhelmstrasse, into a very elegant dwelling on the ground-floor, in which I saw again those exotic flowers with the large, white, shining cups, and the narcotic perfume which had once before put us so much about. Madame asserted that they came from Bauch's nursery. In vain I urged her to let me go. The amiable woman had to tell me so many flattering things about my last play, to relate so many interesting incidents about her travels, to show me so many charming prints and knick-knacks, that I allowed myself to be detained again and again.

Then a carriage drove up. Madame rose, opened a costly Vienna grand piano, and requested me to try her new instrument, just till she had fetched the key. She disappeared in the side-room. There I saw, before the door shut again, with a quick glance, a richly-decked, small luncheon-table, with champagne cups and silver ice-coolers. Then the door had closed again.

With a light-heartedness, to-day incomprehensible even to myself, I followed the beckoning of the splendid grand piano, first struck a few chords standing, then sat down, and soon was lost in melodious *fantasias* till I heard the door of the side-room open softly. A look that way, and

my fingers slipped, as if paralyzed, with a shrill dissonance off the key-board.

Out of the door stepped Prince August, and approached with a fawn-like smile and victory on his lips. At the same time I heard that the door by which I entered the room from the lobby was softly locked from without. But two steps more, and Prince "Don Juan" would have held me in his arms.

Then there came over me, who was as a rule so easily intimidated, the strange courage which only great fear can give. With a loud cry for help, I sprang up, threw the heavy piano-stool before the prince's feet, rushed to the window, tore down the pots with the seductive flowers, forced the casement, and sprang, screaming, into the street below, before the baffled "Don Juan" could catch me by the dress.

All this was the work of a moment, thanks to the boyish gymnastic exercises of my childhood, and the climbing practice I had had in parts like that of the wanton page, Paul von Husch, and other trouser characters at the theatre.

In the greatest excitement, without hat, without shawl, and amongst the questions, cries, pushes of gathering neighbors and passers-by, I hurried in flying haste, and almost senseless, out of the Neue Wilhelmstrasse towards the Linden, and there, fortunately, almost ran down our good friend Justizrath Ludolf, who was quite thunderstruck to find me in this condition.

In a few words I had given him the most necessary information, then the tears burst from my eyes. Ludolf called a cab to free me from the ever-increasing press of the inquisitive multitude. We took our seats. Ludolf cried out to the driver, "The king's palace," and off we went.

On the way there I had to give to our friend all the particulars. He advised me to go directly to Timm, to ask him for an audience of the king, and the latter's protection against Prince August. He (Ludolf) would at

once lodge information with the court concerning the dangerous Madame Kracau.

Timm at first tried to calm me. I should consider the king, who had always been so kind to me, and that the whole royal family would be compromised by this scandal.

But I was beyond myself, and not to be calmed, so that Timm had to go into the king's room and report the matter to him. In great excitement the monarch came into the audience-room, and I had to repeat to him everything most minutely.

The king indignantly called out again and again,—

"Vile, shocking, *mauvais sujet*—cause disgrace—be calm, child—shall have satisfaction—let justice take its course, but pray, spare prince, for my sake."

Gratefully I kissed the hand of Friedrich Wilhelm the Just, and hastened to my mother, who was still quite ignorant of all this.

After mature reflection we should have liked very much to have dispensed with the legal proceedings if this had been possible. Like wildfire the story, of course greatly exaggerated, had spread through the town. My cry for help and leap from the window had had too many witnesses. Ludolf had already lodged information with the court of justice and the police, and so all my friends advised me not to frustrate the ends of justice and the rehabilitation of my reputation.

Thus the trial took its ugly, exciting course. Madame Kracau was arrested. My mother and I were repeatedly examined as witnesses against her. It caused us annoyance and vexation in consequence.

Madame Kracau showed much discrimination during the trial. She sought to represent everything as a joke and unfortunate accident, and tried to clear the prince entirely from all blame. As for the rest, patiently and with a view to the prince's solatium, she took everything upon her own shoulders, calculating that the prince would know how to protect her.

Nevertheless, very unpleasant revelations came to the light. Madame Kracau had been in her youth the mis-

tress of Prince August, and afterwards became his obliging confidante. The house she inhabited belonged to the prince. The two sculptors Wichmann, the brothers of Countess Waldenburg, had their studio in the house.

At our request the chest of drawers with the trinkets was opened by a police agent, and the untouched costly basket handed over to the court.

Madame Kracau got off with a comparatively short term of imprisonment.

Prince August got a slight moral lecture from the king, after which he made a tour of inspection in his capacity of General of Artillery, from which he rested in Rheinsberg with his latest mistress, a little actress from the Königstadt theatre.

When he returned to Berlin the king said to him, as Timm told me, these gentle words,—

"Bauer to be left alone—decent girl—don't like that—no scandal—enough talk already among the people—unpleasant!"

Prince August, of whose latest connection with the beautiful ballet-dancer Fourcisi soon all Berlin was talking, *did* leave me alone afterwards with his love, but on the other hand pursued me all the more cruelly with his hatred. Systematically he tried to undermine my reputation as artist and woman. He was indefatigable in spreading ever new ugly reports about me.

When I, along with the half of Berlin, had the misfortune to take the false Count Samoilow to be a real one, then Prince "Don Juan" triumphed in great glee, and overwhelmed *Madame la Comtesse de Samoilow* with scorn and derision.

It was chiefly owing to Prince August that I quitted Berlin, to meet another misfortune.

This new misfortune was called Prince Leopold of Koburg, whom, too, I saw for the first time during a theatrical performance at court.

But I had not yet followed this new fortune—as it was called at that time, and as I myself had trusted it would be—to England, when the worst calumnies about me had

already been received by Prince Leopold from Berlin, from Prince August of Prussia.

More about this by-and-by.

* * * * * *

My joyful youth-time in Berlin between the years 1824 and 1829 was richer than any other in triumphs on the stage and in society, also in admirers—admirers of divers kinds, of my fresh, youthful person, of my cheerful disposition, or my merry art.

These admirers may be divided into social, æsthetical, and amorous.

The social life of old Berlin, half a century ago, was most animated and gay. In social intercourse the people sought compensation for the absent public life of a political capital. And Berlin, which was a small town at that time, scarcely a fifth part as large as the present imperial residence of over a million inhabitants, gave to this social intercourse a character as intimate and familiar as that of a provincial town. Everybody knew everybody, and the same people were always meeting each other in all places. And this lively intercourse was facilitated by its economy and modest pretensions, very different from what they are to-day. People did not expect luxurious feasts, splendidly furnished saloons, or brilliant toilettes.

One might appear in the same dress at many different parties without provoking sarcastic comment, and we were as merry as could be, despite the poor light given out by some meagre tallow-candles that claimed the constant application of snuffers, things hardly known even by name to this younger generation, and despite the plain deal tables, over a cup of tea and the famous (or notorious) thin Berlin sandwiches.

One of the most hospitable, snug, elegant and interesting houses was that of "Justizrath"[1] Ludolf, in winter in his beautiful residence Unter den Linden, in summer in his charming villa in the Thiergarten. He was a cheerful, intellectual man of the world, enthusiastically fond of art, artists, and especially ladies.

[1] Counsellor of justice, title of a minor judge.

This really amiable man fell victim to the "Sontag epidemic," at that time raging in Berlin, and came to a sad end, of which more in a later part of these memoirs.

Scarcely had I acquired a little celebrity in Berlin when Ludolf became one of my warmest admirers and protectors, in all honor, be it understood. I had to assist at all the gay, and often even brilliant, festivals which this intellectual and vivacious patron and virtuoso arranged with grace and artistic skill, in his house, garden, some public place of entertainment, or upon an excursion to Treptow, to the Pichelsberge,[1] or to the then famous Pfaueninsel, with its wild beasts, lovely flowers, and the royal giant.

In celebration of Ludolf's birthday I once played in the piece "Die Savoyarden," together with his young nephew, who afterwards became known as the journalist and dramatist, Alexander Cosmar, and the charming Fräulein von Winterfield, before a distinguished company of 300 persons, in his villa in the Thiergarten. As the crowning act of the performance, Henriette Sontag, the queen of the feast, arose from a gigantic flower-basket in the form of a most charming, lovely flower-fairy, and sang a song of homage with her sweet bird-voice.

In honor of Henriette, whom he held in the most enthusiastic veneration, Ludolf gave a fairy-like ball in the mirror-hall of confectioner Fuchs, during the winter of 1825–26. This building was then the most brilliant in Berlin, it had been built and decorated according to the splendid designs of Schinkel. For weeks before it took place all Berlin talked of this event, and all our dancing belles grew perfectly feverish with excitement, as to whether they would be among the happy chosen that would receive an invitation to this select entertainment, for, on account of the limited space, only thirty pairs of dancers were to be invited, and it was well known that at Ludolf's tribunal all claims to beauty and gracefulness were subjected to severe scrutiny. I was, however,

[1] Charming spots in the neighborhood of Berlin, and much frequented by pleasure-seekers.

deemed worthy by this critical court to become one of the chosen thirty.

At length the great evening arrived. The famous mirror-hall, the walls, doors, and ceiling of which consisted entirely of mirrors and richly gilt stucco, sparkled with hundreds of wax tapers, which were multiplied a thousand-fold by the reflex from all sides. In every corner and in all the window niches stood shimmering groups of flowers, and between them the dancing fair and young, who had done something more than usual for their toilettes, too, on this occasion.

Henriette Sontag was of ravishing beauty, sylph-like, radiant with gaiety, in her exquisite toilette; she wore white silk tulle, embroidered with green vine leaves and creepers, over white satin, a set of emeralds, and white roses in her hair.

The two sweet, but poor, Fräulein von Winterfeld wore charming Parisian toilettes, white crape with light blue asters, sent to them anonymously by the generous host Ludolf.

I wore iris gauze with garlands of rose-buds and guelder roses; a similar ornament in the hair.

But we were all outshone by the former solo dancer, Röhnisch—whom a rich landed proprietor had carried off the stage—by her radiant Junonian beauty and the splendor of her toilette. She wore *drap d'argent* decked with the flowers of the pomegranate, and similar flowers in her light-brown locks. The brilliancy of her wonderfully beautiful deep-blue eyes vied with the fire of her rich display of diamonds. Mdlle. Röhnisch, along with Mdlle. Vestris (afterwards Madame Hoguet), had been trained as a dancer in Paris at the king's expense, but had soon been lost for the stage.

For a long time afterwards Berlin spoke of this fairy-like ball, and Ludolf swam in a sea of delight, and of debts, which, however, nobody was aware of at that time.

However amiable and self-sacrificing Ludolf was for his *protégées*, yet his admiration could take a very inconvenient turn. No less than the idolized Henriette, I was

destined to experience this. He usurped the office of our absolute guardian and indispensable spiritual adviser. Nothing were we allowed to do without his consent, enter no contract for a *starring* engagement, study no new part, nay, almost receive no visit, attend no party without our protector having previously given his blessing to it. And how he could tease and bother us, without being himself aware of it, in his quality as protector!

Ludolf came almost daily to us, either to chat or play with me *à quatre mains.* It was his recreation after the sittings of the law courts, which were often probably wearisome enough. Through a strange whim of chance he found my mother and me almost regularly at dinner, and what he contributed to it in all harmlessness was not always the salt of friendship. He generally, likewise, carried with him a small box of Cayenne pepper, fitted with cruel, biting news, and, in the greatest apparent or real innocence, he would strew a few grains of it into the conversation; for example:—

"I say, poor child, are you aware that that vile Saphir has cut you up terribly as *Käthchen von Heilbronn,* in his *Schnellpost?*"

"No! I only read friendly notices, or criticisms which well-meaning friends bring me. Moreover, Saphir is known to be a malicious, venal critic, who makes use of artistes only to fill his purse, or as an object for his pricking, biting wit. Besides, just in the character of *Käthchen,* I was applauded, and even recalled. Under these circumstances the venom of one quill does not do much harm."

"It does, it does. The public are but too easily bribed by Saphir's dazzling wit. I have been terribly annoyed at the impudence of this quill-desperado. You know how well I mean by you, of course, I, your warmest and sincerest friend; and you too, I am sure, will be annoyed when you read this new infamy. Here is the number of the *Schnellpost;* I have expressly bought it for you."

"Oh, Herr Justizrath, you are too kind!"

"Of course, that is understood among good friends. But, *à propos*, did you notice that your most faithful admirer, on the right corner seat of the second row in the pit stalls, who used never to be absent from the theatre when you played, has deserted you?"

"'Beautiful Donna, let him go, he is not worthy of thy wrath.'"[1]

But neither my singing nor my laughing was, I dare say, quite unforced.

"Yes, the faithless man now worships, night after night, in his new reserved seat in the Königstadt theatre, the beautiful Julie Holzbecher. Do you not find her beautiful?"

"Certainly; she is a lovely creature."

"But nevertheless it annoys you. I see it by your looks."

"No; but you always spoil my dinner with your depressing conversation. Really, I cannot compliment you on your tact, Herr Justizrath."

Offended, he would rush away, leaving us behind in bad spirits. Very unnecessarily, I must say, soon after, his wife came rushing up, reproaching me for having spoiled her husband's favorite hour of recreation, after the wearisome sittings of the law courts.

Next day I say to my mother gaily, "To-day, at least, we shall be able to dine quietly. The Justizrath, I am sure, is not likely to trouble our soup again."

But Reisziger's charming song of the enamored may-bug came true here too:—

> Beautiful fly shuts her eyes,
> And thinks he does not come again;
> When, hark! a hum and buzz are heard,
> The tulip-house to reel begins—
> Little may-bug *came* again!

Ling, ling, ling! so rang the bell, and our Justizrath—"my warmest admirer"—was there again with very special news, again to ruin both my temper and my appetite.

[1] Theatrical quotation.

And yet, could I have dreamed at that time that this genial virtuoso would meet with a melancholy end, and within so short a time, I should have borne his often very vexatious attentions a little more kindly.

Ludolf ruined himself for art and artistes, especially for his idolized Sontag. When the large fortune he had inherited, largely augmented by his splendid practice as advocate, had been dissipated in extravagant hospitality, and almost insane enthusiasm for art, the unhappy man suddenly disappeared from Berlin and from his creditors, without leaving a trace behind. Some time afterwards it was rumored that his body had been found in the Rhine; but I was never able to ascertain the true end of the generous but imprudent man, in whose house I had passed so many happy hours.

Another eminent Justizrath in Berlin ruined himself in the same way—by his unmeasured art enthusiasm—about the same time, embezzled trust money, and committed suicide.

I made the acquaintance of many interesting people in Ludolf's house; among others, of Ludwig Rellstab, the whilom artillery officer who had exchanged the war-weapon for the quill, and at that period was already the author of a tragedy, "Karl der Kuhne," and had written for his friend Bernhardt Klein the libretto for his (Klein's) opera "Dido," and many a sharp theatrical criticism.

Rellstab was only eight years older than myself, and a very attractive person, despite his undeniable ugliness; his nose was flat, having been broken by a fall upon the ice, his features rather Mongolian, and, moreover, for a young man, he was unusually stout. Clever, lively eyes flashed through the glasses of his spectacles; his mind was uncommonly active, and his conversation simply charming when he did not happen to have a satirical fit. His critical pen was more dreaded than loved, and even his praise often wounded unintentionally. I asked it, as the highest favor of him, never to praise me in his critical notes, but rather graciously to censure me. I

believe he has never either praised or censured me. Moreover, his especial sphere was *musical* criticism.

Once there was a great deal of talk about a masked ball which the Italian language-master Valentini, the adroit *Maître des plaisirs* of the merry Berlin of that time, was preparing in the large hall at Jagor's. Rellstab proposed to me that we two should appear as Papageno and Papagena, which I accepted with delight.

We chose no feather costumes such as are customary in the parts, but green, yellow, and red, trimmed with little red feathers. I wore on my head a feather ornament, like that of "Amazili," in "Ferdinand Cortez," corals around my neck and arms, and shoes of green satin.

My Papageno looked well, almost handsome, for the short mask covered his crushed nose, and only his finely-cut, smiling mouth was visible. He had provided me with a little basket, full of sugar birds and sugar eggs, and to accompany them he had made charming verses, which I distributed among acquaintances.

We created some sensation, and were soon surrounded and quizzed by inquisitive masks. Rellstab gave capital repartees, and Papagena endeavored not to put her Papageno to shame.

The royal princes appeared at this masquerade in dominoes, and mixed quite freely with the public. My faithful admirer, old Colonel Zechelin (who stuck persistently to my feathers), especially had to suffer much from the wit of young Prince Karl. Thus, the prince took hold of Zechelin's domino, and said to me:—

"Lovely Pa-pa-pagena, you must thoroughly clip the wings of this enamored old parrot (Papageno), he is rather too flighty.

To young Rudolf Decker, who had just (in January, 1826,) returned from a lengthy sojourn in Paris and London for his education, the nineteen-year-old Papagena gave a little sugar bird with a motto. It was not till forty-five years later that I learned from the then aged friend of my youth, the kind publisher of my "Stage

Life," Rudolf Decker, the tenor of my motto, which ran,—

A boy who's born in January
Is destined for prosperity;

and how it had raised joy and hope in him who was a child of January—for even at that time he loved the charming nightingale, Pauline von Schätzell, whom he was permitted later on to lead home as his delightful spouse.

My talented colleague and countrywoman, the youthful tragedian of the Vienna Burgtheater, Sophie Müller, had come to Berlin for a temporary engagement in 1827. When I returned her visit I found seated beside her on the sofa an old, active little gentleman, dressed up like a may-pole, very affected, wearing a wig of fair curls, having his lips and spare cheeks painted with rouge, clad most foppishly according to the latest fashion, decked with the most variegated orders, turning a gold snuff-box, upon which might be seen the turbaned portrait of Madame de Staël, between his well-kept fingers sparkling with jewels, and casting complacent looks into the mirror which was attached, under the lid, to the inside of the snuff-box.

Sophie Müller sat pale and fatigued, as if in a trance, beside this strange admirer. As if electrified she rushed forward to meet me, whispering during the embrace,—

"Thanks that you have come. But now you must make the sacrifice of relieving me for a little from the insipid flatteries of this illustrious dotard. My strength is exhausted, and I begin to feel the approach of the terrible moment when I must yawn in his very face, from nervous collapse."

Then Sophie formally introduced to me Herr Professor August von Schlegel, and gently pushed me, quite nonplussed, on to the sofa beside the sweetly smiling one, who immediately poured upon me a perfect shower of compliments, not, of course, without some reflex application to his own dear self.

Whilst I was busy examining curiously the coquettish little gentleman, I could not help repeating to myself,

"How is it possible that this old coxcomb"—Schlegel was sixty years old—"that this parody of a man, could sing Friederike Bethmann as 'Fairy-child' so charmingly, enchain for such a long time Madame de Staël, and translate Shakespeare so splendidly?"

Then I remembered a story I had often heard but never credited, that once a poet had embraced a little girl, saying, "Dear child, never forget this momentous hour, in which August Wilhelm von Schlegel kissed you," but I believe it now.

Schlegel lectured in Berlin at that period (May, 1827) on the History of Art; but he found more laughers than admirers.

There were many other distinguished persons at Berlin, which was peculiarly rich in literary life at that time, with whom I came in contact.

It causes me a sad pang when I think of the handsome, fair-haired, blue-eyed Swede, Dr. Christian Birch, who, by his unhappy marriage with my colleague, Charlotte Pfeiffer, forfeited his diplomatic career, and later on even lost every moral support, so that he came to a melancholy end. I made his acquaintance at the Königstadt theatre, where he officiated as poetical privy counsellor behind the scenes. The prologue, which I recited on the occasion of the opening of the stage, was by Dr. Birch. He paid me the most tender respect. He lived mostly apart from his wife and daughter, and at last was dependent for support on the generosity of the many friends who knew how to value the amiable and witty companion. Only when he had become blind and perfectly helpless Frau Birch-Pfeiffer once more received him into her house. In it he died. He is the father of the novel-writer Wilhelmine von Hillern.

The historian and poet, Friedrich Förster, who was afterwards *Hofrath* and custodian of the Museum, I took a special interest in, as he was the early friend and companion in battle of Theodore Körner. In his capacity of *Gelegenheitsdichter* (occasional poet, court poet,) he was the amanuensis of Duke Karl of Mecklenburg and Prince

Anton Radziwill; and Förster frequently furnished the poetry for the festive plays at court in which I played a part. His spouse, Laura Gedicke, was an ornament of Zeller's *Sing-Akademie.* Both were engaged in the early production of Goethe's "Faust" in the Radziwill Palace.

But the most inexhaustible of all occasional poets of that remarkable period in the history of Berlin was Professor Gubitz, founder and professor of the Berlin art of wood engraving, publisher of the *Gesellschafter,* and author of many a merry comedy in which I acted. I have often met the busy man in society, and he never came without a *Festgedicht* (poem made for the festive occasion). Though they were only ephemeral, still they fulfilled their cheerful purpose in those days when people were not yet hypercritical. He had by it acquired the nickname of "Max Halfenstein." Frau Gubitz was a daughter of the great heroic actor Fleck, and of my colleague Frau Fleck-Schröck, and had been an actress herself formerly. The house of Gubitz was, notwithstanding its modesty, an agreeably social one.

Like a fluttering, many-colored butterfly glides through my memory the young, happy, and frank Baron Franz von Gaudy, to whom Countess Hahn-Hahn never pardoned that he, the son of blue blood and playmate of royal princes, degraded his pen to write the life of a "wandering journeyman-tailor."

Another of the pale poetic supernumeraries, of whom I have said already that they look as if they lived too fast or ate too little, who raved for art and artists, was Friedrich Tietz. He wrote at that time several comedies which passed over the royal stage without leaving much of an impression. His passion for the theatre caused him to become a theatrical manager himself by-and-by, which, however, proved the ruin of his once promising fortunes.

* * * * * *

Among the dramatists of the then Berlin, Ernst Raupach ruled the stage as absolute tyrant. And how I used to hate this harsh, gloomy, ugly man! because for

me he seemed to have no friendly word, no encouraging look, and, above all, no *good part in his plays.*

As if dropped from the clouds, Raupach suddenly appeared in Berlin, in the fall of 1824, and became at once the general topic of conversation; he had already gained a certain reputation on the Berlin stage by his dramas "Die Fürsten Chawansky" and "Die Erdennacht," when he thus, in his repulsive ugliness and offensive roughness, appeared in person before the Berliners.

Raupach was but forty years old when I saw him first, but a motley life lay behind him already. As the son of a country clergyman he studied theology in Halle, and even then, when only a youth of nineteen, his character had formed for life, in all its harshness and bitterness. With a touching frankness the young student, in the bitter consciousness of his personal ugliness and unamiableness, writes to his elder brother, a tutor in Petersburg:—

"When I ceased to be a boy I lacked nothing but a teacher and a friend who could have gained my confidence; then, I am sure I should have been a true and active philanthropist. I undoubtedly was possessed of a good heart; I felt deeply and keenly, and had for every misfortune, even the remotest, tears of pity, and also the courage to help sometimes, even when it surpassed my strength. Now, if I had found a friend who had thought like me, and nourished these feelings within me, I should gradually, I am sure, have become a true man. But this friend I lacked; I was scorned and derided for my high-flown sentiments, until I became reserved and taciturn; I began to feel ashamed of these humane and generous feelings, and at the same time to despise the men who had ridiculed me for them.

"Thus I gradually began to think myself better than others, and the contempt I harbored for a few was gradually extended to many, indeed to almost all those with whom I came in contact. I never took the trouble to conciliate them, and to win their regard. The consequence is that I never, even to this day, have had a true

friend, nor learned the art of making friends. I may succeed in gaining the esteem of men, but never their love. Nobody has loved me, I have loved nobody; man *must* love, so I loved myself; there I look for the ground of my self-love, which was (formerly especially) quite without bounds."

When twenty years old, Ernst Raupach, like his brother, went to Russia as tutor, and lived for some time both in Moscow and St. Petersburg.

When professor at the university of St. Petersburg Raupach married a beautiful and amiable governess, Cäcilie von Wiedermuth, a Swiss, but only a year afterwards was left a widower, and rendered all the more misanthropic and bitter through this blow of fate. St. Petersburg became hateful to him. Raupach went to Italy, and there, during the Congress of Verona, he wrote "Lebrecht Hirsemengel's, a German Schoolmaster's Letters From and About Italy," full of wit and satire. This name, "Hirsemengel," stuck to poor Raupach very nastily, in Immermann's "Munchausen."

Thus Raupach, grimmer, gloomier, and bitterer than ever, had come to Berlin in the autumn of 1824.

His first errand was to the bureaux of the theatre. Without naming himself he handed the MS. of a comedy to the secretary Teichmann; but it was at once returned to him, with the remark that it was written in too small characters, and scarcely legible. He was told to present it again in a tidy copy.

Surly and cross, Raupach, after uttering some invectives in his own manner, left the office, intending to turn his back upon unappreciative Berlin and its theatre for ever; but the shrewd clerk of the theatre, Esperstedt, guessing from his very rudeness who the anonymous visitor was, hastened after him, and with a thousand apologies, begged back the illegible MS. It was the comedy, "Lasst die Todten ruhn," in which I had to play "Elise," a miserable secondary part. And so Raupach remained, and had soon risen to be the autocrat of the Berlin stage; tyrannizing absolutely over everybody, over

the king and the court, the theatre intendant, stage-managers, artistes, and audience. This dismally influential position, such as, perhaps, never yet dramatist attained on a stage, Raupach gained at one blow by his deeply affecting tragedy, "Isidor und Olga," which carried away, like a storm-wind, the whole of Berlin, in March, 1825, and had to be repeated numberless times. The general interest in the piece grew greater still when the rumor spread that the author had based the play upon facts he had himself witnessed in Russia. It was, at any rate, a fierce onslaught upon the accursed serfdom of "Holy Russia."

And with what perfection, nay, overpowering reality, the tragedy was played! Madame Stich, as "Olga," appeared milder and with more of youthful softness than her harsh character usually permitted. How she did electrify the audience by her passionate, "Ich lieb ihn ja" (I love him), addressed to the prince!

Krüger gave the prince with a kindling fire of mad passion, and with all the splendor of his magnificent voice.

Pius Alexander Wolff was a noble and sympathetic "Isidor;" but above all shown Ludwig Devrient, in the character of "Ossip," now moving to tears, then inspiring awe and horror, and always affecting, fascinating, captivating.

I shall never forget what a grand impression he produced in the great scene where he denounces the horrors of Russian serfdom. I hear, even now, the poor, crushed "Ossip"-Devrient, robbed of his whole happiness, degraded to a jester, relate to "Fedor" his story, demoniacal in his bitterness, till he speaks of his love to Axinia —and then, the rich warm heart breaks through, as the sun through clouds, and seeks relief in tears, where he says, "My Axinia had eyes as sweet and blue as violets. Whenever I see violets since I must needs weep. She died when she was to bear me a child. God be thanked she took it with her to the grave. One serf less. Fedor, why dost thou not laugh at the silly jester Ossip?"

I too was delighted with "Isidor und Olga," and wit-

nessed the again and again repeated piece with tearful enthusiasm. My only sorrow was that I had no part in it, and that Raupach, apparently, did not intend ever to favor me with an effective *rôle*.

In the extravagant farce, "Die Schleichhändler," Amalie Wolff shone as "Fräulein Kiekebusch," beside Gern, jun. as barber "Schelle," whilst I had to play the threadbare lover, "Julie von Harder." And the piece was very often produced even in the opera-house, because the little play-house was too small to contain the audience who were ready for a good laugh.

Raupach really was strikingly ugly. A long, thin, awkward figure in loose hanging clothes; he had spider-like arms and legs, with huge hands and feet. His thick hair stood stiff, like a brush, and unkempt on his angular head; his brow was low, his nose dumpy, his lips were like small sausages, his eyes possessed the so-called "false look," so that one never could tell in what direction he was looking.

One day I said petulantly to Madame Dötsch—

"Did you ever in your life see an uglier man than this Herr Professor? I once saw the image of an idol, cut roughly out of a block of wood; it was called Vitzliputzli. When I see Raupach I am always reminded of this Vitzliputzli."

"Yet he is such a learned man, and writes such beautiful plays, and still mourns for his sweet spouse, whom he lost after so short a span of happiness," said my neighbor in a deprecating tone.

"Ah, she died so quickly, only in consequence of Vitzliputzli, I am sure," said I. "When I imagine those long, spider-like arms trying to embrace me, and those blue sausage lips to kiss me, I should fall dead with fear and horror, I am sure."

"What if I repeated this to the professor?"

"I don't mind. Vitzliputzli cannot give me worse parts to play, anyhow," I said, in desperation. "Moreover, I am seriously thinking of quitting a stage, at which

the claim of seniority to parts rules as despotically as the corporal's stick in the army."

But how I was punished for my impatience and injustice! How did Vitzliputzli revenge himself on me!

Soon after this scene, one evening during the performance of "Rafaele," I sat alone in the parlor, waiting for my strangulation in the last act. I was dull, and thoughtfully disposed on other grounds; for just when I was going to the theatre there arrived from my brother Karl—the light-headed lieutenant—from Karlsruhe, one of his many letters to which we had been accustomed for some time; it was to the effect that the wild horseman had spoiled his third horse this year already, and sister Lina was to buy another one, and my mother and I were ourselves at a loss how to get on with decency in expensive Berlin.

Then I was awakened from my dull meditation by a friendly voice—

"Why is Ikekula so sad?"

I started up in a fright; Raupach stood before me.

"And you, Herr Professor, deign to notice my sadness, and—myself?" I said in a temper.

"Certainly; I have been watching your painful pensiveness for some time, now. You used to be so merry. And why should I—well, just I—not notice it?"

"Because I do not seem to exist for you, and your good parts," I blurted out.

"Do you think so?" he said roughly, whilst he took some large doses of snuff. "You may, after all, be mistaken. I am following your talent with great interest."

"And, meanwhile, you make this talent play the most tiresome parts; as, for example, this wretched Ninias, and this insipid, melancholy Ikekula?" I said, laughing, but with a very sour laugh.

"But," he said, with the greatest self-control, "were you not 'called' as Ikekula, along with the other actors on its first representation?"

"Of course, merely from pity, because I was strangled; therefore the audience wanted to have another look at the

famous Ikekula alive. And then you, Herr Professor, have found fault with Ikekula's death-cry, as being not quite natural. Weiss, the stage-manager, has told me. As if I could know how one cries when he is being strangled; that I have never yet experienced."

"Ei, ei, ei, I say, little Hotspur, you are quite beside yourself," the insufferable Vitzliputzli interrupted with his rough, dry laugh.

But I got into a more violent passion still :—

"Yes, you laugh; that is quite like you; and my heart is like to break, because you systematically ruin my talent and my position on the royal stage. You are unjust, Herr Professor, for you do not at all consider that a young talent requires to strive forward. You are partial; for beautiful, grateful parts you only write for older actresses of routine. Would it do any harm to Mesdames Stich and Unzelmann if they allowed me to have now and then a genial task to perform, in which I might test my talent and make progress? But you delight in spoiling my favor with the public, by allotting to me the smallest, most wretched, and absurdest parts. You wrong me greatly; but I won't bear it any longer; so much I owe to myself and my family. My brother Karl has, moreover, spoiled another riding-horse, and I am to buy another one for him, the third this year, and all this on 1,200 thalers of salary. No, I shall ask his Majesty to grant me my discharge, and I shall go to St. Petersburg, where I have the offer of a contract after a previous *début*, and there I shan't need to play parts like those of Ninias and Ikekula—I—I—" loud sobs drowned my voice.

Meanwhile Raupach had snuffed more and more violently, and his eyes were flashing wildly to the right and left. Now he took an enormous pinch, and said with strong emphasis :—

"I am pleased to see that your cheery disposition is capable also of passionate emotion, for—for the three—new—beautiful characters I have in store for you—"

"How?—Do you want to add insult to injury?" I interrupted him vehemently.

"Will you please let me finish, you sputtering saltpetre!" Vitzliputzli cried harshly. "For the three—new—beautiful characters I have in view for you, as 'Malvine' in my new drama 'Vater und Tochter;' as 'Countess Flora von Tourelles' in the comedy 'Ritterwort;' and as 'Miss Mathilda Lindsey' in my 'Royalisten,' you will find strong feelings and their passionate expression of very great use."

"Three beautiful—new—parts for me—really in view for me, my most adored Herr Professor? How shall I thank you? Oh, now, do also prove to me that you pardon my ill-temper I showed just now, by kindly going over these three beautiful new parts together with me."

"Certainly, most willingly. But 'Ikekula' is wanted on the stage."

No "Ikekula" ever suffered her strangulation with so much pleasure as I did that night.

And peace between Raupach and myself was concluded for all time. When we met in the theatre, or in company, he always had a friendly word, an instructive hint, a good advice for the young actress; and I had entirely forgotten Vitzliputzli and his ugliness. Nay, if anybody had told me that Raupach was as beautiful as Apollo, I should not have demurred.

Then when the parts were copied out, and "Malvine" and the "Gräfinn Flora von Tourelles" were in my happy hands, Raupach one evening came to take tea at our house, and to go over my part with me. I saw with astonishment how smartly the professor had dressed himself. He wore a blue dress-coat with gold buttons *à la mode*, faultless gloves, a carefully-tied white cravat, his high shirt-collar higher and stiffer than ever, and his bristly hair even dressed and pomaded like a young lieutenant—or a suitor.

During tea Raupach was as mild, confiding, and amiable as, indeed, he could be, considering his cross and reserved disposition. His terrible, grim coldness gradually melted away.

Then I recited to him my part as "Malvine," in the

drama "Vater und Tochter," adapted from an English novel. When I came to the passionate concluding scene the poet cried "Brava! brava!" and the audience repeated the same during the performance.

I was, I might call it, quite enamored of my part of "Flora von Tourelles" in "Ritterwort." Raupach had written the play, and especially the dumb knight, for Pius Alexander Wolff, when the latter was laid up with throat consumption, and was not allowed to speak, and yet longed so much once more to tread the stage. But Wolff's strength was insufficient even for this silent part, which, in consequence, was laid aside until the death of the artist. It was acted for the first time on the 3d of November, 1828, with tremendous success. Rubenstein gave the silent knight in a simple and noble style, Madame Unzelmann the heartless coquette, who had made the knight vow not to speak for a certain number of years. I appeared at first in a charming page's costume, hovering around the beloved knight like a guardian angel. The scene was especially well received in which I picture to myself how the voice of the adored man would sound if he were not dumb. "Like the song of the nightingale when he sings sweet songs of love?—No, it will sound like the rolling thunder!"

Raupach came more and more frequently to our house, and said with perfect frankness how comfortable he felt with mother and daughter at our cosy little tea-table; and I found the strange hypochondriac, in whom a rough shell covered a noble kernel, more and more lovable.

In the spring of 1829 Raupach went with me over the part of "Miss Mathilda Lindsey" in his "Royalisten." Then he, one evening, told a very sad story of his sweet wife, who had now been lying these many years buried on the banks of the distant Neva; of her naïvely cheerful character, her simplicity, her dark locks, deep blue eyes, and her sweet flower-face.

"Oh, how beautiful and lovely your Cäcilie must have been, and how—" I stopped, embarrassed.

Raupach supplemented me with a half-roguish, half-sad smile.

"And how could so lovely a creature marry so ugly, gloomy an idol as Vitzliputzli! Yes, you are right. But love is blind—and I did not make my Cäcilie unhappy."

There I sat, burning with shame and repentance. Then I sprang up, heartily clasped Raupach in my arms, and with tears in my eyes I pleaded,—

"For goodness' sake, don't revive that! Do forgive the rash words of the childish Lina, and the passionate artiste who believed herself put in the background by you, and who has become so fond of you long ago."

Then I felt a warm kiss upon my brow, and the long arms embracing me heartily, and a troubled voice whispered into my ear,—

"And you really are not dead on the spot, because these spider-arms touch you; and I might perhaps hope—"

I should have liked to have answered with a slight variation of "Franziska," in "Minna von Barnhelm,—"

"Herr Professor, Herr Professor, do you not need a fair Frau Professorin?"

But my destiny was already decided, and I bound in another way.

My prudent mother interrupted this tender scene by a cooling jest.

On the 9th of April, 1829, I played with enjoyment, and most successfully, in the "Royalisten" along with Ludwig Devrient and Amalie Wolff. Only twice was I to repeat the beloved part of "Miss Mathilda;" indeed, it was my last but one new character upon the Berlin stage. Then, in May, I followed my evil star to England.

Raupach has written many, many more plays for the stage, altogether one hundred and seventeen—thus, nineteen more than the prolific Kotzebue—most of which were performed in Berlin.

When, as time went on, there arose more and more grumbling voices both in the public and among the critics about the everlasting Raupach and the everlasting "Hohenstaufen," the poet wrote a drama of every-day

life, called "Die Geschwister," under the *nom de plume* of Leutner, to let his foes see that he was not merely a favorite of the court, and of the "Intendanz,"[1] and that he did not owe his success to his name alone; and he did prove it, for "Die Geschwister," by Leutner, met with even greater success than the last play by Raupach.

Three years after this successful experiment, however, in 1840, Raupach's farce, "1740, oder die Eroberung von Grüneberg," failed so terribly, that the author threw away his pen in disgust for ever.

He remained, nevertheless, in his old favor at court. He read lectures on history to the Prince and Princess of Prussia. During the literary tea-evenings of King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. he had his place assigned to him beside Alexander von Humboldt.

Afterwards, in St. Petersburg, Dresden, and in other places, I played many a congenial character of Raupach's plays, and exchanged many a friendly greeting with the poet from a distance.

With astonishment, but then also with joy, I heard in Switzerland, in 1848, that Raupach, though then sixty-two years old, had espoused my former colleague, Pauline Werner, who, in my time, had played children's parts, and that he was quite rejuvenated in this happy matrimony.

Pauline Werner was a gentle, fair, clever girl, but insignificant as an actress. On the other hand, she was rather successful as a dramatic authoress; she wrote under the initials A. P. In Dresden I played with satisfaction in her piece "Noch ist es Zeit."

After this sunny, though short bliss, of a peaceful evening of life, Raupach died in Berlin, March, 1852. It was said of his widow, as late as 1870 (during the Franco-Prussian war), that she distinguished herself in acts of charity and the care of the sick and wounded. How gladly would I have been in her place, free from my devilish bonds!

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[1] Royal Management.

Good Teichman did at last, after all, get reconciled to me and my risibility. When in November, 1834, after an absence of five years, I returned to Berlin, in the quality of imperial Russian ex-court actress, and appeared on the royal stage in fifteen performances, Teichmann was among the admirers, who had charmingly decked my dressing-room with flowers as a welcome.

Teichmann continued for many years more to devote, in the quality of Privy Secretary and "Hofrath," his art-enthusiasm, and his faithful labor to the Berlin stage, under the "Intendants" Counts Brühl and Redern, Theodor von Kürtner, and Von Hülsen. On the 6th of July, 1860, the old art-enthusiast died.

Also Comedy-Schultz welcomed me back with his old favor in the *Spenersche Zeitung*, at the period referred to. He wrote regarding my first two appearances as follows :—

"Royal Play-house. Monday, 10th November, 1834. 'Die junge Pathe;' comedy in one act, adapted from the French of L. W. Both by Louis Schneider. Followed by 'Die Hagestolzen' by Iffland. Mdlle. Bauer appeared in the first piece in the part of Frau von Lucy, and in the second as Margarethe.

"A very numerous audience had assembled to welcome once more the pleasant reappearance of a bygone beautiful time in which she had once been the fragrant flower of a green wreath, which, with its delicate golden art-blossoms had so often refreshed and elevated the heart and spirit of the multitude. Beautiful but also melancholy reminiscences are connected with her reappearance, for during her absence of but five years many blossoms of that *artist-wreath have sunk into the grave; and also the most beautiful ornament of it,* Ludwig Devrient, had ceased to bloom and spread fragrance about him.

"Our guest was received with enthusiastic cheering, and her play as Frau von Lucy in the first piece was followed by the audience with lively interest. She gave a capital reading of the part, without the employment of violent means, elegantly, and without outraging womanliness. Altogether, it was an agreeable sensation to see

thus, once more displayed before our eyes, a pure art-creation with talent and consistency, such as unfortunately we are no longer accustomed to, or if we take into our heads to see such a picture, it is first painted for us as a *caput mortuum* to make it gaudy and striking. In the second piece we were very much gratified that Mdlle. Bauer, in the character of Margarethe, did not mistake, as is unfortunately commonly done, the coarse for the natural, and understood how to moderate the sentimental in an artistic manner, and to blend it so successfully with the naïve that her performance appeared as if cast in one mould.

"From these scanty remarks, and if it be not too rash to draw a conclusion from only two parts, one can see already that Mdlle. Bauer has greatly improved, so far as art is concerned, and has become indeed an artiste of the first rank; for her play appeared thoroughly and artistically intellectual, without mannerism, and without having recourse to the violent, unnatural, and unartistic means which outrage womanliness.

"She was called before the curtain with Herr Lemm, and returned thanks with modesty."

With Louis Schneider I played the "Young Godchild," the same *rôle* which afterwards I represented more effectively still, with the young, amiable Hermann Hendrichs, in Hanover, who visited me repeatedly in Dresden, and showed me warm attachment all the time I continued on the stage.

Also the author of "Alexander and Darius," Friedrich von Uechtritz, I saw again several times in Dresden, at Ludwig Tieck's house. He was living in Düsseldorf at that time, in great intimacy with Immermann, who conducted the stage of that place. Both made themselves extremely popular by their artistic soirées, and contributed no little towards the improvement of taste in the pleasant artist-city on the Rhine.

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After the theatrical, may I be permitted to sketch also the musical Berlin of my time—of that Berlin which the

then world-renowned violin-virtuoso Boucher, chamber musician to the King of Spain, gratefully called "*la capitale de la musique!*"

Boucher, who styled himself the "Socrates of violinists," absorbed the interest of Berlin almost as much as Paganini did a few years later. Boucher's attractiveness did not, however, consist solely in his violin; it resided, perhaps, even more, in his striking likeness to Napoleon I., which the virtuoso was not slow to capitalize abundantly. When his fiddle paused during the concert, Boucher immediately posed in one of the postures in which Napoleon was best known through the medium of cheap engravings, such as "Napoleon after the battle of Marengo," "Austerlitz," "Waterloo," "Napoleon upon the smouldering ruins of Moscow," "Napoleon in St. Helena," &c., &c. And the people of Berlin cheered his stage trick ever anew.

When Prince August once expressed to the virtuoso his admiration at this resemblance, Boucher said unabashed, "Only I am a little handsomer, my prince, than the emperor."

Nor did the artist disdain other tricks to make people talk of him, and fill his benefit concerts. Thus, he played some pieces with the violin upon his head, or held behind his back.

During a concert given for charitable ends, which he gave in connection with Karl Maria von Weber, the latter, who played the piano, had to pause for a few seconds during a short violin solo. But Boucher extended this to a fantasia on the most favorite airs from "Freischütz." The audience listened in breathlessness. The embarrassed Weber, in a whisper, requests the player to come to an end; at last, he interposes a thundering piano-accord—in vain. Boucher continues his fantasias on the Freischütz, finishing with the waltz that gradually dies away behind the scenes; then he throws away his fiddle and rushes at Weber, whom he passionately clasps in his arms—the audience is beyond itself in ecstasy.

One day, Boucher is enjoying a walk in the Thiergar-

ten. Near the Zelte he sees a blind fiddler leaning against a tree; but the well-dressed people go past him without throwing a gift into the hat at the feet of the poor man. Then Boucher empties his purse into the hat of the fiddler, takes the wretched fiddle from his hands, places himself *à la Napoleon* beside the blind man, and plays for hours, to the delight of the passing promenaders, who gather around him in ever-increasing numbers, till the hat of the blind man is filled. Of course, Boucher's next concerts were more crowded than ever.

And forty years later I read in a Paris paper—

"An old man, penniless, implores some generous person to buy his violin. *Signed*, Boucher, *ci-devant* violinist to the King of Spain."

A little later, he who had once rolled in gold, died in the most abject poverty. This, too often the fate of great artists, is, alas, too often also self-earned!

As for the most celebrated of all violin players of those days, Nicolo Paganini, I came into personal contact likewise with him in Berlin. He, a man of about forty-five, arrived in Berlin from Vienna towards the end of February, 1829, and the strangest reports were circulating already in the town, before anybody had seen or heard him. People called him a demon, a magician, a wizard, in league with Satan; one who had for ever given himself up to his Satanic majesty through a murder, and who in return had received the "wonder-violin" (Wunder-Geige), from which the magic bow drew forth sounds such as no honest hand of man had ever produced.

Others even asserted that the victim of the murder had been his own wife, and that her sighs and laments continued to sound forth for ever from his violin into his ears, for his punishment on earth. That was his atonement.

Others knew, from Vienna journals and letters, *for certain* (!) "a murder he did commit, *that is as sure as anything*, but not on his wife, for he was never married, but on a rival whom his mistress had favored; and for this crime he has had to languish for six years in a dark sub-

terranean dungeon in Genoa, without seeing or hearing a human being during this whole period. On his pressing entreaty his violin was left to him, and to it he confided his sorrow. But one string snapped after the other, without his being able to repair or replace them, and, at last, only the G string was left to him. And so he learned to play upon this one string, and produce the most remarkable sounds. It was said that he could, on this string, mew like a cat, scream like a quarrelling old hag of a wife, but also sing like a bird, ring like a silver bell, and weep like a human heart, so that even the most callous listener would shed tears of the most heart-felt compassion.

Enough; Berlin was in feverish expectation of Nicolo Paganini, whose bizarre pictures were exhibited in the shop windows, bearing the proud subscription, "Der Unerreichbare" (the unapproachable).

But the ordinary rehearsals only baulked the curiosity of other artists, for Paganini did not play during the rehearsals, he only timed his part.

At last, on the 4th of March, 1829, arrived the night of his first concert, and the whole of the wealthy part of Berlin, who were able to pay the treble prices, streamed into the concert-hall of the royal play-house, and I had to play during the same hours, and within the same house, "Irene" in Beck's old satirical comedy "Das Chamäleon," of course to a half-empty house.

After the first act, the cast—Ludwig Devrient in the character of a *cavalier du vieux régime*, Amalie Wolff as old coquette, Wauer as squire, Krüger in a military character, and I, as merry heroine—were gathered together, much disappointed, our subject of conversation, of course, being the magician Paganini, who had carried off all our audience, at the same time envying those who were now listening to him.

The scene-painter, Gropius, in great excitement, and with a face beaming and glowing with delight, came rushing up, crying—

"Children, I have heard him. He fiddles like a god—

yes, but like a demon too. Our Berliners are out of their minds. Such applause has never been heard before."

"You?—Paganini?—where?—How?" we cried, in confusion.

"Behind there, to the right at the end of the passage, there is a small door for the members of the orchestra, to allow them to proceed straight to the concert-hall from the theatre. There you can hear the prodigy through the key-hole."

In a trice I am there to listen, and to be astounded. Were those really the tones of a violin? Such sounds I had never heard before. My colleagues followed me, till the ting-ting for the second act called us back to the flies. But every unoccupied minute we spent at the wondrous key-hole, as if spellbound. Methinks I hear even now Ludwig Devrient say—

"That is no wooden violin, that is the wailing and weeping from a poor lacerated human breast. I would that I could command such tones as King Lear."

Thus I heard Paganini without having seen him. A few days later I was also to see him, and even to speak with him, but without hearing his violin.

I was looking for the *régisseur* of the opera, the composer and comedy writer, Karl Blum, in the opera-house, in order to speak to him about my part in the spectacle. I found him in the parlor, in conversation with a stranger, who struck me at first sight. Was it the repulsive ugliness of this haggard man, who seemed only to consist of olive-colored skin and rattling bones? The black clothes he wore were literally dangling about this skeleton. His gait was languid, as if the whole bone fabric must collapse the next moment and drop at least some of its joints. His face looked like a mummy head, covered with a brown skin; his cheeks were hollow; from the deep sockets of his eyes shone forth dismal, black fire; long thin hair in ringlets enframed like serpents this death's head. It suggested to me the Erynnys or Furies, in Schiller's "Kraniche des Ibicus." Others, afterwards, have compared

this ghastly head with that of John the Baptist upon Herodias' charger.

This dismal, nay, absolutely ghastly, person could only be Paganini.

And beside him, what a contrast!—upon the arm of a nurse, an angelic, beautiful, sweet slumbering child, at which Paganini during the conversation cast the tenderest of looks.

Karl Blum introduced the maestro to me. In my embarrassment I turned to the lovely child, stroked its dark little locks, and kissed its cheeks that were warm and moist with sleep. Then Paganini impetuously seized my hand, lifted it hurriedly but rather awkwardly to his lips, and said in broken French—

"Is he not a sweet, innocent angel? This pure mouth, the peaceable smile, this enviable repose. This charming child, indeed, is my whole happiness, the joy and the charm of my poor life, my dear only son, Achill."

The story was told in Berlin at that time that the child's mother was the cantatrice Antonia Bianchi, with whom Paganini travelled on his professional tour through Germany, and who but a year ago sang in his Vienna concert; that she had left lover and child because she could not bear the neighborhood of the dismal fiddler any longer.

And then I heard and saw Paganini play in the crowded opera-house, because the concert hall of the theatre, in spite of several concerts already given, could not contain the crowds of people attracted.

He appeared and made his awkward, ungraceful bows, and the people laughed. He took up his violin, and the thousand-headed multitude listened breathless, as if under enchantment. He dropped his bow, and a perfect tempest of cheers and clapping of hands raged through the house, such as I have never witnessed, not even during the most triumphant performances of Henriette Sontag.

How did Paganini play? Now like an angel, now like a demon—never like a mortal man. Such sounds assuredly have never yet been drawn from a violin. In fact,

they were no real violin sounds; they sounded like the roaring of the storm, like the surging of the sea, like the ringing of the trombone, like the thunder of battle, like the chimes of a bell, or the song of a bird, like the anguish and despair of man, like moaning and sighing, and whining and weeping. And when his G string wailed then tears came through the eyes from the listening hearts of men, tears of sadness and delight. His performance had the effect of flashes of lightning in a dark night.

Whilst he played a nervous tremor went through his whole frame, shaking, thin and spectre-like as it was, and from his gloomy eyes there flashed a deeply-seated raging fire. With the last stroke of the bow the player sank completely exhausted upon his chair.

His technique in the purest chromatic *roulades*, his wonderfully clear intonation, even in humorous bizarreries, his broken accords across all the four strings, from the lowest depths up to the giddiest height, his flageolet passages, his enrapturing *pizzicato* play, whilst the bow was simultaneously playing wonderful melodies, his rapid octave playing upon the G string, his silvery clear chime of bells, his *fortissimo* which drowned the whole of the orchestra, followed immediately by the sweetest, most charming *pianissimo*, all that was inconceivable or incomprehensible, and therefore also indescribable.

Even the best violinists of Berlin shook their heads and said, "We do not comprehend it; that is superhuman. If we had not heard and seen this performance, we should not believe it."

Then Berlin's musical oracle, Ludwig Rellstab, in his criticism in the *Vossische Zeitung*, pronounced these enthusiastic words: "I have heard it, but still I do not believe it. It should be known that all we have heard hitherto of the conquest of mechanical difficulties on any instrument whatsoever vanishes into nothingness compared with what Paganini performs. One could have expressed astonishment at Bernhard Bromberg, Moscheles, Kalkbrenner, Drouet, &c., but, at the same time, we

should have seen the possibility of executing the same feats, nay, we need not even despair of ultimately rivaling them; but in the case of Paganini comprehension fails, and some of his performances remain a total puzzle to the writer, as well—he may add to his comfort—as to the professional players themselves. The difficulties which distinguished virtuosos are wont to emphasize especially, and which they mark as the most brilliant part of their performance, one hardly notices with Paganini, because he seems literally to rest himself on them." And Rellstab prophesied in conclusion that "all future violinists would be pygmies compared with this giant."

Even cross-grained old Zelter, who art first would not believe in the art of this "wizard's son," was carried away by Paganini. He expressed himself thus in a letter to Goethe:—

"Paganini is, in any case, in the highest degree a perfect master of his instrument. The fellow is a real rarity, a violin himself. One is startled, one laughs, one trembles at his dangerous temerities, of which the difficulties are patent to any one, for the impression is quite universal. Nor are gracefulness and genius wanting, and even what is not a perfect success is yet new and interesting."

Some months after that, Goethe likewise heard the prodigy-fiddler in Weimar. He calls his play "meteoric," "a pillar of flames and clouds."

And the enthusiastic Rahel wrote after Paganini's very first concert in Berlin, to Varnhagen in Bonn,—

"I maintain that Paganini plays better upon a single string, than upon all. More correctly, more surely, purer, homelier, and bolder; and therefore with most humor, with the most dramatic expression. His story may be what it may; so much I feel certain of, that he was for a considerable time in the possession of a violin with only one string. Upon this instrument, properly speaking, he does *not* play the violin. He has not Rode's tone, nor Durand's, nor Haake's, nor Gionorvich's. But he literally *speaks;* he whines; he imitates sea-storms, stillness

of night, birds that descend from heaven, but not such as fly heavenward; in short, it is poesy. He plays Rossini's 'Preghiera' from Mosé; all the voices as they join in gradually, and then altogether—it is the music of the spheres—and I swear that I was compelled always to repeat over it the harper's song, 'Wer nie sein Brod,' to shudder and to cry. It was he himself. And now enough. The pit was not predisposed to applaud, but was forced to it. I have seen those in front of me, who hissed when he first appeared, break forth into applause; the court, everybody, clapped their hands furiously. He furnished wonderment for everybody, or at any rate astonishment. He looks at once old, afflicted, starved, and merry. A mixture of Oken, Wiesel, and my Jew old-clothes-man; his *ensemble* coming nearest to the last-mentioned. His bows were of the most primitive description. Everybody laughed, he too. A little pantomime mixed up with it, but on the whole, modest."

About his history, and how he came to play upon one string, Paganini preserved a very prudent and mystical silence in Berlin. There could be, of course, no more effective advertisement imaginable for his concerts than these dismal stories.

Only afterwards, when he had finished his touring, and had retired with his son Achill and the millions he had fiddled together, to his villa Gajona, near Parma, Paganini related some passages of his life, in which, however, nothing whatsoever appears about murder or dungeon.

His father, a small tradesman in Genoa, became very early aware that he had in his little Nicolo a musical prodigy, and also a good milch-cow. With the most cruel severity, he compelled the poor child to incessant practice on the violin, thus robbing the boy of health and life enjoyment. The young virtuoso was exhibited by his father at every public or private concert at which money was to be gained, with the consequence that the selfish father was bitterly hated by his son. The lad, after his father's death, like a released slave, rushed with wild delight into every kind of frantic dissipation, with the

result that before he was a man he had destroyed his weakly constitution for life.

The Princess Elisa Bacciochi, who had received the princedom of Lucca-Piombino from her brother Napoleon, appointed Paganini, when only twenty-one years old, her court virtuoso and director of festivities. About this time Paganini relates,—

"I conducted the opera in Lucca, before the princely family; and was, besides, frequently invited to join the court circle, where I gave a concert every fortnight. Princess Elisa always retired before it commenced, because the sound of my violin affected her nerves too much. As compensation for this, an amiable young person, whom I had been secretly admiring for some time past, and who was never tired of attending these concerts, gave me ground for hoping that she returned my affection. At last the hope became certainty, and our mutual passion grew more and more, and even the weighty reasons we had for keeping it secret only served to augment it.

"I once promised this lady to offer her a musical tribute, which should have reference to our secret understanding, and accordingly I announced at court a new composition, entitled 'Love Scene.' The curiosity of my audience was greatly stirred when they saw me enter the saloon with a violin strung only with two chords, the G chord and the fifth; the latter was to produce the feelings of a young girl, the former the passionate language of the lover. In this manner I represented a dialogue in which the tones of the purest tenderness alternated with fits of jealousy, and harmonious wailings and tender accords with expressions of wrath and joy, of pain and happiness. Then came the complete reconciliation; and a *pas de deux*, which the lovers executed at last, formed the brilliant finale. This new idea met with much acceptance among my audience, not to mention the tender looks which the lady of my heart directed towards me. After Princess Elisa had overwhelmed me with praises, she said to me,

graciously, 'You make possible the impossible; would not, in order to shine, *one* string suffice you?'

"I immediately promised also to make this attempt. In fact, this thought had got a complete hold of my imagination. Some weeks after that I composed my Napoleon sonata for the fourth chord only, and executed it on the 15th of August, before a numerous and brilliant court. The result surpassed my boldest expectations, and my preference for the G chord dates from this time. People never seemed to tire of listening to the pieces I had composed for this string, and I acquired every day more skill in this kind of production." That sounds quite natural.

Excepting during the concerts, Paganini was little seen in public during his stay in Berlin. It was said that he spent his time during the day in the most extreme prostration on his couch, and the night at the faro-table. He suffered from nervous debility. Nobody would sit (or, I should say, care to dine) with him at the *table d'hôte*, because he used to chew his meat, and then spit it out in a most disgusting manner. The most incredible stories were told of his frightful avarice.

Once more I saw Paganini and his beautiful boy basking in the Thiergarten during the most beautiful spring-weather, both were playing with flowers which the nurse was gathering in the grass. Then our walks in life led us out into the wide world, and asunder, almost at the same time,—him to new golden triumphs, me into a golden cage. The innocent child only noticed the flowers of life, as in a golden dream.

Then I read in the papers, years afterwards, that Paganini had died in Nizza, on the 27th of May, 1840, after long and fearful sufferings; but the restless when alive was not to find rest even in death; the clergy refused him a Christian burial because he had not received the last sacrament. The unhappy son had to take his father's body by sea to Villafranca, then to his country-house, Polcevera, near Genoa; but the bishop of Genoa also refused his consent to the interment, and the coffin stood for years above the earth in the villa. There, night after

night, heart-rending violin-tones were heard, till the son arranged for a splendid mass for the peace of his father's soul, and made large bequests to the church. Then the spectral wailings of the violin were no longer heard at the coffin of Paganini, and the bishop of Parma at last permitted the body, after five years' wandering, to be taken to Parma and buried in the neighborhood of the villa Gajona in May, 1845.

When I read all that, I could not help thinking of this greatest and most unhappy of violinists, and of his poor, rich son, whom I had seen for the last time, as an innocent child, playing with flowers, he and his father, seated in the sun.

Yes indeed, life and the human heart are fearfully full of the most striking contrasts.

* * * * * *

There were, at that time, in Berlin three houses especially which were the leaders in matters of music: those of Zelter, Mendelssohn, and Beer-Meyerbeer. With all three of them I have come in friendly contact.

Zelter, who was then not far from seventy, I met at the house of his daughter, Frau Rintel, in whose house, opposite the Königstadt theatre, we lived on our first coming to Berlin. Dr. Rintel was a physician with a large practice. His son afterwards published Zelter's biography.

Old Zelter was tall, powerful and sturdy, seeing whom one could easily believe, as was the case, that he had once been a working mason; he had intelligent, marked features, and blue eyes. A real Berlin original, very rough, even coarse, bristly like a shoe-brush, snappish and surly as a bear, full of whims and caprices, but true as gold. When he grew warm in a conversation on music, and his strong, rugged thoughts became fluid, then one could understand why Goethe was so fond of his intercourse, called him friend and brother, and wrote him so many tender letters about music, poetry, theatre, and friendship. But old Zelter's eye would glow in a holy fire of the most affectionate love and enthusiasm when-

ever the mere name of his "sweet, divine friend" in Weimar was mentioned, who, he said, was as necessary to him as the morning light.

On Sundays it was sometimes my privilege to dine with the Rintels, and I had always to sit beside him. He was fond of hearing my cheerful chat and laugh, and he himself, otherwise so earnest a man, who hated noisy parties on a large scale, and who could not forgive his daughter for a long time for having by stratagem forced him into giving a ball at his own house, in order to play a trick upon her celebrated father; old Zelter often relaxed in this homely little circle, and related the merriest stories, which he gave splendidly with his rough humor.

For example, how he was taken for a disciple of Pestalozzi once, and fêted as such. It was during a journey which he undertook in 1809 to Königsberg, where the Prussian royal family were living, having been driven away from Berlin. Queen Luise, during that time of affliction, lived entirely in and for Pestalozzi's method of education, the adoption of which for Prussia, she believed, was the only means of securing the happiness and blessing of her people.

Hardly had Zelter arrived in Königsberg when he received a visit from "Kirchenrath" Busolt, one of the most zealous Pestalozzians, who bids him warmly welcome, and invites him to dinner for the following day. There Zelter finds a festive company, who show him the highest honor, call him "Herr Doctor," and never touch upon music, but constantly speak of Pestalozzi, his disciples, and his method, till the Berlin music-master grows tired of it, and says in his unvarnished frankness,—"But, gentlemen, I should say that Mr. Pestalozzi has been commented on more than enough in all directions, at least I should be grateful if you did not just address your Pestalozzi talk directly to me. Pestalozzi engages my interest hardly more than a fugue by Bach can interest you. What now if I were constantly to bother you with remarks on Bach and Händel?"

A universal blank terror and silence. Then "Kirchen-

rath" Busolt ventured to say shyly, "But, my most honored doctor, you, the favorite disciple of the great Pestalozzi—"

"Go away with your 'doctor and favorite pupil of Pestalozzi.' The devil may be his favorite pupil. I don't know the fellow at all. I was a mason's apprentice, and the pupil of the excellent Music-director Fasch in Berlin, and I am now his successor as director of the Singing Academy."

Still longer faces, then the humble-mouthed question,— "Then you are not Dr. Zeller, who has been appointed to reform the Prussian National Schools, and whom we have been expecting with longing these several days?"

Thus the misunderstanding was cleared up in merriment.

Another story of Zelter's, one which only he could give properly, was: One evening, soon after the epoch-making first performance of Weber's "Freischütz," in 1822 he was returning home, lost in musical thoughts, when, in front of him a shoemaker's apprentice sang indefatigably, very loud, but quite wrong, the verse, "Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz," but not another line, only always repeating the same, till at last, behind him, Zelter's strong bass voice joins in angrily: "Mit veilchenblauer Seide.' Then the lad turned round, saying pertly,—

"I say, my little man, if you want to sing 'the beautiful green Maidenwreath' then you may also start it for yourself. Otherwise it is street robbery!"

Another merry story speaks of Zelter's rough originality. Next door to him there lived a certain Mdlle. Niqué, who sang every morning and evening with the voice of a cornet, "To see my Romeo," and nearly drove the old man to despair. Thus he once, during one of her singings, jumps furiously off his chair, where he sat working, and darts into the room of his daughters Dorothea, Rosamunde, and Luise, who are just receiving a music-lesson. Zelter seizes the unsuspecting music-master by the shoulders, shakes him, and roars into his ear,—

"Sir, will you procure a husband for Mdlle. Niqué? If not, I am lost."

The teacher rushes away greatly alarmed, and the dreadful news runs through all Berlin: "Zelter has gone out of his mind."

I was allowed to be present at two Zelter festivals, the laying of the foundation-stone for the new building of his beloved "Sing-Academie" in the summer of 1825, and Zelter's 70th birthday on the 11th of December, 1828, for which Goethe had sent a long festive poem in honor of the "Bauenden, Dichtenden, Singenden" and a "Tischlied" (glee).

One musical evening I have specially cherished in memory which I was permitted to spend with the old master, together with Ludwig Berger and Felix Mendelssohn, and two lovely young singers, pupils of Zelter's and the "Sing-Academie;" Berger played with his and Zelter's most renowned pupil, Felix Mendelssohn, a sonata by Beethoven *à quartre mains*, and how? I had never heard such piano playing before. Then young Mendelssohn, who was still almost a boy, played a fantasia on a theme suggested to him by Zelter, with the freshness of spring, like the murmuring of streams and the warbling of the lark. Zelter with his stiff fingers accompanied the singing of a remarkably pale lady, who sang his beautiful compositions to Goethe's "Rastlose Liebe" and "Der König in Thule," in an alto voice; even to-day I prefer these settings of Goethe's poems to any other. Prior to the singing of the ballad, "Der König in Thule" Zelter said to the songstress,—"Imagine you sit alone on the sea shore, and that you are singing out as in a dream the tale of the king in Thule, onward, away over the waves, into the far distance, gentle and free; the last sound must die away in the distance sadly, as if sinking into the sea."

After that Zelter fetched from his collection of MSS. some rare pieces of old sacred music, and played them in mighty accords.

Felix Mendelssohn was two years younger than I; and then, sixteen years old, the most charming, most

amiable youth one can imagine. With his beautiful pure face, the long hair of dark locks, the good, intelligent eyes, and the fresh, sweet mouth, he might have served as model for a picture of Benjamin, whilst Zelter would have made a capital patriarch Jacob.

The relations between teacher and pupil indeed were quite patriarchal. Zelter addressed Felix familiarly by thou and thee, and the latter hung with silent reverence on the lips of the master. Only at table, when sitting beside me, his natural vivacity burst forth, and we were soon busy jesting and laughing, so that Zelter nodded to us with a pleasant smile, saying,—

"It is pleasant to see young eyes sparkle like rubies. Pity that at old Zelter's house a dance cannot be got up."

During the following years I often danced with Felix. When a student at the Berlin University he was an exceedingly nice partner; "an accomplished storm of wind," as Rahel called one of his compositions at that period.

At the early age of fifteen Felix had composed already three operas which were performed in the house of the Mendelssohns. On the occasion of the completion of the three-act comic opera, "Der Onkel aus Boston," Zelter said to him—"Felix, till to-day you were my apprentice; now you have worthily accomplished your journeyman piece; henceforth work for the mastership." And he did become a master, although not exactly in operatic compositions. His taste for operas was spoiled in him for ever when his new opera, "Die Hochzeit des Kamacho"—the words for which had been written by a son of the Brünswick theatrical director, Klingemann, at its first, and last, representation in public in the Berlin play-house, on the 29th of April, 1827—was received so coldly, and when the young composer had besides experienced all kinds of chicanery from the theatrical world. Music-director-general Spontini treated him and his opera with an aristocratic, compassionate look of patronage, pointed to the dome of the French church at the Gensdarmen

Markt, and said—"Mon ami, il vous faut des idées grandes comme cette coupole!"

And yet! When the *grandes idées* of the spiteful maestro, and the anvil, trombone, and tamtam noise of his monstrous operas shall have been long forgotten, the world will still listen with rapture to the warm, heart-felt tones of Felix Mendelssohn.

Nor is Saphir quite without blame that Mendelssohn, who was even then, at the age of eighteen, busy writing his immortal overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," never again seriously attempted operas. Saphir's *Schnellpost* brought out the most cutting notice of the opera, "Die Hochzeit des Kamacho," and its composer. Zelter cried angrily—"Long live genius! To the devil with all criticism!"

Most charming were the little concerts that took place every Sunday morning in the house of the Mendelssohns, and at which the compositions of Felix were mostly played.

The young composer conducted a small select orchestra; his highly talented sister Fanny, afterwards the wife of the poetical painter Hensel, sat at the grand piano; Eduard Devrient sang; and the *élite* of musical Berlin, Zelter at their head, constituted the critical public. Also the most celebrated virtuosi and foreign singers who came to Berlin deemed it an honor to make their *début* in these concerts.

For the birthdays of their parents Felix and his brother and sisters, Paul, Fanny and Rebecca, and the friends of the house generally, prepared little musical or theatrical surprises. On the occasion of a masquerade of that kind Felix, then seventeen years old, appeared as a Tyrolese, and presented to the other masked persons a little raffle from which they drew sweetmeats and verses which he himself had made.

For the last time I saw Felix Mendelssohn, then twenty years old, when he conducted in the "Sing-Academie," on the 11th of March, 1829, Bach's great Passion of St.

Matthew, which nobody yet had ventured to perform—not even Zelter—like a young demi-god.

Immediately afterwards he went to England as a fame-crowned maestro. Although I followed him thither a few weeks later, yet I was not permitted "for state reasons" to come into contact with him. When in May, 1836, I performed in Leipzig, during a starring visit, Felix Mendelssohn, director of the famous Gewandhaus concerts, was sojourning on the Rhine and Main for the pupose of performing his "Paulus" in Düsseldorf, and, as destiny decreed it, in order to fall in love with the beautiful Cécile Jean Renaud in Frankfort.

I owed it to Zelter's recommendation that Ludwig Berger, the most patronized teacher of the piano in Berlin, who, considering his feeble health, was overwhelmed with lessons already, nevertheless took me on as pupil likewise.

Berger, a native of Berlin, was then nearly fifty, when I made his acquaintance—an amiable, noble man, but an unhappy hypochondriac. In order to be able to marry his sweet early love, the charming songstress Wilhelmine Karges, from Frankfort on the Oder, he had gone to St. Petersburg with his revered master Clementi, in 1805, to make for himself a position as teacher of the pianoforte on the gold-rich Neva. There he entered into a friendship with John Field, whom he placed as piano-player even higher than Hummel and Moscheles, and from whom he learned. Thanks to the recommendations of Clementi and Field, and owing to his own rare teaching talent, Berger had soon won such a large circle of pupils in St. Petersburg that he was enabled to invite his *fiancée* to follow him. He went as far as Kurland to meet her; and there, in a wretched village, he celebrated the happiest day of his life, his union with Wilhelmine. But ten months later he stood, a broken man for ever, at the grave of his happiness—of his wife and child. His soft heart had never quite recovered from this dreadful blow. Also his health was for ever undermined. After an absence of twelve years he returned to Berlin.

Here he composed his most glorious songs, many of which are sung even to this day, without those who sing them knowing any particulars about the composer; among others his "Müllerlieder"—which were only put in the shade by Schubert's compositions on the same songs by Wilhelm Müller—his "In einem kühlen Grunde," "Als der Landwirth von Passeier," "De letzen Zehn vom vierten Regiment," &c. His favorite song was the feeling—

Von blauen Veilchen war der Kranz, &c., &c.,

which he had composed for his beloved bride.

In Berlin, Berger, together with the talented Bernhard Klein—the composer of the opera "Dido," who died so young—and, with Rellstab, became the founder of the "Berliner Liedertafel" (Berlin musical or choral society), and for it Berger composed his most beautiful quartettes for men's voices.

But his life's warming and strengthening sun had set for him too early, otherwise Berger would certainly have become one of the greatest song composers of our time. A deep melancholy threw a shadow over his days, and broke his courage and pleasure in producing. He died in February, 1839, of nervous apoplexy, whilst standing beside a pupil at the piano, marking the time. His death was more kindly than his life had been. Friends and grateful pupils put on his monument the becoming epitaph:—

"Great as artist; noble, true, generous as man!"

Next to the house of the Mendelssohns, it was the villa of the Beers in the Thiergarten which collected all the musical celebrities of Berlin, and the most celebrated concert and opera performers, within its walls. There played Hummel, Moscheles, Kalkbrenner, Spohr, Paganini; there sang Henriette Sontag, Angelica Catalani, Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, Nannette Schechner, Sabine Heinefetter: there were heard the first compositions of the son of the house, Giacomo Meyerbeer, who was called originally Jacob Beer, but who already in his

boyhood had had to prefix to his own the name of a rich Herr Meyer, whose heir he was, and had Italianized his name Jacob to Giacomo during his long stay in Italy.

Like a queen, Madame Beer was enthroned and ruled in this rich house; she was jocularly called, "Die Königin Mutter" (the Queen-mother), and she did indeed practice a royal hospitality and munificence.

The most interesting person in this house for me was young Michael Beer, the noble and amiable author of "Paria"—a tragedy in one act, which, under the emblem of an Indian paria, protested against the even then very popular, "Hep, Hep!" and for a worthy place for Judaism—and of "Struensee," for which Meyerbeer, the brother of the author, afterwards wrote the music. I played with success in the tragedy in Dresden, when the young poet was long gone. Michael Beer was as true a devotee of poesy as any poet ever was. The family of Meyerbeer I met again in Paris, in 1829, and afterwards during the coronation festivities of Emperor Ferdinand in Prague.

Of the virtuosi who passed through Berlin I liked Ignaz Moscheles best. He came to Berlin in November, 1824, and, when still only thirty, had won for himself the title of "le prince des pianistes." He gave three brilliant concerts in Berlin, and played in several others given for charitable purposes. About his wonderful playing old Zelter wrote to his friend Goethe at the time,—

"Moscheles does indeed play so that one has to take a Lethean draught and forget all his predecessors. The fellow had hands, I must tell you, which he turns like a shirt, for he does not play badly even with his nails."

During a concert for the benefit of the sufferers from inundation on the Rhine, I, for the first time, came into personal contact with Moscheles. Count Röder of Karlsruhe, one of the acting committee, invited my co-operation in favor of my countrymen. I proposed to recite something, but was prevailed upon to show myself to the Berliners at the piano, as a novel decoy. I was in fashion at the time, owing to my sudden retirement from the König-

stadt theatre, which had caused much sensation. And my prudent mother decided that I should not go out of fashion again, until my first appearance on the royal stage. Thus I was obliged to play in public Czerny's "Rondo Turc à quatre mains," together with my most enthusiastic musical admirer, Greulich, a first-rate pianist, who came to our house almost daily in order to play with me "à quatre mains" for his amusement, in the same concert in which also Moscheles played.

"Les prince des pianistes" was goodnatured enough to compliment me on my *playing;* but the critic was malicious enough to report that Mdlle. Bauer in her charming toilette, white tulle with natural geranium blossome, *looked* divine.

Soon afterwards Moscheles paid us a visit. Both of us were to take part in a concert which Karl Blum gave in Potsdam. This time I remained true to myself, and gave a recitation. But in our house good Moscheles sacrificed himself, probably to please a proud mother's heart, and played with me the overture to "Don Juan" "à quatre mains," giving me in his delicate way the most valuable hints.

When Moscheles, on the morning of the 15th of December, called for us in the coach in order to drive to Potsdam, Felix Mendelssohn came running with burning cheeks once more to take the tenderest leave of his revered master, who, during these few weeks, had become his beloved teacher and friend for life. The eyes of both were moist.

I was profoundly moved half a century later, when both friends had long been dead, to read in Moscheles' diary what in those days of the first meeting with the boy Felix he wrote about him and the house of the Mendelssohns:—

"That is a family such as I have never yet known; the boy Felix, now fifteen years old, is a phenomenon to which there exists no second. What are all the prodigies compared with him? They are just precocities, and no more; but this Felix Mendelssohn is a mature artist, and

still only fifteen years old. We remained at once for several hours together. I had to play much, where in fact I had come to hear, and to see compositions, for Felix had to show me a concerto in C minor, a double concerto and several motets, and all teeming with genius, and more than that, so correct and thorough. His elder sister, Fanny, also exceedingly talented, played fuges and passacailles by Bach, without music, with most admirable exactness; I think she may justly be called a good musician.

"Both parents leave upon one the impression of people of the highest culture. They are concerned about Felix's future, doubting whether he is possessed of sufficient natural talents to really distinguish himself and become great in his profession; whether he might not, like so many talented children, suddenly go down again. I could not sufficiently assure them how, being convinced of his future greatness, I had not the slightest doubt of his genius; but I had to repeat this often, ere they believed it. These, then, are no ordinary prodigy-parents, such as those we come across so frequently."

Also, during the drive to Potsdam, Moscheles never ceased to express his admiration for Felix Mendelssohn, till all of a sudden the most violent headache attacked him, and he sank, pale as death, his eyes closed, back upon the cushions. He nevertheless insisted on performing. And after my mother had rouged him, in order that his ghastly appearance might not attract attention, and after he had reached the piano with tottering steps, he played, in the presence of the king and court, like a god.

Madame Grünbaum, from Vienna, a daughter of Wenzel Müller, who charmed the Berlin people, especially through her purling bird-quavers in the character of "Rosine" in the "Barbier von Sevilla," justly called by her admirers "the German Catalani," sang and was greatly applauded, and I recited the "Erlebnisse eines Troubadours," Blum accompanying me with the guitar.

In Potsdam we took leave of Moscheles. He set out for new triumphs in the wide world. Only years afterwards, when Moscheles had removed from London to

Leipzig, to please his friend Mendelssohn, did we meet once more in Dresden, to our mutual pleasure.

Soon after this concert-tour to Potsdam the amiable old President Scheve requested me to declaim in a concert for the benefit of the "Luisenstift" (Luisa Institute). I recited "Nichts," by Theodor Hell.

As an acknowledgment of my services I was invited, together with my mother, to a dinner of the "Thousand Years Club," by the President. This club consisted of fourteen members only, whose ages added together exceeded the figure 1000. The members were mostly military men of rank, their breasts decked with the orders of the War of Independence. The old gentlemen in the most charming gallantry did the honors to us according to the style of last century. After the cloth was removed I read Hebel's "Sommerabend" and "Hans und Verene" in the Alemannian dialect, and my neighbor, General Lestocq, again and again begged, "Oh, just once more the hearty conclusion!" And I had patiently to repeat, "Jo frili willi jo!" till the whole dinner-party could achieve it correctly. When I afterwards met one of the "thousand years" I heard at once, "Jo frili willi jo!"

On two more occasions I appeared as pianist before a Berlin audience. In a concert given by the celebrated violincellist Bernhardt Romberg I played with the harper Desargus a concerto by Field, and a duo, variations on the song, "Blühe, liebes Veilchen." On the same night Henriette Sontag sang, putting the whole of us into the shade. According to a previous understanding we had chosen the same toilette, simple flowing *linon*, embroidered with golden ears of corn; similar wreaths in the hair. It was Henriette's last appearance in a concert, prior to her departure for Paris, towards the end of 1827, a year called by Rellstab "the jubilee year of song."

Shortly before my departure I played a sonata, "à quatre mains" by Hummel; my partner was Hancke; and in one of Hummel's concerts, whose free fantasias on "Lott' ist todt" carried away the Berliners to the gayest

raptures, Nina Sontag and I slightly made fools of ourselves by somewhat childish recitations. It really is not easy to find a suitable poem for public recitation.

My mother wanted me not to refuse any invitation to take an active part in concerts, as a kind of compensation for the often really too insignificant parts in which I had to appear before the Berlin public in the theatre.

Just one more concert I should like to mention, in which the progidy Karl Eckert, at the age of five, for the first time faced a Berlin audience, in June, 1825, and played the piano like a virtuoso. His astonishingly fine ear for music, which would immediately notice the slightest discord in the largest orchestra, was especially extolled, and enthusiasts even prophesied that this musical genius would soon have obscured Felix Mendelssohn. Karl Eckert was the son of a sergeant in Potsdam, and foster-son of Friedrich Förster, who took the boy with him to Weimar, and made him play before Goethe, just as Zelter had done previously with Felix Mendelssohn. Eckert, who was then seven years old, was allowed to play to Goethe his composition of the "Erlkönig, and to play fantasias together with Hummel, and, at the same time, on a grand piano, whereupon Goethe remarked,—

"Original talent. That is water to my mill."

Karl Eckert afterwards accompanied Henriette Sontag-Rossi upon her great concert tour through America as her accompanist, and made a name for himself as conductor of operas in Vienna, Stuttgart, and Berlin.

But who remembers the amiable and long-departed poet and composer Tiehsen?—and his sweet little song—

Ach, wem ein rechtes Gedenken blüht,
Dem blüht die ganze Welt,
Und wessen Herz in Liebe glüht,
Um den ist's wohl bestellt.
Das Vögelein, das ja nur flattern kann,
Und singen und sonst nichts mehr,
Hatt' es nicht Lieb', wo nähm' es dann
Die sussen Weisen her!

All departed, died away in the distance! Only my remembrance of that by-gone time of so much gaiety and

music in Berlin continues to bloom in loneliness. How long? I ask.

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After having thus minutely written about the old authors, poets, and musicians of old Berlin, half a century ago, I may be permitted to mention in all brevity some other artists yet.

Like a king among them appeared the ideally majestic figure of Christian Rauch when he walked "Unter den Linden," or entered a saloon with his wonderful daughter Agnes. His magnificent marble image of Queen Luise in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg was visited every summer by half the population of Berlin; the people went to it as if they were on a pilgrimage to some sacred shrine. His hero-statues of the War of Independence had already been unveiled, as that of Blücher was during my stay.

Privy Chamberlain Timm told me a nice, amiable anecdote about the great artist. One day when Rauch was driving, in company with Prince Wittgenstein, to Charlottenburg, to visit the king, he sat in a brown study at the side of the prince, till the latter asked him,—

"What are you thinking of, dear Rauch?"

"I think of the day, sir, when I, thirty years ago, drove to Charlottenburg together with you too, when our Queen Luise was still alive. Then your Highness was seated in the carriage, and I *stood on the board behind.*"

Yes, this greatest of sculptors of his time had once been a footman of Queen Luise, and was not ashamed of it.

During my sojourn in Berlin beautiful Agnes Rauch, whom her father had legitimised, espoused the talented but queer painter Mila. What a noise was stirred up when the rumor went abroad that Mila had deserted his young wife during their marriage trip, because he had fancied that the latter had had more tender relations with her father than is allowed upon our non-olympian earth! But I believe to this day that dismal Mila, who had long been running about Berlin like a ghost-seer, had taken a trembling moon-beam for a spectre.

Agnes Rauch afterwards married Professor d'Alton. Paul Mila only died a few years ago, the most melancholy hypochrondriac. His great talent was wrecked on an unhappy fixed idea.

Of the celebrated artists of those Berlin days I was painted, as well as by the Roman Gentili, by court painter Franz Krüger and Karl Begas.

Krüger gained a reputation as painter especially by his canvases, often of enormous dimensions, of horses, hunts, and reviews, with hundreds of characteristic portraits in them, ordered by the courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg. King Friedrich Wilhelm III. and Emperor Nicholas used to designate for these portraits not only the most famous, but also the most popular characters of their capitals. The court painter, who was still young then, was also in society regarded as one of the most popular artists in Berlin.

One evening, towards the end of 1825, we were at a party at the house of the solo-dancer, Madame Desargus Lemière, and were very merry. Our hostess produced her magnificent album, and requested Krüger to sketch something in it in remembrance of this evening. Then he suddenly exclaimed,—

"Please, Fräulein Bauer, just sit still in that posture for three minutes;" and a few minutes later my portrait, of striking resemblance, drawn with a few pencil-strokes was in the album. I wore a simple dress of white *linon*, very open in front, and a head-dress, then in fashion and very becoming, in which thick locks were lying rolled up over the brow, and stood up like a cock's tail at the back of the head, over a comb specially adapted to the purpose.

This pencil-sketch met with universal admiration; but I had very soon entirely forgotten it. Only five and forty years later, when my "Bühnenleben" was to be published by the Royal Privy Chief Court Printing Office at Berlin, and was to exhibit at the same time my early portrait, my esteemed publisher and early friend, R. v. Decker, brought to light this little drawing which Krüger had been asked to repeat for my friend Gustav Decker. After the latter's death the picture had been transferred

to the study of Rudolf Decker, and had hung there all these years beside other reminiscences of his youth. Now it has been added in the form of a photograph to the first volume of my "Bühnenleben." Unfortunately the well-meaning photographer, intending to revive the faded pencil-lines, has, in the second edition, changed the blondine into a brunette.

Two years later Franz Krüger painted a pastille portrait of me. He had just married my charming colleague Johanna Eunicke; and the celebrated "Undine" in E. T. A. Hoffmann's opera of the same name, the charming "Zerline," "Susanne" and "Fanchon," the irresistible page "Cherubin," had turned into a very steady, careful little house-wife, who was by no means free from jealousy. Whilst Krüger painted me, Johanna sat there from the first to the last minute, knitting at an immense gray worsted stocking.

Since my mother desired likewise to possess a large oil-painting of me, I requested the famous painter Begas to do my portrait. He was ready to comply. But love played a peculiar trick on the otherwise excellent painter. He was—to tell the truth—so deeply in love, not indeed with me, but with his beautiful young wife, who likewise was constantly present in the studio during ladies' sittings, that my portrait when finished resembled more his wife than me. I refused to present Frau Begas to my mother as her daughter. After much bother Begas kept the picture as a study for his pupils. I wonder if it serves that purpose still, or in what lumber-room it may have perished?

There lived an enthusiast of art at that time in Berlin, whom I often met in artistic and social circles, when we often sang and danced gaily together. Franz Kugler was a college friend of Felix Mendelssohn. He painted, and made verses, and at that time had already composed the very popular—perhaps indeed the most popular of his poems, "An der Saale hellem Strande." Franz Kugler afterwards married a daughter of Hitzig, and a daughter of his married Paul Heyse; he died young as Professor of the History of Art in Berlin.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROSY GOD.

KAROLINE'S LOVERS—ADOLF HERZFELD—KARL POSCH—BLUE EDUARD—LIEUTENANT COLONEL VON TRESKOW—COLONEL VON KÖNIG—POOR ZAHNCHEN, THE COLONEL'S DOG—COUNT SAMOILOW—KAROLINE IS ENGAGED TO HIM—HE IS DISCOVERED TO BE A SWINDLER—HIS HISTORY.

IN the spring of 1826 I was touring in Hamburg at the theatre under the management of Jacob Herzfeld. His son Adolf, then twenty-six years old, a fiery, gifted artist and amiable man, played the lovers with me, and soon, very naturally, he loved me really outside his theatrical parts. This became especially clear to me when we played together in the "Bräutigam aus Mexico," he "Alonso," I "Suschen." In the fourth act there was a scene:—

Alonso. "If thou lovest me, Suschen, then say yes!"

Suschen (whispers bashfully). "Yes!"

Alonso. "Louder, Suschen, louder!"

Suschen. "Yes! yes!"

Alonso. "Louder still, Suschen—heart on heart, breast on breast!"

Then Suschen, in overflowing love, cries out a loud, exultant "Yes!" and passionately falls upon the neck of the beloved man. During the applause that followed, I felt how Alonzo pressed me ever more warmly to his heart, and heard him whisper, "Must this happiness cease with the comedy? Would that it might last for life! Would that I might hope!" Confused, I disengaged myself from his arms. Also, father Herzfeld tried to attach me as his daughter-in-law to his house, and to his stage. Adolf Herzfeld came to Berlin in winter in order to follow up his suit. Would that I could have

seen my way to a cheerful yes! How many bitter things I should have been spared! But my mother was opposed to this union. She aimed at a higher position in life for me. How heavily were both of us to pay for the ambition only a few months later!

Adolf Herzfeld was destined to celebrate his fifty years' jubilee as an esteemed actor of the Vienna "Burgtheater" in 1870. Soon afterwards he died. He was very happy in his marriage. And I?

In August, 1826, the youthful lover, Karl Posch, from the Court-theatre of Neu-Strelitz, came to Berlin on a short engagement—an excellent actor and amiable brother artist. We played together in three pieces in Berlin and Charlottenburg, and with most gratifying success. In "Welches ist der Bräutigam" Posch gave a clever reading of Langers—I played "Rosalde." In "Der Oberst" he made a very elegant lance-officer, V. Bontemps—I gave "Elise von Belmont;" in "Preciosa" he was the fiery and poetical "Alonso," I took the title part: and then we separated, never to meet again.

And now, in the summer of 1876, after half a century, an old blind man of seventy-nine years writes to me through a stranger's pen,—

"Fellow-artist of a beautiful, classical, by-gone stage-world. Receive my most heartfelt thanks for your "Bühnenerinnerungen" which illuminated my perpetual darkness like sunbeams. Your dear image stands again before the eye of remembrance in the fulness of youthfulness, beauty, and gaiety, as at that time when you were my adored 'Preciosa.' Do you remember the poor 'Alonso' who stood beside you when you, mounted high on a horse, rode on to the stage, surrounded by the gipsy horde, and who whispered to you, 'But, Fräulein Bauer, you sit so high that I cannot reach your hand'? I hear your bright laughter, with which you answered roguishly, 'My hand is indeed not within reach!' to this very day. May the enclosed old theatre-bills of those beautiful Berlin days call back in you a kindly remembrance of your poor old colleague from Neu-Strelitz, who continues to

live solely in the memory of the bright past. Permit me to acquaint you a little with this past.

"Up to the year 1822 I was engaged as youthful *jeune premier* at the Court-theatre in Dessau. How proud I felt when I was allowed to play there with the famous Esslair!

"When, in 1822, the Court-theatre in Neu-Strelitz was opened, I, too, accepted a flattering invitation to it. The real director, the soul of the stage, was Duke Karl of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, brother of the reigning Grand Duke Georg and of the late lamented Queen Luise of Prussia. What a deep interest Duke Karl took in the dramatic art, and what a grand representative both of man and devil he was himself, you know better than I, you having been in Berlin at the time; but you will scarcely know that the Duke did not disdain here to appear in Neu-Strelitz in 1825 upon the public stage with us comedians, as 'Armer Poet,' and 'Lumpensammler von Paris,' by his characteristic play equally charming court and public.

"Although the Duke Karl might live in Berlin, he was practically the manager of our stage in Neu-Strelitz; which means a great deal, considering the want of railways in those days. He drew up the *répertoire* for each week, and fixed the cast. Nearly every month he came to Neu-Strelitz for some days, discussed everything with the able stage-manager and conscientious actor, Blumauer, the father of the celebrated Fried. Blumauer, and conducted the great rehearsals of such new pieces as had since been got up. The duke showed less interest for the opera—a blessing for us.

"Duke Karl and the reigning Grand Duke provided in the most generous way for the weal of their stage artistes. In summer the theatre was closed for four months. Still our pay continued—an advantage not enjoyed by the members of any other stage at that time. I was fond of utilizing my summer's leave for touring trips, in order to make the personal acquaintance of the most famous actors of those days. Thus it is among my proudest reminiscences that I was permitted to play chief parts in

classical pieces, together with the unparalleled actress Sophie Schröder, four times; and in 1829, in Darmstadt, to appear beside Seidelmann; and in 1825, in Berlin, with you, illustrious artiste, and with Ludwig Devrient, and Beschort: hours never to be forgotten.

"But our small stage had among its members many other able artists, some of whom, I am sure, have become personally known to you. The excellent comic actor Meaubert came from the Court-theatre in Brunswick; he died as a member of the Dresden Court-stage. The low comedian Görner from Ballenstedt, who afterwards changed his line to that of intriguer, lived to celebrate his fifty years' jubilee as artist while acting as head manager in the Thalia theatre in Hamburg. This rare fortune fell also to the 'intriguer' Porth, who came to us from Stettin, and who was afterwards your colleague in Dresden. The honest 'hero-father' Solbrich, from the Schröder school in Hamburg, and the 'hero-actor' Thieme, from Kassel, have died here. Winger, the latter's successor, is still living in Dresden.

"In the year 1826 I followed a call as youthful 'lover' to the new Court-theatre in Gotha, which was reopened on the Duke Ernst entering Gotha, after an interval of two-and-twenty years. It was the self-same stage in the castle upon which old Eckhof and young Iffland had shone in bygone days. But only eighteen months later, I gladly followed another invitation that called me back to Neu-Strelitz for life.

"The death of Duke Karl was an irreparable loss for our stage. Its time of greatness was buried together with the gifted prince. After the death of the excellent intendant Von Normann, the new intendant Von Dachröden took the helm; he introduced pompous, costly operas. The drama was neglected. The best artistes left our stage. In the year of revolution, 1848, many citizens demanded the closing of the Court-theatre. The Grand Duke agreed, and the theatre became private property. Art had to give way more and more to speculation.

"Thus the 'beautiful days of Aranjuez'[1] came to an end for me too. But the saddest were yet in store for me. Five years ago I became totally blind, and last autumn inexorable death carried off my dear good wife after a very happy matrimony of forty-six years. She was my only comforter, nurse, and reader in my misfortune. Without family and relations, I am left, all alone and forsaken in life, just nursed by a servant. My small pension from the duke does not permit of my paying a reader for the refreshment of my mind, and weeks pass by in which no intellectual word gladdens my ear. Thus I have been in the possession of the first part of your 'Bühnenleben' for two months, and have only been able to acquaint myself with fragments of half a volume. How gladly would I sacrifice whole nights, if by so doing I might have the privilege entirely to immerse myself in your reminiscences, which indeed call back to my mind too the most beautiful time of my life as artist and of my youth. And already my whole soul is panting for the promised second part of your 'Bühnenerinnerungen' ("Stage Reminiscences").

I wonder if those and these reminiscences will reach my poor old fellow-artist! And if my books had been of no other use than to illuminate some hours of the everlasting night of the lonely blind man, they would not have been written wholly in vain. And if these lines now and then remind a sunny pair of eyes to devote this or that free hour to a poor blind man, neither will they have been lost.

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Of my most faithful and loving admirer, the "Blue Eduard," I have already spoken in more detail in my "Komödiantenfahrten." But he must not be wholly left out here; for I think no other man ever loved me so ardently and purely as he did. Moreover, I should like here to supplement and correct myself on some points.

Soon after my appearance on the Königstadt theatre I found among the many poems of homage I received

[1] Allusion to a passage in Schiller's "Don Carlos."

some which were distinguished by their tenderness and poetical sweetness; they were simply signed "Eduard."

But, quite against every use and wont of poets and admirers, this Eduard did not call at our house in order to cash the thanks for his verses.

I really was very curious to know this invisible and unassuming adorer. Only a tall, dark figure I saw sometimes at night follow me from the theatre to our house, and look up to our windows.

"That, I am sure, is Eduard, our poetical 'Knight Foggenburg,'" I said to my mother. "But why does he not come like other gentlemanly admirers, in bright daylight, and pay us a formal visit?"

One evening, when I had come home alone in a carriage from a party, and waited for the opening of the door, a man assaulted me and wanted to kiss me. But already another had sprung forward from the shadows of the opposite houses, and had hurled aside the assailant. A trembling voice requested me to be calm, saying that I had nothing to fear. When the entrance door was unlocked from within my deliverer had vanished. It was my mysterious Eduard.

At last, when I had already made my *début* on the royal stage, a worthy dame introduced herself to me, at a party, as the mother of my most sincere adorer, Eduard. Her husband held the title of chancellor in the *bureau* of Prince Wittgenstein, the influential lord chamberlain, chief intendant of the royal stages, minister of state, and intimate friend of Friedrich Wilhelm III. This "chancellor" was an elegant old gentleman, who wore black silken stockings and buckle shoes; in the broad plaits of his ruffle he wore a glittering diamond. He appeared always carefully powdered—a genuine court official of the last century.

"But why have I never yet seen Eduard in your company?" I asked his mother, puzzled. "I should like so much to thank him for his tender, poetical effusions of homage, and for his discreet chivalrous services on that dark night. Please, honored madame, tell him that; and

that my mother and I would be very happy indeed to see him at our house to-morrow, after the rehearsal."

The lady said with tears,—

"You see this is the dreadful misfortune of my poor son, that he dare approach nobody, not even you, from the fear of inspiring horror instead of sympathy. My son was the handsomest, gayest lad, till some thoughtless boys at his school indulged in the cruel practical joke of crying out to him on the 1st of April, 'Run home quickly, your house is fallen, and your mother buried under its ruins!" The tender, sensitive boy was attacked by epileptic convulsions, and that affliction follows him still. To make his misfortune worse, a thoughtless physician treated him with enormous quantities of nitrate of silver, in consequence of which his skin, face, lips, nay, the white in his eyes, have assumed a bluish hue, so that my unfortunate son looks in daylight like a walking corpse. That keeps him away from gay human beings. He hides his misfortune in the solitude of his room; only in the evening he ventures upon the street, or into a dark corner of a box at the theatre. There he saw you, and he has become your ardent admirer. It is his keenest wish to be allowed to come near you in the evening sometimes, and to accompany you home from the theatre. And you may look at him also in the moonlight, for in it he appears undisfigured. Will you grant this favor to the unhappy youth?

Deeply touched, I consented; and after my next appearance Eduard awaited us at the entrance of the theatre. He offered his arm to my mother with much gracefulness, and to me he handed a bouquet of lilies of the valley, and thanked us with sonorous voice for our kindness towards an unhappy being.

When we stepped into the moonshine, I looked up to our companion with some misgivings. His face was wonderfully beautiful, carved out in delicate and noble lines, his alabaster paleness still more pronounced by long dark locks and large brown eyes. A tinge of deep psychical suffering and soft melancholy was thrown over the whole

of his idealistic appearance. He spoke simply, gently, poetically, intellectually—without any ordinary theatre adoration.

Thus we have walked together many an evening through the streets of Berlin. There, love was never as much as mentioned, but I felt that Eduard loved me dearly. I liked him as a brother.

Only once did he visit us during the day, after I had for a long time in vain asked him to do so. I wanted to prove to him that he was valued by me too. I had hoped that in so doing I might restore him to the joys of society; but I had over-estimated my strength. I still see the melancholy quiver around his mouth, and the sad look of his eyes when he met me face to face in bright sunlight, and I at sight of him started back trembling and grew pale.

He smiled sadly, with resignation, "I knew it, of course; but you must not reproach yourself for it. You wanted to show me a kindness, only your nerves did not obey your kind heart. I am heartily grateful to it even for this minute. And now let me quickly step back—into my night. Farewell."

On the next theatrical evenings he was missing also at the entrance of the play-house. Only after I had requested him in writing to give me the certainty of his forgiveness by coming back again, he again became our nightly companion for years.

And then there came the hour of parting; it was in the spring of 1829. Eduard wanted to go to Paris, there to submit to a treatment by a French physician. That celebrated specialist had held out to him the hope, by letter, that he might entirely recover from his affliction. How hopeful of the future he was! And yet another hope shone through his words, "And when I stand before you once more, completely cured, undisfigured, in the laughing light of the sun, like other happy mortals, then, perhaps, then I may hope—perhaps!"

I had not the heart to destroy his dream. But when we parted, I kissed him heartily without horror.

When Eduard, weeks after, returned from Paris cured, I had left Berlin in mysterious privacy.

With what feelings may he have thought of Countess Montgomery in England? I had not the courage to write to him and ask his pardon.

We have never seen each other since. When I was touring in Berlin, five years afterwards, Eduard had long been gone. It was said that he had died from the effects of the too severe Paris treatment. Would that this was the sole cause, and that he had forgiven me!

* * * * * *

Could I conclude the chapter of my Berlin conquests without paying a tribute to the two truest and most original heroes of the old famous, long-extinct "theatre-guard" of those days? That would be ungrateful.

There sat evening after evening in the play-house, in a certain corner box to the left of the second circle, an old, white-headed, exceedingly excitable gentleman in a blue dress-coat with yellow buttons, richly decked with orders —the retired Lieutenant-Colonel von Treskow, one of the most generally known inhabitants of Berlin. His pride was that he knew everybody in Berlin, and was known by everybody; but it must be said that he was in restless commotion from morning till night. "Unter den Linden," at the entrances to the play and opera-houses, and upon the Alexanderplatz in front of the Königstadt theatre, in the *cafés* of Fuchs and Stehely, and in the wine-saloons of Jagor, and Lutter, and Wegner—everywhere relating, listening, and disappearing again like a will-o'-the-wisp, Lieutenant-Colonel von Treskow was the wandering *chronique scandaleuse* of Old Berlin. His favorite hobby-horse, however, was sweet theatrical talk, and if business was good, sweet theatrical scandal. Even Friedrich Wilhelm did not disdain to listen now and then to a piquant story of the stage, or an amusing town secret, told by the all-knowing colonel.

At one of the Brühl balls in the concert-room of the play-house, where the king likewise always appeared in a blue dress-coat with gold buttons, the king asked our

colonel, "Dear Treskow, who is that gentleman—white hair—in spectacles?"

"Your Majesty, he must be a native of Potsdam; a Berliner he is not, else I should know him!"

"No, Treskow," the king said, laughing, "a Potsdamer he is not, else I should certainly know him. In Potsdam I am—Treskow! Since we are thus both certain that he is neither a Berliner nor a Potsdamer, I dare say he will be from Charlottenburg, or else he is a stranger."

"Your Majesty, in two minutes I shall report who he is!"

Also a characteristic anecdote from dear old provincial Berlin.

As well known as Lieutenant-Colonel von Treskow himself all over Berlin, were his trousers, which were of an indescribable mixture of the colors yellow, green, and gray.

When the king was once asked by the court marshal in what color his palace was to be re-painted during his absence, he gave the curt reply, "Like Treskow's trousers!"

During the *entr'acte*, the mercurial news-monger emerged now in the first circle, now in the pit, giving and receiving news. It was his greatest grief that access to the scenes and dressing-rooms was denied him; but the box-keepers were his affectionately beloved friends.

This perambulating *chronique scandaleuse* also approached me several times in the most intrusive manner, hoping to hear from me many a piquant little story about Prince August, Count Samoilow, and Prince Leopold, for repetition. Even the sharpest refusals, nay, downright rebukes availed nothing; "Le garde meurt et ne se rend pas."

How different, on the other hand, appeared the other representative of the old bygone Berlin "theatre guard," which Saphir so incessantly derided and exposed to laughter.

Even during my earliest appearances in the royal play-house, an old gentleman, with long white hair, had

attracted my attention, who, regularly enthroned upon a corner seat of the first private box to the right of the stalls, never took his eye off the stage, smiled happily, wept like a slight thunder-shower over moving passages, and on the slightest occasion applauded furiously, being busily engaged the whole of the evening touching his brow and mouth with a large fluttering white pocket-handkerchief. If we played in the opera-house in larger pieces, we could rely upon the large white handkerchief fluttering there, too, upon the corner place of the first private box to the right of the stalls. Only on ballet evenings did the white handkerchief become unfaithful to the play, having fluttered across to the beloved foot-artistes.

Although the old gentleman and his tear-kerchief—of the respectable size of a Berlin lady's breakfast-table-cloth—had long engaged my interest on account of their perseverance, yet I had never found an opportunity of making inquiries regarding them. But one sultry evening in May, while standing during an *entr'acte* behind the curtain along with the talented "hero-lover," Krüger, looking in turns with him through an *œil-de-bœuf* upon the steaming audience—and we were not sparing in critical remarks—I asked,—

"I say, gossip, whose, in all the world, is the white pocket handkerchief which flutters this evening like a gigantic, mad, white butterfly, over the first private box to the right of the stalls?"

Krüger's charming young wife had given my mother and me so hearty a welcome on our first visit in their happy home, that a familiar intercourse had sprung from it. I had soon stood sponsor to a daughter of the amiable couple, and since that time we addressed one another gaily and with dignity—"Herr Gevatter, and Frau Gevatterin.

"Frau Gevatterin," Krüger said, with feigned gesture of astonishment, "you have been for almost five months making our boards and the hearts of our comedy *habitués* unsafe, and are not yet acquainted with the most enthusi-

astic of our Berlin theatrical enthusiasts—and the theatrical enthusiasts of Berlin are, to begin with, the superlative of all European theatrical enthusiasts—you know not the most steadfast of our faithful 'theatre guard'—who die so unwillingly, and surrender so readily—not the most original of all the originals of Berlin?"

"Of course not! Should I otherwise have asked you about him?"

"Eheu, eheu! The world goes out of joint, for its boards are splitting asunder. Colonel von König, if indeed not the favorite, at least the most ardent admirer, and the most champagne-foaming entertainer of the nine muses, has not yet laid at the feet of the most charming of these sisters, Thalia, his homage in all formality, not yet allowed the rich dew of his white moustache to drop upon the roses and lilies of her beautiful hand, and then caused his fluttering machine to wave over it like a beneficial, drying, soft breeze? Eheu! Eheu! I fail to understand any longer this world of boards."

"And I have not yet understood one syllable of my honored gossip," I interrupted him, laughing.

"Child, gossip, hear thou at last, with becoming seriousness, the great tale of your worthy gossip. Colonel von König has long been on the retired list. Mars did not get on with the beloved muses. But the colonel is, besides, a rich bachelor, proprietor of two handsome houses in the Oranienburger Strasse, which are crammed full of the most costly fripperies of bygone centuries, and his friend Henn (Clauren), as late as yesterday, confided to me that Colonel von König has long ago cast a longing, burning eye upon your beautiful hand."

"My hand, my hand of seventeen and a half years to this certainly seventy-seven years old *intime* of friend Henn! Gossip, let me know where the Spree is deepest, and I will bless you."

"Near Stralau, madame," said Krüger dryly. "But previous to availing yourself of the deep Spree, you must first attend one of those charming nine-muses' dinners at the house of our colonel. Nor should you forget that you

now have certain duties to fulfil in your venerable character of godmother to my child."

"You may well talk like that, gossip. But I should wish you were a young girl, fond of life; then I should take you at your word, and you would have to marry the old colonel—without pity."

"Marry? Madame, who speaks of marrying?"

"Well, who else but you? Have you not been wasting your lungs for the last five minutes in selling me to that old pocket-handkerchief-waving-machine for 'Baumkuchen,' and other sponsorial duties towards my godchild?"

"Yes, yes! that is the way with you women, for you are all alike," Krüger said with the most theatrical mien of innocence. "Give the devil a finger and he takes your whole hand—hold out to a woman a hand-kiss in all honor, and she sees in the kisser a marriage candidate. No, no, my beautiful gossip, the Colonel von König never for a moment dreams of making you his Königin, but he has been panting with an ardent longing for some time to kiss your beautiful hand, and then to wipe it again tidily. He has long been turning about in his head the great thought of paying his respects to you and your mother in all the splendor of old-fashioned etiquette, and to ask you to accept of two muses' parts at his small dinners, but he is so shy, the poor old boy."

I laughed at the funny ideas of my merry gossip, and at the shy old boy of seventy-seven years on the other side of the curtain. The fluttering pocket-handkerchief seemed literally to be suffering from an attack of epilepsy just then.

"Thus my mother is likewise to figure as a muse at the dinner? Then I shall claim for her the part of Urania, for she really is my 'heavenly' little mother."

"All, all who take part in it—I, thou, he, she, we, you, they—are raised to muses. But never more than eight muses are invited, for our host, of course, also dines with the rest at the round table of the Camœnæ."

"Well, that must be a capital muses' household. But

how and where will Camœna König be enrolled? For a muse of the pocket-handkerchief the old heathens, to be sure, did not know."

"As Euterpe, the gladdening, the giver of dinners, 'Baumkuchen,' and champagne. Only when 'Baumkuchen' and champagne are going, Euterpe falls a little into the character of her sister Klio, the announcer of history. She relates regularly, amid flowing tears, how, more than sixty years ago, the beloved little dog 'Zähnchen' died so terrible a death."

"Dog—Zähnchen—tears?" I interrupted him in a lively manner; "pray, gossip, tell me more of the poor little dog 'Zähnchen,' and its sad master.

"Aha! Lover of dogs, have I at last hit you in the heart where it is weakest—at your passion for dogs? But I shall take good care not to tell you this dog-tragedy here; you must be present at its narration at 'Baumkuchen' and champagne, floods of tears, ghostly ancestral paintings, and other theatrical effects. However, the stage-manager is ringing his bell to say that we are to leave our *œil de bœuf*. One other quick glance at the white pocket-handkerchief; the slight attack of madness has assumed the form of paroxysm. Soon you will feel these wings, calmed down to a zephyr, fanning your hand. I shall inform our friend Henn that I have made a practicable breach already into your dog-fancying heart, and he will not be long in encouraging friend König to a visit—hand-kiss, handkerchief-waving, invitation to dinner; champagne, 'Baumkuchen,' Zähnchen and tears."

To be sure, after three days, Henn-Clauren, who was then in the very zenith of his Mime-fame, arrived at our house and introduced himself to my mother and me as forerunner of Colonel von König, announced the latter's state visit for the following noon, and bespoke for his good friend friendly ears, hearts, and hands.

And the following day, at twelve o'clock precisely, a huge old-fashioned coach was rumbling through the Charlotten Strasse, and stopped in front of our house. A hoary old servant climbed with difficulty down off the

box, and opened the carriage door, and out of the wide basket, lined with lemon-colored silk, there came forth, first a large white fluttering handkerchief, and then our old theatrical friend. Softly, shyly, the servant pulled the bell. Then the girl conducted him into the room. He was, I am sure, as old as his master, had thin, white hair, and a thin, well-plaited pig-tail, which, during his many bows, whipped the high, stiff, red collar of his old-fashioned chocolate-colored livery-coat like a rat's tail; he wore knee-breeches of black velvet, white silk stockings, and shining shoes with large steel buckles. Amidst continual bowing he stepped up to my mother, then suddenly stopped, with a jerk as if a spring sent a ramrod through his spine, as straight as an arrow, and said in a soft, trembling voice—

"My noble, gracious master, Herr Colonel von König, desires the honor of being allowed to pay his respects to the ladies."

"He will be welcome," said my mother. Immediately another spring worked in the spine of the old man, with another jerk he made his deepest bow, once more raised himself ramrod-like, turned upon his left heel with soldier-like promptness, and like a guardsman of old Frederick II., marched up to the door.

As often as I afterward's played Albini's "Gefährliche Tante," and saw old servant Bolzmann announce, in exactly the same way to the actress Adele Müller, the exquisite country squire, Baron von Emmerling, I was forced to think of our Berlin theatrical enthusiast and his faithful servant.

The latter, meanwhile, had with a spring-jerk and deep bow, torn the door wide open, allowed his master to enter, and had left the scene again with a new bow.

Colonel von König also still wore his little pig-tail, shoes with buckles, and high black silk stockings, dress-coat of fawn-color with broad flaps in the fashion of the beginning of our century, and a huge, tidily-folded ruffle, out of which shone forth a costly diamond. He was a tall, comfortable-looking man, who saluted with the mili-

tary grace of the school of old Frederick; then drawing a deep breath, he remained standing at the door, and with his well-known giant handkerchief he touched his brow, cheeks, nose, and mouth. Between these operations his round, brown eyes looked over to us with childlike curiosity, and at the same time with childlike shyness. The old gentleman evidently did not know how to find the first word, owing to his embarrassment. My mother kindly went to his succor by inviting him to take a seat. A new struggle for breath and words, and a convulsive application of the handkerchief. Then there rang softly, although not without hindrances, forth from under the stiff, white moustaches:—

"Most honored lady! most charming mademoiselle! How happy you make me by the honor of your acquaintance" (pause; struggle for breath, work with pocket-handkerchief). "May a poor, tiresome old bachelor take the liberty, or presume, to invite two such amiable ladies to enter his old-fashioned house at one o'clock the day after to-morrow, and to accept of a simple dinner in his company — genuine Berlin plain cookery —" (pause, breathing-cramp, fluttering of handkerchief).

My mother accepted the invitation in appropriate, kindly words.

"Most honored madame! most lovely and charming mademoiselle! You make me exceedingly happy. You will meet very amiable people: Herr Krüger and wife, 'Hofrath' Henn, Theatre-director Piehl from Breslau."

"Oh," I interrupted him, "with the latter I have played already at the Königstadt theatre. He gave an excellent reading of the proud wooer in 'Fournier zu Kronstadt' and the villain in the 'Waise aus Genf.'"

"Yes, yes, the self-same!" cried the old gentleman, breathing already quite lightly. "Besides, you will meet my tenant, a very charming doctor, and my nephew."

"Thus nine in all," I said, laughing merrily. "There the muses are completed."

"Yes, with me, with me," the colonel retorted in bad grammar, but with great satisfaction. "Oh, you happy

mother!" and he had successfully snatched up my mother's hand, and pressed his moustache three times upon it. But he did not let go her hand until he had carefully wiped and pressed it with his cloth. "Charming, beautiful child!" and my hand had to undergo the same kissing and wiping operations, "what an enjoyment it is for me to be allowed to kiss this little and most charming hand. Oh, how happy I am to once more open my desolate old house for two such magnificent new muses!"

"Well, colonel," I interrupted him saucily, "you must have got together by this time quite a respectable number of muses."

"With you, ladies, it is exactly forty-five, and nine is so prettily contained in forty-five; this facilitates to me and my old Johann very much the arrangement for the invitations. For there is just room for nine at our round dining-table, and it is besides good to distribute the most charming muses over five days at my table. For how should I, poor old man, otherwise be able to equally address my courtesies to so many beautiful ladies? One would be jealous of the other!" the old gentleman concluded, with a curious mixture of candor and conceit.

Of course, by this time, what little I possessed of gravity was exhausted. In order to cloak the threatening outburst of laughter, I recited with pathos, quoting Schiller:—

> He alone has got the muses
> Who carries them in his warm bosom;
> To a Vandal they are stone!

"Charming, sweet girl, what an enviable, glorious memory you have!" cried the colonel, enraptured, after a new salvo of kisses upon my hand. "That I want entirely. For what pains I have taken to learn by heart pretty little quotations, in order to use them on suitable occasions, but in vain. Though one day I might know them ever so well, when I wanted to quote them the day after they were gone. And this want of memory was the greatest trouble even of my boyhood. What severity my

parents employed to sharpen my memory, nay, what cruelty — poor Zähnchen. All in vain!" The great white handkerchief was now fully employed to dry the falling tears of its master.

"Was not Zähnchen your little dog, colonel?" I asked sympathetically.

"Yes, indeed, my most lovely little soul. But that is too sad a story; I will tell you it some other day in my house, when you have seen the picture of my parents. Otherwise you will not believe such cruelty."

Kissing hands, wiping of hands *ad infinitum*, then the strange rococo visit was over. Master, servant, and yellow satin coach trotted away with the greatest ceremoniousness.

But the whole bizarre scene emerged before my young eyes more vividly still, when the next day but one at noon the heavy, brown oak door, shining with brass mountings, of the old-fashioned house at the bottom of the Oranienburger Strasse was opened to me and my mother; this house Colonel König inhabited himself, together with his old personal attendant, his coachman, and the no less aged kitchen *personnel*, whilst the neighboring house, which likewise belonged to him, was let to a tenant. The strong perfume of the celebrated Berlin fumigating powder (*Räucherpulver*) met us in waves upon the marble mosaic of the spacious vestibule. My mother said, "A good omen, Lina!" and inhaled the aromatic fragrance with pleasure. She was exceedingly fond of the *Räucherpulver*, and never was without it, although we might be ever so far away from Berlin, on my subsequent artistic tours. Even to St. Petersburg we carried with us whole pound-tins of the fragrant powder, and on the border we enjoyed the fun of seeing the Russian custom-house officers trying with their tongues this new kind of spice, but without succeeding in its classification.

The vestibule and the broad, brown staircase, laid with costly, but faded carpets, in themselves presented a museum of *vertú* in the way of old prints, busts, pagodas, vases, carved settees, and cabinets of former centuries.

At the foot of the staircase we were received by the old servants, upon the highest step by the colonel himself, beaming with delight, with his fluttering white handkerchief, and the requisite hand-kisses. With much *grandezza* he offered his arm to my mother, without, however, letting go his hold of my hand, whilst he conducted us through a suite of six smaller saloons. We were the first guests to arrive; thus I had the leisure to inspect all the rarities which two centuries had accumulated here. The old gentleman was evidently much amused with my curiosity and astonishment, and explained with complacency all the articles from Germany's bygone days, from Italy, England, and France, from Egypt, India, and China. I was especially struck with the two saloons, *à la Pompadour*, with their mythological painted ceilings, the framed crystal mirrors, and the pretty little sofas with gold legs, and chairs bolstered with yellow and red silk. Between them, *étagères* and glass cabinets full of costly old knick-knacks, little porcelain figures, Chinese and Meissen cups, old-fashioned colored tumblers and glasses, a strange flute-clock, and enormous watches with short, broad chains and heavy *breloques*.

Such a bizarre treasure-house I had never yet seen. In one of the corners stood a spinett, richly ornamented with gold scrolls. I tried to play a short air from the *Schweizerfamilie*, but the chords moaned, the sounds were those of weeping. Like a wail of ghosts it rang through the old rooms.

"Ah! would that I could have played like that, dear child!" cried our host; "but I have no talent, no memory. At this spinett I have sat many a sorrowful hour, under the cold, severe eyes of my mother, and been obliged to practice; and when I had to play something to our visitors, fear or nervousness prevented me from managing the smallest piece, just the same as with the quotations. You will understand that when once you have looked into the eyes of my mother."

And I did understand it when afterwards I saw in the dining-room among the portraits of his ancestors, and

under the high piled-up head-dress of a tall, bony figure with hard, masculine features and leathery complexion, two ice-grey piercing eyes, which looked down upon me so cuttingly cold. I shivered, and only felt myself again when I looked into the mild, beautiful, loving eyes of my own dear little mother.

Poor Lina, what would have been your lot if that proud, cold woman, with the callous eyes and the derisive aristocratic pride around her narrow lips, on yonder wall, had been your mother! And I felt the deepest sympathy for my strange old neighbor.

But after the first glass of champagne he was swimming in a sea of delight at the good-humor of his muses. Gossip Krüger and "Hofrath" Henn were in their very best form, and by their sparkling wit and odd remarks gradually carried away the rest of us. Only the nephew of our happy host sat there pale and serious and without sympathy, as if he had come down to us out of one of the golden, quaint frames of the ancestral portrait-gallery. And if indeed he did smile, it always reminded me of the *rire à froid* of the French.

Director Piehl, too, appeared now and then a little embarrassed, when the old servant with a deep bow offered him a dish as I happened to look across the table to him. Krüger explained the matter to me.

"Surely you know that old Hans is Piehl's father?" he whispered to me.

"Impossible," I replied, startled. "A son cannot allow himself to be thus waited on by his own father."

"And yet that is the case. Nay, what is more wonderful still, just look at the enraptured face with which old Hans regards his celebrated son—and waits upon him. The colonel had the boy brought up and educated at his expense, and Piehl has done him credit."

"But he does no credit to himself," I called out, in my indignation louder than was prudent.

Already the delicious "Baumkuchen" was being cut.

"Gossip, what has become of the promised story of Zähnchen?" I whispered to my neighbor.

"Patience, dear, patience! I promise you, young dog-lover, you shall have the story of poor Zähnchen, and a good sob before the last drop of champagne is drunk. I have only to put the old gentleman a little on the track," Krüger whispered back. Then he addressed in a loud voice our merry host: "Colonel, do you know the greatest passion of my little gossip? No, you will not guess it: dogs! yes, dogs!"

The eyes of the colonel at once grew moist, his white handkerchief trembled, and he sighed,—

"Happy child, who had such a mother, and who is permitted to love her little dog. Look at that gloomy lady on yonder wall. That was my mother. In her eyes you may read the story of my youth, the misfortune of my life. I was not even permitted to love my mother. Her heart had become petrified in etiquette, aristocratic pride and prejudices; mine was to be stifled in the same manner. I was not allowed to approach my rich, splendor-loving parents, nor to address them, nay, not even look at them. How, when I was a child, I envied the son of our farm-steward, that old man Hans yonder, with whom I was able to play, but only in secret, when his mother stroked his hair back on his head, drew him upon her knees, and kissed him. Me my mother never caressed, never kissed, never called by a pet name. After dinner I was led by my tutor into the dining-hall where I had to perform my best bow, and recite such tutorial phrases as I had learned by heart, and kiss his lordship my father's and her ladyship my mother's hand in the most humble way. When I had done all this to their satisfaction, I was permitted to withdraw again as gracefully and formally, with a sweetmeat of some kind or other. Then I would steal away to join my dear playmate, Hans, and to play with my little dog, Zähnchen. I shared my dessert with them. Them I dared to love, they dared to love me in their turn, only my mother was not to know it. Thus I grew up like an intimidated bird, like a flower without sun. I was without confidence in myself, and thus also without vitality. My tutor made complaints to

my parents about my poor progress in learning, and about my utter want of memory. My mother called this laziness and want of will. She wanted to cure me thoroughly in her own way by a sudden, terribly rousing grief. She had heard of my secret affection for old Hans yonder, and for poor Zähnchen. Then she sent for me to come into the garden, and there upon a lawn she caused my innocent Hans to be whipped by the servants till the blood ran. I knelt beseechingly before my mother, I cried, I lamented. She laughed. And when I wanted to throw myself upon Hans in order to free him from the hands of the servants, then my mother caused me to be bound to a tree, and then, four yards away from me, my poor dear little Zähnchen was strung up on a branch of the tree. I hear his whining to this day, see his death-quiver even yet. Then I broke down unconscious. When I recovered my senses the treatment had had its effect. I hated my mother—I hated her even to the grave—I still hate her very memory in that picture. But my vital vigor, my vital courage, were broken still more. It is thus I have become the ridiculous old man you see."

We were all deeply moved. Krüger told me afterwards that the colonel had never yet told the story with so much emotion.

The colonel and old Hans cried like children, and I also shed tears of sincere sympathy. The white cloth would not be denied to dry my tears likewise. It reminded me of Yorick, who dries now his own and now the tears of poor Maria de Moulins with his kerchief.

* * * * * *

Many a time subsequently did I sit beneath the gloomy ancestral portraits and listen to the story of little dog Zähnchen, and often did I see the huge white handkerchief flutter through the theatre. But two years afterwards the mournful cry went through the ranks of the theatrical world of Berlin that the oldest of the old guards had passed away over-night—Colonel von König was dead.

Soon the stranger news followed that the old original

had left behind him the strangest will, bequeathing to his nephew only one half of his fortune; but the other half, and his quaint house, to the beautiful ballet-dancer Hoguet, because, as it is expressly stated in the testament, she "*kissed* most charmingly."

* * * * * *

Among my most attentive admirers of those Berlin days was a young Polish count, one year younger than myself.

He came frequently to our house; we sang French duets together, or he sang Polish songs, and taught me the genuine "mazurka." I liked well enough to flirt with him.

My mother and I regarded him as a rather nice enamored boy who was kept somewhat short of pocket-money by his *chère mère*, and who himself showed an unusual talent for economy. He never tried to give expression to his admiration for me by a bouquet, nor by any other delicate token of affection which cost money.

Monsieur le compte was proud of not understanding a single word of German. He hated Germany; still more, however, did he hate Russia, as was perhaps natural in a son of conquered Poland. He spoke only French, and had the strange trick, at every third word, of introducing a "Moi, mademoiselle, moi," in a quite inimitable tone.

How often did mother and I laugh at this grand "*Moi!*" We used, between ourselves, to call this youthful, self-complacent adorer always our "*Moi*" or "*Moichen!*"

If anybody had then told me: "Twenty years after this you will indeed learn to understand this dear '*Moi*'—this perpetual I, and only I—and will not laugh any more at this childlike '*Moi!*' This '*Moi*' will yet cause you to shed many hot tears. This violent, icy-cold, selfish '*Moi*' will be your lord and domestic tyrant—and you will be his impotent slave." I should never have believed it.

In the spring of 1827 there was introduced to me, at a dancing party at General Count von der Goltz's, by the

still very youthful son of the house, who was an enthusiastic admirer of mine, an elegant, fine-looking Count Samoilow, from St. Petersburg. We danced together, we chatted, we laughed. The engaging stranger invited me several times to dance with him, and paid his court in rather a conspicuous manner. People soon began to tease me about this ardent admirer, and I confess I was rather pleased thereby.

Young Count v. d. Goltz, who was quite infatuated about the young Russian, related to me that his friend Count Alexander Samoilow had been politically compromised a little on the occasion of the throne revolt in St. Petersburg after the death of Emperor Alexander, and had therefore fled from St. Petersburg, but that his family were held in very great esteem by Emperor Nicholas and were very rich, and that he would soon receive a free pardon, with permission to return to Russia, as soon as a little grass had grown over those youthful indiscretions; finally, that he was the best fellow in the world, the most amiable comrade and companion, &c., &c.

Next day young Count v. d. Goltz brought his friend Count Samoilow to call, and after that the latter would come more and more frequently to our house, giving me the most undoubted tokens of having fallen deeply in love with me. We also met frequently at parties in the best society. Everybody was charmed with the handsome, rich, distinguished Russian. My friends congratulated me on this fortunate conquest. My admirers, especially our Polish "*Moi*," were jealous of Count Samoilow. My enemies envied me my aristocratic suitor with the illustrious name.

And I? I harbored the kindliest interest for this handsome admirer, who cut such a fine figure in Berlin, kept a beautiful equipage and servants, and could speak so prettily of his great estates in Russia. I did not exactly *love* the count, but I certainly did not repel his suit. I looked forward, or I thought in my heart that it would be very pleasant to be a *Madame la comtesse de Samoilow*, and as such be relieved of all mundane cares,

knowing that my present means were often inadequate to meet expenses. Also my ordinarily so prudent mother considered this match the best way of providing for me.

After a time Count Samoilow proposed formally for my hand. He showed a letter from "Justizrath" Bauer (strange enough!) from St. Petersburg, which gave an account of his great fortune. He would settle on me an annual pin-money of 6000 thalers, and, if I cared, I might continue my connection with the theatre.

When my mother replied that a public betrothal could be thought of only when his parents had given their consent, the count some time afterwards brought us a letter ostensibly from his father, which did not merely in the warmest and most affectionate terms pronounce his blessing on the proposed union, but announced his own approaching arrival in Berlin, and held out the speedy unconditional pardon of Count Alexander by Czar Nicholas.

Meanwhile my mother likewise had cautiously made inquiries about her future son-in-law, and heard nothing but what was favorable. Thus at a party she had asked "Geheimrath" Dr. von Gräfe whether he knew Count Samoilow, and he had hurriedly answered her, "Yes, certainly, a very good and wealthy Petersburg family." Then the conversation was unfortunately interrupted by other guests.

Moreover, we heard that Count Samoilow frequented the Russian Embassy, and during a promenade "Unter den Linden," we ourselves saw how my *fiancé* saluted the Russian Ambassador Alopeus in quite a cordial manner, and how the latter returned the salute in a friendly way.

Thus I became the publicly betrothed and much envied *fiancée* of Count Alexander Samoilow. He made me a present of a few pretty, but by no means expensive trinkets.

But the golden fortune was not to be of long duration, and was to come to a terrible end.

One day young Count v. d. Goltz, in the greatest

excitement, rushed into our room, and without any preparation brought us the terrible news,—

"Count Samoilow is a swindler! He is just on his way to prison. He is not a count, and his name is not Alexander Samoilow. He has swindled the Russian Embassy of great sums, cheated a rich Petersburg tobacco merchant of this town out of a thousand thalers, falsified innumerable papers,—what a misfortune for you!"

Yes, indeed! what a misfortune for poor mother and me! We stood there thunderstruck, stunned, unable to utter a word, to form a thought.

Was it really possible? Then we sank into one another's arms, and gave vent to our despair in bitter tears.

Soon our most tried friends arrived: "Justizrath" Ludolff, "Hofrath" Henn, Private Chamberlain Timm, and others, to show us their sympathy, or to condole with us, and to assist us in every way. Timm came at the same time with a message from the king to comfort me and to offer me leave of absence, in case it should be painful for me to appear in public for some time.

But my friends advised me not to hide from the storm, but gallantly to face it, so as not to enable my enemies and enviers to have the pleasure of seeing me crushed by the misfortune. And I had the strength to appear the very next evening in the character of "Fridolin" in Holbein's "Gang nach dem Essenkammer." Our friends had prepared a kind reception for me, and my play was so natural that nobody could have thought that anything was amiss. This, of course, I was able to do only because my heart had never really been touched at all in the whole affair.

During the *entr'acte* the king came behind the scenes and said to me in quite a fatherly manner, "Poor child! Don't vex yourself—vexing business—very vexing! *Mauvais sujet!* Forget him,—soon have better chance!"

Berlin showed me its sympathy by quite an excessive number of invitations. Every one wanted to cheer me up and show me that I had lost nothing in his eyes by

this experience. For my consolation I was told that Frau "Hofrath" Henriette Herz, the famous beauty, and one of the most celebrated ladies in Berlin, had, in her youth, had a similar adventure. A Portuguese Jew wooed her, allured her with his immense treasures, Moors, and parrots that were just on the road, and disappeared with the silver snuff-box of her father.

But nevertheless my enemies triumphed: Mdme. Stich and her most intimate followers, and above all others, Prince Augustus. I received infamous anonymous letters, in which the wonder was expressed again and again that the virtuous theatrical princess, who had scorned a Prussian prince, should have thrown herself in the arms of a Russian valet.

During his trial in the "Hausvoigtei," the unhappy Samoilow behaved very well towards us. Not a single word was uttered by him that might have compromised me. He asked my pardon, at the same time assuring me that only his passionate love had induced him to deceive me!

Even now I do not believe that the unhappy man had any mercenary views. He must have known that we were poor. Moreover, it would have been an easy matter for him to befool the richest girls in Berlin with equal facility.

My mother and I had of course to suffer much humiliation and inconvenience in the affair. We were examined as witnesses on oath, and were required to give up all the trifling presents we had received. But I was spared the pain of being placed face to face with the unhappy man. He was soon lodged in the Spandau house of correction, and I have never seen him since. My sufferings came from mortification, not wounded affection.

As soon as I had recognized in him an impostor, my regard for him vanished at once. I "cast him to the dead," and continued to play on the stage with zeal and pleasure. I had soon recovered all my old serenity and even managed to play, the winter following, in Wolff's new farce, "Der Kammerdiener," in order to show that I

was able myself to laugh at the very similar farce of my own life.

The piece was played first in the "palace" before the king and the court, as were almost all merry novelties. The handsome Duke di Lucca was present. The "Kammerdiener" was a great success. Amalie Wolff played the rich Jewish widow, "Mdme. Hersch," with refreshing humor and the purest Jewish accent. I hear her still sing in her love transports :—

Dich in meinen Arm zu schliessen,
Himmel, welch' ein Augenblick!

Weiss gave "Commerzienrath Hersch," her brother-in-law, splendidly. Handsome Heinrich Blum played the swindling valet, "Baron Schniffelinsky," who turns the heads of all the women and gets them to part with their money — unsurpassably. I played the chambermaid, "Albertine," gaily and pertly, as if the whole "Kammerdiener" (valet) affair did not concern me at all. At the conclusion, stepping forward to the middle of the stage, I had to say, "A valet! Indeed! Would I had known that!" Then Prince August laughed a loud and derisive laugh. But the king called out "Brava!" and clapped his hands with ostentation.

In the play-house the "Kammerdiener" was given for the first time on the 5th of March, 1828. Curiosity, sympathy, and malicious joy had filled the house. My friends were prepared for a little theatre-row; but the play went off quite peaceably. Only some rich Jews were furious at this "Madame Hersch," and did not invite Wolff and his wife any more to their parties. Many of my friends found fault with "Tartuffe" Wolff for having written the "Kammerdiener," and with me for having taken a part in it. At that time I passed it over with the easy-mindedness of youth; to-day I scarcely myself can understand my want of tact. All this was possible only because "Count Samoilow" had become perfectly indifferent to me.

I played in Berlin four times in public in the "Kam-

merdiener." Then, in the spring of 1828, I set out on my tour to St. Petersburg.

During my starring in Riga, which proved such a success, I was again reminded of Count Samoilow. Two years before, he too had made his *début* there as political refugee, commenced a love-intrigue with a beautiful girl of rank, got betrothed to her, and then, after the discovery of his swindling, had been forced to flee. The unhappy girl died of grief.

Soon after there called at our house a pale, very genteel-looking lady, dressed in deep mourning. When she saw me, she burst into tears and asked my pardon for her unhappy son who had sinned so grievously against me. Alexander was her only son; his father, "Kappellmeister" (band-master) Grimm, had been brought to the grave, she said, by his son's misconduct. I tried my best to comfort the unhappy mother.

Then, when I did not hear again for a long time, the name of "Samoilow," I thought the whole mad story forgotten by others, as I had almost forgotten it myself. But the name of "Samoilow" went like a black thread through my life. Thus when I—affectionately hastening to meet Prince Leopold of Koburg—had scarcely put my foot on English soil, the first evil word which met me as a salute was, "Samoilow!" The prince had received anonymous letters from Berlin, in which, probably by accomplices of Prince August, the whole affair had been represented to him in a manner most compromising to me. It was therein stated that I had not only been the betrothed, but the mistress, of the Russian valet.

It was some years afterwards, when I was fulfilling a temporary engagement in Berlin, that I received another sign of life from Samoilow Grimm. He wrote to me from the house of correction in Spandau, asking my pardon in the most touching way; but I did not answer his letter. And the last I heard of the poor wretch was that he had died in the prison of Munich. But how often has his name still rung in my ears, threatening, accusing!

And yet I believe that I was only unfortunate in this affair, and not culpable.

* * * * * *

As a proof that I have related the unvarnished truth, I will quote here an extract from the record of the Samoilow affair by Karl Rogan, clerk to the criminal court. In his history of the Berlin "Hausvoigtei" he speaks of Count Samailoff (as he spells the name) as follows:—

"Among all the adventurers who have ever appeared on the scene in Berlin, Alexander Samailoff occupies decidedly the most conspicuous place. No one, either before or after him, has succeeded more completely, in the guise of a man of rank, in introducing himself into the highest circles, in rapidly winning for himself the favor of old and young, of men and women, by his vivacity and wit, and in so deceiving even the most cautious as to lead, for a long time, a most brilliant life entirely at the expense of other people.

"But, indeed, both physically and mentally, he was possessed of the means requisite for such a performance in the world. In the prime of life, vigorous, of athletic form, with the head of an Apollo, he presented an imposing appearance.

"With these physical and mental qualities, which did not in any respect lack the grand *tournure* of the most aristocratic men, Samailoff united the noblest gait, each of his movements breathed that ease and elegance which are the true marks of a gentleman, a proof of a maturity acquired in the saloons of the fashionable world. As regards the *noblesse* of his *tournure*, one would not have taken him for a born Russian, but rather for a French aristocrat.

"It was in the spring of 1827 that Samailoff first came to Berlin, and his luxurious life, his aristocratic manners, and the winning address with which he understood how to interest everybody, drew upon him universal attention. Samailoff understood in a high degree the art of easily forming acquaintances, and he was all the more successful in this as people met him half way.

"Invitations were showered upon the handsome and gallant Russian from all sides, and soon he was a welcome guest in the *haute-volée* of the Residence.

"Samailoff had introduced himself as a Russian count. He described his father as a high state official in St. Petersburg, and gave himself out as an *attaché* to an embassy at a German court. Nobody even ventured to doubt his statements, for everything spoke in his favor; his appearance, his brilliant qualities, his apparent wealth, his costly equipage and staff of servants.

"Of all his acquaintances, he especially cultivated that of the talented artiste Karoline Bauer, the crown of the disciples of Thalia, whose acquaintance he had made at the Berlin court stage. Her talent had enraptured him; no wonder, for her performances were indeed of the first order, and the charming Karoline with the fiery spirit was the favorite of the whole public.

"Samailoff sought an introduction to the all-enchanting artiste, and found it. In closer intercourse she made a still greater impression upon him; and, carried away by her charming amiability, he confessed to her that he loved and adored her, and could not live any more without her.

"Then Karoline, who on the stage only *played* lovers, felt for Samailoff love in reality, and replied to his declaration with a confession of her feelings for him. Samailoff was the happiest of mortals.

"Karoline's mother, in order not to damage the reputation of her daughter, insisted on a public betrothal. Samailoff readily accepted the proposal. He concluded a contract of betrothal with the beautiful actress, in which he promised to pay a considerable sum as indemnity to his *fiancée*, in case he could not keep his word and obtain his father's consent.

"Everybody envied beautiful Karoline Bauer the rich young count; and in the higher circles, where a different matrimonial union of Count Samailoff had probably been looked forward to, there were haughty sneers at this *mésalliance*.

"This ante-nuptial state had lasted only for a few days, when Count Samailoff was missed at the house of the beautiful Karoline. The bride's perplexity at this was only too soon changed to profound sorrow, when the mysterious veil which had obscured the affairs of the aristocratic Russian was suddenly torn aside.

"Alexander Samailoff, whose life and doings had for some time attracted the attention of the Berlin police, was at last unmasked.

"We find him as a forger and criminal impostor, confined in the Hausvoigtei. It appeared he was neither a count nor the son of a high Russian state official, but—a servant who had been travelling abroad with a Russian family, and had been dismissed on account of some misconduct. He had since then lived by his wits in the world, under different names, and had come to Berlin, too, in the character of a count. His tact, manners, and plausibility, had induced credulous people to advance him large sums of money on forged bills, which enabled him to carry on his part. How excellently he played it we have already seen.

"Samailoff persisted in usurping, during the period of his incarceration, his rank as count with the utmost effrontery, till the most convincing proofs had been procured that he was nothing but a low-born impostor. Then he relinquished all further attempts at imposition. The news of the real status of the handsome Russian, who had so entirely duped the highest society, ran through the town like wildfire, and for weeks the only topic of conversation was this bold impostor.

"Most deeply mortified of all was, naturally, the talented artiste, whom Samailow is said to have loved sincerely. The bold adventurer was sentenced to six years' penal servitude. Shortly after his release from prison he emerged again, it is said, in another part of Germany in his former favorite character.

"Since then, however, no more has been heard of him."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SONTAG FEVER.

SONTAG IN VIENNA—SHE COMES TO BERLIN—CREATES A FURORE—THE AMOROUS SONTAG GUARDS—NINA SONTAG—OPINIONS ON KISSING—SONTAG A GAMBLER—A STORY OF OUR DAYS—LORD CLANWILLIAM—SONTAG BIDS FAREWELL TO BERLIN—THE PARTING SCENE—SONTAG IN PARIS—AT WEIMAR—SHE RETURNS TO BERLIN—CATALANI—SONTAG IN ENGLAND—SHE AGAIN VISITS PARIS—HER ACCIDENT—SHE BECOMES COUNTESS ROSSI—HER FAREWELL PERFORMANCES IN BERLIN—SHE APPEARS IN SOCIETY—COUNT ROSSI—COUNTESS ROSSI RETURNS TO THE STAGE IN LONDON—HER TOUR WITH THALBERG, CALZOLARI, LABLACHE, AND PIATTI—HER DEATH—HER LAST RESTING PLACE.

"ONCE more, ye muses, saddle me the hippogriff to ride back into the old Sontag time,"[1] I feel inclined to say, slightly parodying old Wieland's famous lines.

Who is there to recall with me, as it were in a dream, that old time of half a century ago, when all Berlin was in one sweet frenzy, which found vent again and again in the exultant cry of, "Henriette Sontag, Sontag, Sontag, the unique, incomparable, divine!"

Few contemporaries are left, I dare say, who, with a melancholy smile around the white lips and a glittering tear in the weary eye, can remember that joyous madness. Their descendants will smile at it, and compassionately shake their heads at the Sontag craze of their grandfathers and grandmothers.

And yet it was fair and merry, that old bygone Sontag time, fair and merry as the sunny spring with its fragrant splendor of flowers, and its sweet songs of birds. Fair like the bright time of youth.

It was, in fact, spring when the so-called Sontag fever, like an epidemical intoxication, came over Berlin in one single May night, and without check or abatement seized

[1] Referring to the first lines of Wieland's "Oberon."

the ears, eyes, hearts, brains, tongues, hands, and pens of the whole population, and ever more dangerously, more incurably.

The young Königstadt theatre, although counting its age only by months, was laboring under a serious attack of deficit. The seven directors—six financiers and a lawyer—were in their despair looking out for a deliverer. Who was it that spoke the first hope-reviving word, "Only a prima-donna can save us, only Henriette Sontag from Vienna?" History has forgotten to chronicle the name of this benefactor of mankind. Perhaps it was my admirer and enthusiastic lover of art, Justizrath Ludolff.

Ludolff had been in Vienna in May, 1824, on business, together with his young friend Ludwig Rellstab, and there both had for the first time heard and seen Henriette Sontag.

Rellstab remained pretty cold as regards the young songstress, for in his autobiography, which has unfortunately remained a fragment, he only says concerning this event,—

"To touch upon yet another musical affair, I may state that we heard the celebrated cantatrice, Henriette Sontag, here for the first time singing in a concert, and, I own, we were very much surprised at her uncommonly great power of vocal execution. I must, however, also confess that, however great the charm she possessed in her well-developed technique, and however much this was supported by her graceful personal charms, I could not have predicted from it the success which the artiste afterwards won. It may remain doubtful if this was due to my insensibility, or whether her talent had afterwards so much increased."

Indeed, the Viennese generally did not make much fuss about young Henriette. Thus, so late as October, 1824, a Vienna correspondent writes very coldly to the *Stuttgarter Morgenblatt*:—

"The young singer, Sontag, gave for her benefit 'La Donna del Lago,' in which she had taken herself the part

of 'Elena.' She has represented many parts very happily, but no important progress is noticeable in this talented artiste. It is true that, under present circumstances, she has few occasions for playing, and loses herself more and more in a certain mannerism, which, on the one hand, is laudable, since it arises from a desire to emulate a great pattern; but which, on the other hand, proves an obstacle to the natural development of her own artistic talent. We understand that she is soon going to Darmstadt, to accept an engagement at the court theatre of that place; and being recommended by a youthful and graceful exterior, she will there, in more than one sense, be a welcome acquisition. The musical society in Prague, where she sang this summer, conferred upon her the diploma of honorary member."

Only two masters had even at that period recognized the great importance of young Henriette: Karl Maria von Weber, inasmuch as he wrote "Euryanthe" for her in 1823; and Beethoven, who, in his great concert in May, 1824, entrusted to her the solos of his mass, beside Karoline Ungher, and treated the two beautiful songstresses to a quaint feast and choice sweet wine in his chaotic bachelor apartments. But the wine agreed so badly with the gay young girls, that Henriette had to excuse herself for not appearing at the opera next day. Regarding this dinner, Frau Ungher Sabatier writes quite sentimentally half a century afterwards:—

"I see the plain room still before me, where a rope served as a bell-pull, a large table stood in the centre, upon which was served the goodly roast beef, with the exquisite sweet wine. I see the second room adjoining, entirely filled up to the ceiling with music for the orchestra. In the midst of it stood the grand piano which Field, if I am not mistaken, had sent to Beethoven from London. Jette Sontag and I stepped into this room as into a church, and we tried, unfortunately in vain, to sing something to the beloved master. I remember my saucy remark that he did not understand how to write vocal music, because one note in my part of the symphony lay

too high for me. Whereupon he answered, 'Just learn it; the note will come, no fear.' This word has from that day spurred me to work."

Of Jette Sontag, Beethoven said that she was diligent, but had not much training.

Weber, however, valued Sontag's "Euryanthe" quite as highly as that of Schröder-Devrient, although the two were as different as possible in the conception and execution of the part. Yet he did not venture to hand the entire laurel wreath to either of them as the superior. If Schröder-Devrient's "Euryanthe" stood out by its vigor, majesty, and passion, Henriette Sontag charmed the audience in this part by her grace, loveliness and heartfelt fervor.

Having this picture of the beautiful Henriette in the heart, Ludolff had returned to Berlin, and his mouth was never tired of singing her praise. And when it was certain that the young singer would leave Vienna on the disbanding of the opera, a delegate of the Königstadt theatre had hastened to her, to win the sweet nightingale for Berlin, but returned without having succeeded. Mamma Sontag was a very politic dame. She understood how to sharpen the appetite for her *bonne bouche*. She first produced her on several Austrian stages, and then in May, 1825, came with her to Leipzig on a starring tour.

On the first news of this reaching them, several directors of the Königstadt theatre—Justizrath Kunowsky, Martin Ebert, rich Herz Beer and his wife Amalie, the parents of Meyerbeer, and the clerk to the theatre, Karl von Holtei—hastened with special post-horses to Leipzig to hear the wondrous little bird, and if possible to catch it. When they found in Leipzig other bird-catchers present beside themselves—among them, also a delegate from the Berlin court opera—then they quickly clapped horses to their carriages again, and went to meet the prima-donna the distance of a day's journey on the way to Prague.

Such touching zeal, and a salary of 7000 thalers for a

season, mother Sontag and Henriette could not resist. They signed the contract with the Königstadt theatre, which, however, was obliged—however reluctantly—to take mamma Franziska and Sister Nina Sontag into the bargain.

And then the sweet nightingale came to Berlin, was seen, and had conquered before she had sung a note in public. The Sontag fever was already raging in the whole town. The Kaiserstrasse, in which the goddess lived, was never free from carriages, horsemen, or pedestrians, who wanted to visit, or see the adored one, or to be seen by her.

But when on the 3rd of August, the birthday of Friedrich Wilhelm III., she stepped for the first time before the Berlin lamps as "Isabella" in Rossini's "Italienerin in Algier," then all Berlin was like one great boys' school, full of droll delight and wild enthusiasm.

How many millions of times the name of the divine Henriette was breathed—uttered joyfully—shouted in frenzy—and expressed in moanings by the lips of Berliners in those days! "Henriette" was the permanent watchword, and "Sontag" the universal rallying cry. Where two met in the street, they called out to each other these words with enthusiasm. At all parties, in beer and wine houses, the sole conversation was about *her*. The fish and vegetable-wives upon the Gensdarmen market scarcely thought any more of their carps and onions, but raved about the "Italienerin in Algier;" the cabbies on their boxes spelled out in rapture in the newspapers the endless sonnets addressed to the "göttliche Jette."

The laurel-trees stood soon leafless, and the prices of nosegays rose, so many wreaths and bouquets were night after night showered upon the intoxicating "Italienerin." At the booking-office of the Königstadt theatre there was a perfect fight for tickets, and at night in the crush many a tail of a dress-coat, many a lady's shoe and false tress of hair were lost. But whosoever had not yet seen the "Italienerin" was looked upon as not up to the mark,

and was regarded with a compassionate, half-contemptuous smile.

It was dismally empty in the royal opera and playhouse as soon as Henriette Sontag appeared in the Königstadt, and even the most faithful of our old and young "theatre-guards," who came nevertheless from habit, spirit of opposition, or because they had been unable to get a ticket "on the other side of the Spree," looked at us players and singers compassionately, and allowed their thoughts to wander over to the Königstadt.

And what ill-bred remarks we had to hear! When an enthusiast persisted in regaling the charming singer Karoline Seidler Wranitzky with the triumphs of her rival, and spoke of the flowers with which she was overwhelmed night after night upon the Königstadt stage, the Seidler at last answered petulantly, "Let them kill her with flowers, I don't mind."

A lady who had never shown me much good-will said to me in an offensively sympathizing way, "Do not afflict yourself too much that people speak of Sontag alone, and find her alone beautiful and amiable. This star, too, will set, and then those that are pale now will rise again once more."

One of my old admirers kept repeating, "Do not trouble yourselves on the dramatic stage. It's all of no use. There is for the moment in Berlin only one artist that excites interest. It is foolish to contend with Henriette Sontag."

Is it strange, then, that I was annoyed with the new phœnix without having seen her? Not every one may, like Mdme. Milder Hauptmann, when an indiscreet person asked her, "Is it your opinion, too, that Nanette Schechner is the most splendid 'Emmeline' of our age?" answer proudly, "Since I heard Milder Hauptmann as 'Emmeline' I do not indulge in an opinion about other Emmelines!"

In this by no means agreeable humor I was found one day by my revered music-master, Ludwig Berger. He

looked excited and annoyed. Of course, my first question was, "Well, what say you about Henriette Sontag?"

Then he broke forth angrily—

"No, I cannot endure this mania any longer. Here, at least, with you I had hoped to find a refuge from the eternal Sontag! Sontag! Sontag! and now you too talk of her before I have yet put down my hat. I have come to tell you that I shall be unable to give you lessons for the next four weeks. I must leave Berlin for some time, breathe other air; the Sontag epidemic of this place kills me."

"Tell me, have you seen already the bird phœnix, and heard her?"

"No, nor do I want to have anything to do with the wonderful beast. I am more than satiated with this eternal Sontag! Sontag! Sontag! Wherever I show myself, in the street, in society, in the tavern, I am immediately accosted, 'Isn't she the queen of all the nightingales? A very angel! Did you hear that yesterday in Stralau she ate fried eel and potatoes in their jackets, and drank Weisbier? I hope that she will be none the worse for that! A divine girl!' I only need to put my head out at the door to hear every apprentice boy roar, every seamstress twitter at me, with the sickening lines from the 'Italienerin,'—

Ich rufe Dich, Geliebte,
Mit meiner Liebe Tönen;

of course meaning the divine Sontag. If I take up a newspaper, my eye is caught at once by Sontag! Sontag! Sontag! When and whither she took a drive—at what party she passed the evening—what she had said and sung, eaten and drunk. And what weak witticisms and puns about Sontag (Sunday), the tenor Jäger (hunter), the bass-singer Wächter (watcher), one hears wherever one goes! 'Der Wächter der Sontag-Jägerei' (the watcher of the Sunday hunt) is one of the most innocent among them. The latest Sontag pun which has been hurled into my teeth, at least a dozen times on my way here is this, 'Why does the Sontag sing mostly *mezza*

voce?' 'At the request of the directors, for in this way everyone must hear her in that part at least twice in order to hear her altogether.' No, I cannot endure this lunacy any longer. Perhaps in four weeks Berlin may have turned a little more rational, and may remember that it has in its midst a Milder, Schuzl, and Seidler, who are also god-inspired songstresses. I leave for Frankfort on the Oder."

I had never yet seen my friend, who was generally gentle and just, so excited and bitter. Then suddenly a good thought struck me, and I said—

"Revered master, I have not heard the Sontag yet either. What would you say if we—before you leave for Frankfort on the Oder—went together to hear the 'Italienerin in Algier?' We can then form our own opinion about this new goddess of the Berliners. Perhaps in doing so we may find to our satisfaction that this present frenzy has been called forth by the charm of novelty only; in that case it is sure to pass over in a little. But if we ourselves should be bewitched!"

"Never! never!" said Berger. But he drove, for all that, with my mother and me to the Königstadt the night after. We advanced but slowly, for the long, narrow Königstrasse in its entire length was crammed full of carriages and pedestrians whose course lay towards the "Italienerin."

At last we were seated in our expensive places. The fashionable audience was in gay animation. A humming and singing of "Sontag! Sontag!" went through the densely crowded house. Friends and acquaintances passed to Berger and us, and congratulated us that we likewise should soon see and hear the goddess. "Justizrath" Ludolph did not desist till I had accepted his large Paris opera-glasses, to be able thoroughly to enjoy and admire his favorite through them.

During the overture, which was conducted in a very spirited manner by the youthful, curly-headed little Stegmeyer, the gay bustle and hum continued without re-

straint. She had not yet appeared—*she* for whose sake alone all had assembled here.

At last there came on the scene a delicate, graceful little dame in a sky-blue costume, wearing a little white hat with feather, which enframed a charming, fresh, girlish, finely-moulded forget-me-not face, with fair locks, blue, bright eyes, and a sweet little mouth, which showed, when it smiled, in the sweetest, gayest manner, the most beautiful pearly teeth. The whole, standing or in motion, formed a lovely picture of happy youth, and harmonious gracefulness, but was rather pretty than beautiful.

With what an outburst of joyful enthusiasm she was received, buried amidst flowers and wreaths! When she bowed in acknowledgment, her child-like little face was radiant with the fullness of pure happiness, so that one could not help feeling gratified at her triumphs, and that without any grudge in one's heart.

And then she opened her little rose-bud mouth, just as a little wood-bird opens its beak; so naturally, so unaffectedly, and the sweetest clear bird-warble filled the house with joyous tones.

Her voice was neither full nor strong, but pure as a bell, transparent as a pearl, with a ring of silver, sonorous, especially in the medium tones, very flexible, every sound distinctly articulated, and of seductive sweetness. And how sweet were her quavers, like the clear warbling of the lark! Then again rang out her peculiarly high falsetto in the most difficult passages and "roulades" as accurate as a tiny flute-clock. Incomparably, enchantingly, she sang *mezza* and *sotto voce*. And all this came forth with such playful ease, and without effort, from her pretty little mouth, which I never saw distorted (as afterwards I saw, in the ugliest way, Catalani's, when she sang), that the listener could with the greatest pleasure give himself up to enjoyment.

With charming sauciness the "Italienerin" sang and played the bantering duo with amusing "Taddeo" (Spitzeder), whose *vis comica* even Sontag could not resist.

In the second act she appeared magnificently dressed

en Turque. At the conclusion of her song, "O my Lindoro," at the words, "Dear Turk! dear Turk!" she so enraptured the audience by her purest, most elegant *staccato* that the cheering was endless.

I, too, was overcome, and heartily joined in the universal applause, although I found that people were just going a little too far in the paroxysm of their transports.

My friend Berger beside me also melted more and more, praised her for the most part, found fault in some respects, —for example, her too frequent *mezza voce,* her sometimes too conspicuous *colorature,* a certain want of *finesse* and warmth,—but nevertheless wound up his criticism by saying, "Henriette Sontag is not the greatest singer I ever heard, but certainly one of the most lovable." And he did *not* run away to Frankfort on the Oder. Still Ludwig Berger always maintained, and I had to subscribe to it then, and do so the same this day, that that wild Sontag enthusiasm was carried much too far, and was an unhealthy symptom of that age.

If the people of Berlin had then read the criticism of Frau von Varnhagen they would have smashed all her windows the night following.

Ludwig Robert jokingly called Sontag's singing "lisping of flutes and warbling of nightingales."

The "Italienerin in Algier" Sontag had to repeat upon the Königstadt theatre forty-two times. Altogether she appeared on that stage not less than 211 times, in seventeen different parts, during the two years between the 3d of August, 1825, and the end of September, 1827, to the never-wearying delight of the Berliners. I have myself heard her several times on this stage, thus as "Bertha," in the "Schnee;" as "Angelina," in Rossini's "Cinderella;" "Sophie," in "Sargines;" as "Anna," in the "Weisse Dame;" and as "Mathilde," in "Corradino;" and I grew fonder and fonder of her, not only as a singer, but as an amiable, cheerful, and in spite of the intoxicating homage paid her, a modest girl, after we had become nearer acquainted in society. There she was naïvely merry and often giddy as a child. And what an

amiable, agreeable colleague she, the much admired artiste, was, when afterwards we appeared side by side at public concerts, and in the representations at court; and I even had to sing in Isouard's old opera "Joconde" the part of "Edile," while Sontag sang that of "Hannchen."

Every jealousy was banished; we moved in the same circles, danced at the same balls, and spent especially never-to-be-forgotten beautiful hours, in the hospitable house, in the Thiergarten, of Justizrath Ludolf. There Sontag lived during a whole summer, and put up with a small spare room, for she felt happy and at home in the amiable art-loving family.

There excursions into the country were arranged; thence long walks taken; we would dance, act charades, and make up *tableaux vivants;* and Henriette was the most enterprising and wildest of all. She was a daring horsewoman, and even walked upon high stilts through the garden, not a little proud of the skill she had acquired.

Once my mother said to her, "But, my dear, what if you were to slip and hurt yourself?"

"God forbid, Madame Frau Rittmeisterinn!" she cried with a ringing laugh, holding up one stilt for a few seconds, and enjoying our astonishment like a child.

That was Sontag's most innocent and cheerful time, as she often assured people afterwards; and she ever remembered, as I did, a Christmas Eve in Ludolf's homely house. We and some intimate friends of the house were celebrating Christmas in the evening. Little presents had been hidden under flowers, and amid laughing and merry-making, they were sought and found. When the pretty things were being mutually admired there sounded from the adjoining saloon,—

"Kommt a Vögli gefloge, setzt si nieder auf mei Fusz."

"Ah, the Tyrolese," we cried in the most joyful surprise, and listened to their sweet singing.

Our kind host had invited the brothers and sisters Rainer from Fügin in the Zillerthal, who were in great favor at Berlin then, and had sung at the opera-house and at court, and were not easy to get for private entertain-

ments, since the most prominent families in Berlin were anxious to entertain their visitors with the Tyrolese. There were of them—three brothers and a sister; they sang popular songs (ballads) with really splendid voices. After they had sung "Steh nur auf, steh nur auf, schöner Schweizerbu," Sontag took the sister to the piano, for she wanted to hear to what giddy height her voice would reach. They tried, Sontag softly striking each note on the piano and singing likewise, but soon she cried out, laughing, "I cannot go any higher." Thereupon she yielded to the request of the Tyrolese, and sat down at the piano also to sing something. She chose Mozart's divine "Ihr, die ihr Triebe des Herzens kennt." We thanked her with rapture. The Tyrolese said very calmly in their *patois* nodding their heads as they spoke, "Du singscht recht arti!" Our roars of laughter were an answer to this praise, and Henriette seemed to be greatly amused at hearing that she could "sing very prettily."

Then the Tyrolese had to show us their "Ländler" (country-dance), the true, simple "Ländler." The eldest brother danced it with their sister, the two others singing the accompanying dance air. It was not long before all of us were turning round to the chanted "Ländler" air. Oh, how happy and merry we were!

Ludolf wanted to prepare another triumph for his idol Henriette, and invited one of the Tyrolese to say which of us ladies had the prettiest foot.

We did not object to the fun in order not to disappoint our amiable host, and stood in a circle around our judge, each showing the point of her foot, Henrietta placing her "Cinderella" foot with much grace beside my shoe.

The Tyrolese went very conscientiously about his task, examined very calmly and attentively the ladies themselves, as well as the point of their foot, and, oh, horror! gave the palm to mine.

The Justizrath said in embarrassment, "Herr Tyroler, I fear you have made a mistake. Here, here" (pointing to Sontag), "here is the lady with the smallest foot!"

But the "Herr Tyroler" was not to be abashed, and

replied with perfect equanimity, "Ja, de do ischt de klaanschte und hat de klaanschte fuss. De do aber" (pointing to me), "ischt gross und hat doch e klaane fuss! Also hat de do den priss." ("Yes, she is the smallest, and of course has the smallest foot; but this one is tall, and still has a small foot, so the prize is hers.")

It is scarcely possible to describe the merriment that followed this Solomonic decision; only the Justizrath and I did not join in it. Both of us were in consternation, which seemed to heighten Sontag's hilarity, for amid laughter, she repeated several times, "I don't take it amiss, you know, dear, ha! ha! ha! I *am* the 'klaanschte' (smallest), ha! ha! and poor Justizrath cannot get over *de do* (yon one)."

When saying "Good night" Sontag said, "I never enjoyed myself so well in all my life!" At the same time she invited the Tyrolese to see her next morning in her lodgings in the Alexander-platz, opposite the theatre, where she resided with her mother and sister Nina, and treated the gay, natural singers to a splendid luncheon.

Also the king took a great interest in these Tyrolese, and they had to sing in the palace. He only regretted that one understood so little of the words of the songs, and requested the leader to translate into High German some of the verses, which he would then have printed for the court.

The Tyrolese went to England, and sang there at the Duchess of Kent's, and in the most fashionable circles.

Towards her mother and her young sister Nina, a good, dear creature, Henriette Sontag was exceedingly affectionate and self-sacrificing.

Her mother was a clever woman, but an actress of routine. Even now, during Henriette's engagement in Leipzig, in May, 1825, she had appeared upon the stage, which was under the excellent management of Hofrath Kuster, in the characters of "Mary Stuart," "Baroness Waldhull," and as "Elsbeth," in the "Drei Wahrzeichen" with success, but without exactly carrying away her audience to enthusiasm.

I have seen her play several times at the Königstadt theatre, cleverly, and with good sense, but I missed in her play the warming pulsation of the heart. Besides, owing to her very great—I might say almost alarming—shortsightedness, she had acquired the habit of blinking with her eyes in an unpleasant manner, and poor Nina did the same.

After mother Sontag had become more intimate with us she was fond of relating events of her past life with astonishing frankness, considering her many love-affairs.

When only fifteen years of age she, then Franziska Marklof, had married (in Aix-la-Chapelle) Franz Anton Sontag, an actor in a wandering troupe of comedians. He was very much liked as "Buffo." Franziska played merry lovers, and sang in vaudevilles and operettas. In the winter of 1805–6, both played in Koblenz. There Madame Franziska was delivered of a little girl, on the 3rd of January, at six o'clock in the morning, to whom Mademoiselle Gertrudis Löf, a neighbor, stood chief sponsor, and who received the names of Gertrudis Walpurgis Sontag, as may be read in the registrar's records in Koblenz.

This Gertrudis Walpurgis Sontag is said to be our world-renowned nightingale, who afterwards—from some whim or other—adopted the Christian name of Henrietta, alias "Jettel."

"The words I hear, indeed, but I lack the faith;" for I have several reasons for believing that Henrietta had been born some years before that date, had been reduced in age by her politic mother to suit the prodigy-loving public, and that her proper certificate of baptism had simply been exchanged for that of her younger sister, Gertrudis Walpurgis, who died very young. Thus Ernst Genast says in his "Diary of an Old Actor," according to the information given him by a friend of the family Sontag, who knew the daughters Henriette and Nanni (afterwards Nina) when they were children, that Henriette was born in 1804. And Karl von Holtei, who was a passionate admirer of the beautiful Henriette, in those days of the

Berlin Sontag-epidemic, and was on very intimate terms with her, mentions 1803 as the year of her birth. But what does it matter? Frau Sontag related about little Henriette, "I went with the tender child to a fortune-teller, who prophesied to me that the child's fame would one day re-echo over the whole world—far over lands and seas." At the early age of seven, Jettchen played and sang "Lilli" in the "Donauweibchen." Soon afterwards her father, who had the misfortune to break a leg on the stage, died. Frau Franziska found an engagement at the court theatre in Darmstadt, but it was of short duration. She handed over her two little girls to her mother in Mainz, and went out into the world to seek a new engagement. Iffland was so well pleased with her *début* that he wanted to engage her, but before he could do so he died.

Frau Franziska at last found an engagement under Liebich's management in Prague. Thither Henriette and Nina followed their mother from Frankfort on the Maine, quite alone in the mail-coach, being handed like parcels from station to station, from conductor to conductor. A sad journey! How often must Henriette have thought of this drive when afterwards, with the luxury of a princess, she went on her triumphant tours round the world!

In Prague, little Henriette made her *début* with two airs in Wranitzky's "Obéron," so successfully, that Director Liebich had her educated as a professional singer in the conservatoire, particularly by the excellent singing-mistress Madame Czegca. In May, 1818, she already sang very acceptably the music of "Benjamin" in Méhul's "Joseph in Egypt." Two years later she celebrated her first great triumph in the part of the princess in "Johann von Paris." Everybody was enraptured with her silvery voice and her charming little person.

But most charmed of all was the handsome Lieutenant Wilhelm Marsano, known to all the ladies of Prague as the "irresistible:" he was also the author of several good theatrical plays. He was Jettchen's first-loved admirer, till she went (1820) for four years to Vienna, as German

and Italian prima-donna. There Lieutenant Wilhelm Marsano was succeeded in the favor of the cantatrice by the smart cavalier Count Eduard Klam-Gallas. In Berlin, first Karl von Holtei, then the English ambassador, Lord Clanwilliam, were the most ardent admirers of beautiful Henriette, and for a long time the latter was considered the most favored, till a handsome and talented violinist of the theatre-orchestra ousted the noble lord.

Henriette Sontag was not free from coquetry, or insensible to the pleasure of wholesale admiration; but who could have been angry with her for that, seeing that it caused her a child-like pleasure to see more and more admirers struggling round about her?

This motley menagerie did not even lack a king-lion, whom Henriette's sweet singing and charming person—for she knew how to show it to the best advantage, both on the stage and in society—her alluring eye-play, child-like talk, and fascinating coquetry had strongly captivated, without, for all that, owing to his native shyness, emboldening him to demand the lion's share for himself.

I shall soon revert to the amorous Sontag-guards, old and young.

Even Madame Sontag was not inclined yet to relinquish the sweet game of love. But with her, love became a blind, reckless passion. She had at that time notorious relations with Wegener, the excellent actor of the Königstadt theatre. People even talked of a marriage. Then her lover died. He was the father of her son, Karl Sontag, the favorite *bon vivant* of the present stage. Poor Franz Anton Sontag did not live long enough to see many of the twelve children of his Franziska.

How different was young Nina Sontag compared with her mother and sister! I believe she never had an admirer, and never desired to have one! Even when quite a girl she was remarkably serious and reserved, and old beyond her years. We always called her "little granny." She played small parts, but without taking an interest in them, and also without possessing much talent; she just played them to please her mother and sister. To

them she was devoted with a truly unselfish love. When her sister was having her most intoxicating triumph I feel sure she never sighed a wish that she could have been as beautiful, as talented, as much admired. She was sincerely delighted with her sister's brilliant successes. She was without the least envy—a most devoted soul, even then an exceedingly earnest and pious Catholic, who just tormented herself about her "wicked life" by pangs of conscience. On being once asked what would be her supreme wish, she gently answered, "Peace and quiet, far from the world!" This, her wish, was granted to her afterwards.

I still have a lively recollection of a conversation which was very characteristic both of Madame Sontag and her two daughters. Once Henriette had modestly expressed a wish to visit the "Pfaueninsel," near Potsdam, the favorite resort of her royal patron (King Friedrich Wilhelm III.), then much famed for its splendid flowers and wild animals, when "Justizrath" Ludolf, the captain of all the Sontag admirers, at once arranged a grand excursion by land and water to the place. We started on a glorious summer morning, very early, in open carriages. At the Glinicke bridge we entered gondolas, decked with festive bunting and garlands, and amid singing and music, landed on the fairy island.

The forenoon was passed in rustic games and sauntering about. Upon a great lawn we played a number of different games, such as blind-man's buff, "les graces," shuttle-cock, and other more peculiarly German national games. Henriette was in running and jumping the gayest and smartest of us all, to the delight of her old and young guards, but also to their secret apprehension, lest the sweet nightingale might get overheated and catch a cold or sore throat. But she laughed at all their anxieties with a silvery, ringing laugh, saying, "Ah, this won't do Jettel any harm; and I'm so happy!"

During the splendid dinner under the old lime-trees, and when the foaming champagne was going round, of course the conversation would also turn to the chapter of

sweet love, and eventually to that of kisses in general, and of hand-kisses in particular.

Madame Sontag said in a decided tone, "I have never yet kissed a man's hand, though I loved him ever so madly, and never, never shall I condescend to do so!"

"But, why not, mother?" interjected Henriette, gaily. "I could willingly kiss the hand of a beloved and revered husband, without thereby disgracing myself!"

The whole of the old and young guards cried enthusiastically, clapping their hands, "Brava! Brava! Divine words, sweet angel!" and now demanded that each lady at the table should express an opinion on this theme.

Nina Sontag said in her grandmotherly way,—

"I have no opinion about kissing, and have never thought about it. But I am sure of this, that I shall never kiss either a man's mouth or hand, just as little as he mine, for I shall never marry!"

We all laughed at this strange answer of the sixteen-year-old young girl and her great earnestness over it. And yet Nina spoke the truth!

When my turn had come, I said boldly,—

"If I had to marry a man twenty years my senior, because he had made great sacrifices for the sake of me and my family, I should, from gratitude, not object to kiss his hand, perhaps even prefer it to his mouth. But a young husband would be required to kiss my hand!"

Of course the whole of the Sontag-guards cried that the divine Henriette had got the prize.

Truly touching was Henriette's love for her younger sister Nina. This love was indeed so blind that *la diva* asserted aloud on every occasion, that Nina's voice and talent for singing were much more considerable than her own—

"Nina will soon have put me in the shade on the stage by her beauty, singing, play, and fame!" and whoever ventured to raise the least objection was soundly rated by Henriette.

Altogether Henriette showed on every occasion great kindness of heart and much good nature. I once saw her

come, very weary and fagged, from a rehearsal in the Königstadt theatre. Excitedly she said to "Justizrath" Kunowsky,—

"I cannot appear to-morrow in the part of 'Weisse Dame.' In fact, I must not sing so often. You overtax my strength. I shall be ill. Please countermand the 'Weisse Dame' for to-morrow."

But when Kunowsky spoke of the great loss the management would incur in consequence, since all the tickets had been sold already for next day's performance, then she appeared after all at night, and that as the most charming "Weisse Dame."

Only once Henriette thwarted the management of the Königstadt as far as their exchequer was concerned—to please an old friend.

Moscheles writes with reference to this in his diary on the 21st of November, 1826—

"Concert day. Fräulein Sontag, who was not permitted to lend me her active aid, because the managers of the Königstadt refused their permission to any singing of hers out of the theatre, assisted me passively by reporting herself hoarse, and instead of singing in 'Sargin,' she came with my wife to my concert. When I thanked the celebrated singer, she said, with the sweet smile peculiar to her, 'But, dear Moscheles, should not an old Vienna friend help to frustrate the cabal of a theatrical manager? Jettel is still Jettel.'"

Henriette behaved also most generously towards an old rival who had formerly caused her much vexation.

Once Unter den Linden she heard a little ragged girl sing, in the purest Viennese dialect, Bäuerle's populär song, "'s giebt nur a Kaiserstadt, 's giebt nur a Wien," which had become a favorite song also with the people of Berlin through Holtei's "Wiener in Berlin." Henriette gave the little singer some trifle, and then kindly asked about her circumstances, her parents, and how she had come to Berlin.

Then the child told her frankly—

"I was born in Vienna. My mother is very poor, and

blind. She was once a splendid singer. Amalie Steininger is her name."

Amalie Steininger! with what emotion did Henriette Sontag hear this name! Amalie Steininger, the Vienna prima-donna, had pursued young Henriette Sontag, on her first coming to Vienna from Prague, with envy and malice, with intrigues and cabals, from the very day of her arrival, and had not been satisfied till she had succeeded in driving her away.

And now this old enemy was a blind beggar. But Henriette neither showed triumph nor felt it. With a tear in her eye she went to see the old colleague; never by a word did she remind her of the old times in Vienna, and magnanimously provided for the poor artiste till her death, and, further, charged herself with the education of her daughter.

Beside so much light, I may be permitted, without suspicion of ill-feeling, to point to some small shadows.

Next to her skilful coquetry I only know of one weakness in Henriette Sontag—a strange passion, which even then showed itself in a marked degree, and which was to cause so many bitter, sorrowful hours to Countess Rossi afterwards, nay, which perhaps was among the causes that compelled her Excellency the Ambassadress to sing again for money—her passion for gambling! During the most animated *soirée*, the gayest ball, Henriette could sit in an adjoining room at the card-table with the gallant Russian ambassador Alopeus, and for hours, with feverish haste, and perhaps twenty packs of cards, play the then fashionable game of *Grab*.

But even this the Sontag enthusiasts considered *genial*, charming, divine, and whatever were the ruling Sontag epithets.

Then suddenly, in March, 1826, there fell from an unclouded sky, like an icy hailstorm, into the fever-burning Sontag Berlin, a little book of eleven sheets, bearing the title,' 'Henriette, die schöne Sängerin: A story of our days. By Friemund Zuschauer." Leipzig, F. L. Herbig, 1826.

What a noise and lamentation this produced, as if the world was to come to an end. The old and young Sontag guards went raging through the town, burning to wreak vengeance on the abominable pamphleteer. Beautiful Henriette cried, and ringing her hands, ran to her august protector at the palace, asking satisfaction. The good king immediately ordered the book to be confiscated and prohibited throughout all Prussia. The more fanatical of the Sontag enthusiasts took post-horses to Leipzig and bought up the rest of the accursed pamphlet, and solemnly handed it over to the flames.

Thus "Henriette, die schöne Sängerin," has become a great literary rarity. At that time the few copies that had escaped destruction went stealthily from hand to hand, and were devoured in secret. For weeks Berlin talked of nothing but this outrage.

To-day we scarcely comprehend all this, and smile at the harmlessness of the little book. We are accustomed in our comic papers and polemic *brochures* to something more peppery and biting. Indeed, our modern song-stresses would be delighted if a *littérateur* would write for them eleven sheets of such puff as that written for Henriette. Freimund Zuschauer has nothing but praise, although not always in the most delicate language, for the celebrated singer, and his witticism and sarcasm are only aimed at the host of her admirers who, as a truth, did suffer to a silly extent from Sontag-frenzy fifty years ago. But even this wit and sarcasm sound to us harmless to-day.

But let the reader judge for himself. Among my papers I find a copy of the "shöne Henriette," which escaped the *auto-da-fé* of that period. I here quote the most characteristic parts of it. First of all the beginning literally, with my explanations in parentheses—

"The opera (in the Königstadt theatre) was at an end; but the volleys of applause which were to do appreciative honor to the talents of the young singer Henriette, who had just made her *début* as the newly-engaged member of the theatre, seemed to go on for ever. Ever anew the

noisy clapping of thousands of eager hands was heard, mingled with the incessant call of the name of the beautiful dame. At last the curtain rose again. The lovely angel appeared in all the gracefulness with which she had charmed the audience the whole evening. Compared with the noise that now rang through the house, the previous clamor might be called silence. Everybody abandoned himself to the loudest outburst of transport. Only the young songstress herself was not allowed to express *her* feelings in words, and had to retire with silent bows; but her eyes, sparkling with pleasure, plainly betokened what she felt. However, almost plainer still spoke the looks of all the gentlemen, both young and old, in the theatre; none were there out of whose eyes the god of love did not peep mockingly. Even old Field-Marshal von Rauwitz (General von Brauchitsch, commandant of Berlin)—upon whose head, grown grey in wars, one could scarcely count a single hair—even he, in his great age, seemed to be struck by an arrow against which he probably thought himself too securely armored. For not only has he tried to arm his breast with a hard brazen armor against Cupid's shots, but his precaution went further, for even his face, not excluding the nose, he had, with the aid of Bacchus, who is a better workman in copper than Vulcan, covered with a purple coat of that glowing metal. His eyes, in order to be safe there also, had the same kind god, Bacchus, helped to turn into a glassy state. But Cupid, defying the defensive alliance, had nevertheless penetrated, how, the gods alone know; however, it was undoubted, for the adjutant heard the marshal say on leaving his box, 'I would forego the aroma of Pontac for three days, if thereby I could purchase one kiss from this awfully pretty girl!' and he could not have employed a stronger affirmation. 'Major Regelino' (Zechelin) had suffered in a similar way, and, though he had almost become a fixture in the Casino, consented this once to miss his game, and to dream in the opera, for he had probably heard nothing, so much had the young singer blinded, nay, stunned him. When he entered his car-

riage he called out to the coachman, 'To the Königstadt theatre!' which he was just leaving.

"More than these, two royal counsellors, 'Hemmstoff" (Hermstorff) and 'Wicke' (Wilke), intimate friends through similarity of artistic inclinations and theatrical habits, I say still more were these captivated by the wondrous phenomenon. Wicke allowed his languishing eye to linger once more upon the drawn curtain, then he said, 'Friend, what is life without the delight of love? Oh, now do I understand the tender-hearted poet!' 'True, very true!' Hemmstoff replied, in vain trying to put his hand through his hair (for the scythe of time had mowed from his head this stately ornament, and only from former habit made he this movement of negligent elegance); 'the poet speaks true, very true indeed. Oh, I feel confoundedly hungry. Let us eat something down stairs in the dining-rooms.'

"Now there (below) are found assembled the whole of the old and young Sontag guards over oysters and champagne, singing the praise of the beautiful Henriette. A French *abbé*, with a large pate still balder than Hemmstoff's; a tall, thin man in a blue dress-coat, wearing a cross in his button-hole, with gray, carefully-dressed hair, red face, puckered into a thousand folds, dressed like a dandy of twenty-five. He was styled Lieutenant-Colonel (von Freskow). Then came the young stage manager of the Königstadt theatre, Karl von Holtei. The author relates rather amusingly how all the art patrons of Berlin, especially those having names borrowed from the beasts of the forests, as Herz Beer (bear), Martin Ebers (boars), went to Leipzig in order to hear the beautiful Henriette there; how the Government, apprehending a dangerous political movement, refused passports to Leipzig for the time, and the Leipzig town militia would at last allow no Bär (bears) or Hirsch (harts) to pass. Wicke still indulges in the elegiacal reverie, 'Oh, the sweet, unspeakably sweet, lovely singer, richly gifted with the most charming qualities! She looks at us smiling, and smiles again, and we weep, half with rapture, half with pain!'"

The third chapter, "Kabale und Liebe," shows us the prima-donna "Karoline" (Seidler-Wranitzky), and the first lover "Auguste" (Stich-Dühring) in tears and distress, on account of the triumphs of beautiful Henriette. All *their* admirers help to draw *her* triumphal chariot, and in the Alexanderstrasse; in front of No. 70, where Sontag dwells, carriages are constantly waiting. "Baurath Rahmer" (Krahmer), and step-mincing "Count Sellin" (Schwerin), "Justizrath Udorf" (Ludolff), banker "Rahlinger" (Krelinger), as well as his tall son with the spectacles and the carbonari cloak (the subsequent husband of Stich), "Lord Monday" (Clanwilliam)—all, all of them, and many more still, lie at Henriette's feet. The neglected favorites resolve to get criticisms fabricated against Henriette, and sonnets in honor of themselves. For the former purpose they have the critic "Scillobold Avecca" (Willibald Alexis), and editor "Quark" (?), which latter had once written a crazy opera, and loved to appear in shoes and white stockings, and a coffee-colored surtout. For the sonnets in their own praise, the critic and poet "Rennstein" (Rellstab) is suggested—"a stout youth with a moustache, and a big pair of spectacles. He pretends to be wise and turns up his nose at everything." Karoline: "The same; but cannot turn up his nose much, since it is rather too flat." Then "Saffian (Saphir), an extremely witty and penetrating fellow with his journal *Höllenpost* (*Schnellpost*)." Gloomy "Raupenbach" (Raupach) is to compose a severe article against Henriette; the same or perhaps "Puckbulz" (Spuckschulz), or "Ruhwitz" (Gubitz) is to publish in his paper *Der Menschenscheue* (*Freimüthige*), a song of praise on "Karoline" and "Auguste;" "Arion Sirion" (Ludwig Robert?) is to improvise mock poems in social meetings against Henriette; "Quintus Curtius Rufus" (Friedrich von Uchtriz) is to write a new history of the life of Alexander in parody, on the great phœnix of the Alexanderplatz, and "Karoline's" constant admirer, the pale youth in the blue surtout—a referendary or young jurist, who afterwards married Karoline's daughter—shall fight for both.

In the saloon of the singer we meet all her faithful, among them the boorish "Lord Monday" (Clanwilliam, English ambassador to the court of Berlin), and the elegant Count Regenbogen. But above all others, the singer favors a young unknown musician of the orchestra, Werner (violinist of the orchestra).

Then the director of the Königstadt theatre "Brückbauer" (Justizrath Kunowsky, who built the Rocli-Brücke over the Königsgraben), enters, pale, spattered with blood, and relates, "I was just at the office of my cashier, and inquired of him how he was getting on with the sale of the tickets for to-morrow's performance, in which you, dearest Henriette, will appear for the first time in the part of 'Amanda.' I received the gratifying news that one single ticket is left. At this moment two officers, Lieutenant Spitzdegen von Witzleben, an accomplished dancer and swordsman, and, Lieutenant Maulbeer, his bosom friend, enter at the same time. Both ask, as if by agreement, if they can get tickets for 'Amanda.' The clerk, shrugging his shoulders, shows the last remaining one. As the harpies of old flung themselves on the meals of the poor King Phineas, these two rushed at the ticket. A contest arises; we try to intervene in vain! Already the swords are flashing in the hands of the two skilled champions; in vain we spring between them. The blows fall fast as lightning, and thick as hail; and before a minute has passed, Maulbeer, struck by a terrible blow, lies bleeding on the ground; and Spitzdegen, who had not escaped scathless, nevertheless triumphantly picked up the ticket with the point of his sword, and walked out with his precious booty." Henriette swoons.

Another duel ensues. The death-pale admirer of the singer Karoline, Agrippinus, he who wears the blue surtout, challenges in the rooms of Jagor, the purveyor to the court, the insulters of his lady-love, the most ardent admirers of Henriette, the lieutenant-colonel, counsellor Wicke, and banker Haifisch.

The duel takes place in Stralau. Wicke and Haifisch, in spite of the tropical heat, prepare to ward off cut and

thrust by putting on three pairs of deer-skin breeches, likewise three woolen under-jackets, and thick silken neckties. Haifisch receives a cut upon his back part, but only his woolen or leather armor suffers a little damage. The duel is over. They proceed to take luncheon in Stralau. There Henriette has just arrived, together with her admirers, on an outing arranged by Lord Monday. His lordship had met with a mishap; he had encountered on his way a company of artillerymen, whose gun-carriages blocked the way to his lordship, who was on horseback, which led to insults and blows on his part, for which his lordship in return received a thrashing at the hands of the gunners (a fact). All kinds of childlike games are engaged in on the meadow: cat and mouse, "Drittenjagen," widower's game, during which counsellor Wicke and banker Haifisch perspire terribly in their threefold armor. The day is brought to a close by a boating excursion on the lake. The boat is capsized; all are thrown into the water, but nobody is drowned.

"Werner and Henriette love each other. The beautiful singer is going to forsake the stage, and only give one last farewell concert. Haifisch and Wicke simultaneously offer her their hand for a rich marriage. But Henriette remains faithful to her Werner, and, as a reward, he turns out to be a rich count in disguise, 'Klammheim' (Klam-Gallas).

"Beautiful Karoline marries her pale knight Agrippinus and Augusta the Counsellor Hemmstoff." Thus this dreadful satire ends like a silly comedy.

The author concludes in these words, "In my merry good humor I have made sport of many, or rather only derided their follies. He who indulges in them should not complain that they are laughed at. He who is not conscious of such folly, was not aimed at. And thus I hope that nobody will be angry with me."

But, oh, how angry they were. How they inquired for the unknown author! At first it was generally believed that Saphir was the criminal, but he had no difficulty in clearing himself of suspicion; he said: "Had I written

'Henriette, the Beautiful Singer,' I should have written it better, wittier, and sharper. You may take my word for it, that Sontag and her 'guards' would not have got off so easily under my pen;" and one might give him credit for that.

Nevertheless, he received immediately after the publication of the wicked book a hint from high quarters. Varnhagen writes about it, the 16th of April —

"Mdlle. Sontag, the songstress, has applied to the king and requested him to protect her from the attacks which Herr Saphir was constantly indulging in, in his *Schnellpost*. The king issued a privy order to his minister Schuckmann, and the latter a rescript to Saphir, in which he was forbidden all personal attacks, and more especially any directed against Mdlle. Sontag."

Then it was said that "Karl von Holtei was the author, that he especially wanted to avenge himself on Lord Clanwilliam, because the rich Englishman ousted the poor German poet from the heart of the beautiful singer. Indeed, Holtei is the only man who is praised in the book." Lord Clanwilliam sought to kill Holtei with his looks, and did cut him in the street.

At last Ludwig Rellstab had to acknowledge the authorship. Now the whole of the Sontag guards were down upon him. He received I do not know how many challenges. His paternal friend Ludolff broke with him. Lord Clanwilliam brought a lawsuit against him at the Kammergericht, at the instance of the foreign minister; Rellstab was found guilty of slander in two instances, and sentenced to three months' confinement in a fortress, which he underwent in Spandau during the summer of 1828.

But as years passed on, Henriette, the beautiful singer, conquered even Rellstab's critical ire, and he became her warmest supporter in the *Vossische Zeitung*.

After this scandal Lord Clanwilliam disappeared from Berlin for some time; then he returned with the old fervor to the feet of his goddess. He gave a splendid supper to her and Catalani, and it was generally believed

that Henriette Sontag would shortly become Lady Clanwilliam.

With her admirers, and in reality that meant the whole of Berlin, the Sontag frenzy became all the more enthusiastic after the publication of "Henriette, the Beautiful Singer." The unique, incomparable, divine one had now become at the same time a martyr.

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And then there followed a day of the deepest Sontag mourning for all Berlin. Henriette Sontag took farewell of the Königstadt in "Cinderella," on the 29th of May, 1826. Although it was an absence only of a few months, it was, nevertheless, a bitter parting hour. If the old and young Sontag guards had been raging in jubilant raptures till now, they now raged in parting woe.

How many dozens of times Henriette was called before the lamps on that evening! What an amount of sighing! What tears! How many cartloads of flowers! How many bottles of Eau de Cologne! How many hundreds of sonnets were poured out over her! Who could think of figures on that sad, tearful evening in May? Only Karol von Holtei, who, in spite of his little love-defeat by his English lordship, was still burning and glowing at the head of the young Sontag guards. Holtei himself afterwards related that on that evening he allowed no fewer than six printed farewell sonnets, addressed to the beloved Henriette, to flutter down from the high Olympus upon the divine one. Among the poems was one by Friederich Förster, with a threat to the French: "If you should try to keep this nightingale for Paris, then we must show you that we can again fetch back our Victoria[1] from the Seine." The parting singer was moved to tears, and sobbed, "I do not deserve so much love and goodwill."

Then, when after the performance she appeared at the door of the theatre, she found the whole of the large square filled with a surging, humming multitude, closely packed.

[1] Alluding to a statue of the Goddess of Victory, which the French had stolen during the wars and carried to Paris, whence it was carried back again to Berlin by Blucher.

These were the thousands who had not found room in the theatre. She was received with thundering cheers.

Although it was only a hundred yards to her apartments in the Kaiser von Russland, situated on the other side of the Alexanderplatz, she nevertheless wisely entered her famous red carriage, the state carriage of the livery-stable keeper Gentz, of Unter den Linden, in order not to be crushed by love and admiration. The way to her hotel was strewn with flowers. The red Sontag carriage was known all over Berlin at that time. Whenever it came in sight anywhere, at once ladies and gentleman, master and apprentice, boots and cook, rushed to the spot in order to form respectfully a passage for the glorious one, and, if possible, to see her; perhaps even to receive a thankful look from her forget-me-not eyes. And what a demand there was for the red carriage—for those days and hours when Henriette did not require it. Every one wished to revel on the same cushions—dream in the same red corner that had been consecrated by Sontag. In order to supply the demand, Herr Gentz had a second red carriage built; but Berlin could not be deceived long, and the new red one was regarded with distrust. And when, after her return from Paris, Henriette selected a coach of the green color of hope from the store of Herr Gentz, the red one soon went quite out of fashion.

So in this red carriage Henriette Sontag made, under the thousand-voiced *vivats* of the multitude, her triumphal procession to her apartments on that sad evening in May, 1826. In front there marched a music band. There was a really dangerous crush about the red carriage; it could only proceed step by step. In front, at the sides, and behind it, the old and young guards, laden with flowers, formed the escort of honor. They were permitted to accompany their idol into her festively illuminated and flower-decked dwelling, to spend the last evening in her sweet society. Outside in the square the excited multitude continued to sway to and fro till well on into the night, listening to the serenade by torchlight of several military bands, and never tired of crying,

"*Vivat! vivat!*" till the sweet one appeared with one or other of her chosen guards upon the balcony, and waved her thanks with her handkerchief. Then arose the thousand-voiced cry, "Come back! come back!" And she joyfully nodded affirmation.

Next morning, the most faithful of her guards gave the parting singer a festive escort in carriages to Potsdam, where they assisted at a brilliant concert in the town theatre of that place, in which Henriette took leave of the court, too. All the tickets had long been bought up by Berliners, and the king also had driven expressly to Potsdam for the purpose. He came to the stage to bid a hearty farewell to his dear nightingale, and to wish her godspeed and good luck in Paris. At the same time the king said, "Been much fêted last night—good Berliners made great noise in the theatre, and also under your windows—hardly been able to go to sleep—must have bothered you at last—at least, I can't endure the fuss—don't like it."

Henriette answered with her most charming smile, most beaming glance, and most child-like tone, "Ah, your Majesty, that is nothing novel for you; but when such a thing happens for the first time to a poor singer, she does feel very happy, I assure you."

And the good king went away more charmed than ever.

Henriette continued her journey to Paris under the chaperonage of her theatre-mother and lady companion, Baroness von Montenglaut, who had formerly figured as reciter and authoress.

After the stormy parting, another, if possible still more painful, woe befell the faithful Sontag guards in Berlin. The anxious question was asked louder and louder, "What if our goddess should perhaps not succeed in that hard-to-please, whimsical Paris? What if they even prepared a *fiasco* for her, in revenge for *la Belle Alliance?* That would be terrible, awful!"

And in the newspapers some malicious, fault-finding voices, Saphir in his *Schnellpost* leading, came out boldly and ever more boldly, prophesying, "Henriette Sontag will make a terrible *fiasco* in Paris beside artistes like

Pasta and Malibran. This pretty little songstress in the small Italian *genre*," they said, "wanted deep-felt tragic and genuine passion to carry the French away with her. Her singing lacked the genuine Italian *portamento di voce;* she even wanted the perfect quaver. With the little taste she possesses, she wont get on in Paris; there they demand poesy, fragrance, warmth of tone, and execution, and, beyond mere singing, a hot beating, feeling heart. Nous verrons."

The old and young guards were furious, and raised a hue and cry, tore their locks and wigs, but gradually went about more humble-mouthed and crestfallen; awaiting, full of fear and trembling, the first news about the first appearance of the beloved Henriette.

But when, eventually, the news arrived, "We have gained a brilliant victory; Henriette has taken Paris by storm," then there was no end to the exultation. The first news of the victory of Waterloo could not have been greeted with more enthusiasm in Berlin. The most passionate Sontag rivals sank with emotion in one another's arms, and then walked on beaming with joy to announce the great tidings in all the cafés, wine saloons, and clubs.

One news of victory followed the other in quick succession. Cherubini, Rossini, Boildieu, Paer, and Auber, all combined in dragging Henriette's triumphal chariot.

After one of her most brilliant successes in the great opera, suddenly a stentorian voice in the pit was heard to say, "Il faut déclarer la guerre au roi de Prusse."—"Comment cela?"—"Pourquoi?"—"La guerre."—"Revanche!"—"Quoi?" The house was in the greatest excitement, till the same powerful voice continued,—

"Oui, oui, Messieurs, la guerre! Mais non à conquérir le Rhin, mais pour conquérir Mademoiselle Sontag!"

This evoked an indescribable enthusiasm.

Henriette even obtained the honor, rare upon the Paris stage, of having handed to her, as the Queen of Song, in token of the gratitude and homage of musical Paris, *la couronne*—a crown of flowers which outweighs a thousand German wreaths of individual devotees.

When Henriette returned to Germany in the autumn she had become a celebrity of the world. Her journey was a triumphal progress. In remembrance of the olden time, when she lived with her grandmother in Mainz, as a poor child of comedians, and whence, with her little sister Nina, she had made the long journey to Prague in the wretched mail-coach, she sang German again for the first time on the Maine, and then she hastened to Weimar, to sing to Goethe. And Goethe sang to her in return.

Goethe writes to Zelter, dated 9th of September, 1826,—

"That Mdlle. Sontag has now also passed us, dispensing melody and music, makes at any rate an epoch. To be sure, every one says that one ought to hear her often, and hundreds would gladly sit again in the Königstadt theatre to-day and all day, and I among them. For, properly speaking, one ought to conceive and comprehend her first as an individual, recognize her as an element of the time, assimilate one's self with her, accustom one's self to her, then she must needs remain a sweet, agreeable enjoyment. But heard thus, *ex tempore*, her talent has more confused than comforted me. The good that passes by without returning leaves behind it an impression which may be compared to a vacuum—is felt like a want."

In Berlin the beloved Sontag was received in triumph by her old and young guards, who had gone out in carriages and on horseback to meet her outside the city; and on her first reappearance in the Königstadt theatre on the 11th of September, 1826, she was welcomed with shouts of joy, flowers, and poems; but — oh, outrage — there mingled with it also some shrill whistling, because it had become known that Henriette had accepted a three years' engagement at the Italian opera in Paris, and because she had stayed a few days beyond her leave of absence.

Now there began a dreadful noise in the house, as if the people were about to pull it down. It came to a grand hand-to-hand fight between those who clapped their hands and those who whistled. In vain the terrified

king, who had hurried his home journey from Teplitz, in order not to be absent on this day of honor to his favorite, sent twice his adjutant to the scene of the fight to restore order, till the police arrested the shrillest whistlers. The whole performance remained one of the greatest excitement.

But then the Sontag fever continued to rage in its old enrapturing glow, if possible more violent than before. Also by the court Henriette was distinguished in every way. The king not only conversed with her at the court concerts, and during the little familiar dinners which Timm gave to the songstress, he met her also in the palace of the Princess Leignitz. Thus Varnhagen makes the following entry in his diary, on the 4th of October, 1826:—"Mdlle. Sontag and Mdme. Lemière-Desargus are daily in the society of Princess Leignitz; the former instructs her in playing the piano-forte, the latter gives her lessons in dancing, French conversation, and in various forms of deportment."

In the summer of 1827 it was said in Berlin everywhere that Sontag would accompany his Majesty to Teplitz on his special invitation, but this joint journey did not take place, because too many comments had been made on it beforehand.

When, about the same time, Sontag's favorite parrot made his escape, the king sent her a new one through Prince Wittgenstein with the jocular words, that his Majesty had selected his most beautiful and cleverest bird even at the risk of making Princess Leignitz jealous.

Such Sontag anecdotes were then busily carried to and fro for days and weeks, and listened to with never-tiring interest.

Nay, the heat of the Sontag fever in Berlin became more and more wild and irregular. Only some comparatively self-possessed people shook their heads at it apprehensively, and tried in every way to cool down the unnatural glow, among them, more especially, Ludwig Rellstab in his criticisms in the *Vossische Zeitung*. The jubilee year of song, 1827, with the brilliant performances of

Angelica Catalani and Nannette Schechner (whom Rellstab placed much above Sontag) furnished him with welcome opportunities. Thus he writes about the Catalani, and her execution of the famous and very difficult variations by Rode, that were originally composed for the violin, and which Mara had been the first to venture on singing,—

"Mdlle. Sontag also has made a great name for herself by it. In comparing the two performances, our opinion is that, with a voice of facile flexibility like that of Mdlle. Sontag, she may well surpass her rival in certain small respects of precision; but that, on the other hand, in the delivery of the air, as well as in a general daring fluency, Mdlle. Catalani carried off the palm by a long way; not to mention the conscientious simplicity with which the latter songstress devotes herself to whatever may be her immediate task, so that even songs which in themselves would hardly please an elevated taste, acquire with her a naturalness which gives them a decided right to exist, whilst with other singers they obtain rarely more than mere sufferance. The relative position of the two singers would thus be about that of a copy *en miniature* compared with an original painting in its natural dimensions."

On the 5th of November, Henriette sang for her benefit the part of "Aménaide" in "Tancred." On this occasion the king presented her with a gift of 400 Friedrichs-d'or and two gold salvers full of trinkets, Princess Leignitz sent her a gold chain, and the crown princess kissed her tenderly in public after her last performance at court.

The charming enchantress had bewitched everybody.

Shortly before her departure she received from the king an autograph farewell billet, and a letter of recommendation to the Queen of the Netherlands, a sister of his Majesty.

On her new triumphal journey to Paris Henriette sang once more in Goethe's house at Weimar, November 11th, 1827, and then publicly in his native town of Frankfort on the Maine, where the otherwise so morose pessimist, half-deaf Börne was inspired to write his famous Sontag

apotheosis, though previously he had been greatly enraged against her and the whole Sontag frenzy everywhere. He writes as follows,—

"My mind was full of the most indignant things, all of which I was going to publish. But, since I have heard and seen the enchantress myself she has bewitched me also like the rest. Now I wish to praise her, but who will furnish me with the words? One might put a prize of 100 ducats on the invention of an adjective that has not been used for Sontag and none would win the prize. She has been called 'the indescribable, the heavenly, the incomparable, the divine, the universally admired, the matchless, the adorable, the adored, the delicate pearl, the dear Henriette, sweetest of maidens, darling little girl, the heroine of song, divine child, the champion of melody, the pride of Germany, the pearl of opera.' I approve of all these epithets with all my heart. To praise our singer let me speak of the frenzy which she has caused here; for such universal intoxication, well, if it does no credit to the toper, it does at least to the wine. Henriette Sontag might, with a slight alteration, say like Cæsar, '*Veni, vidi, vici!*' Victory went before her, and the fight was merely a game for the glorification of the victory. The landlord of the hotel in which Fräulein Sontag had lived for a fortnight, on her departure refused to accept any payment, and in acting so he raised and rejuvenated the old 'Römische Kaiser' into a Prytaneum in which illustrious Germans of the Fatherland are entertained. Visitors flocked up in great numbers from long distances,—even from Cologne and Hanover the strangers came pouring in."

It was just as it used to be at the Olympian games. An Englishman who could not obtain a place in a private box, wanted to rent the whole pit for himself, and, when it was pointed out to him that such could hardly be done with propriety, he seemed very much surprised at the continental *pruderie*. A young man tramped the eight leagues from Weisbaden to Frankfort, just arrived when the doors were opened, succeeded in gaining a seat by

storm, was good-natured enough to give it up to a lady who felt faint, stood on his feet, then fainted before the performance began, and as there was no room for a swooning man comfortably to fall in, was shoved from hand to hand, standing and lifeless, out at the door, and only recovered after the curtain had fallen for the last time, and returned that same night on foot to Wiesbaden. A citizen of this town was so much exhausted owing to the crowded and stifling state of the theatre that he had to go home, and died the same evening. There was also talk of some accidents and fits, and of people who had to keep their beds for several days. During these days the *Advertizer* was crammed full of advertisements of lost chains, rings, bracelets, veils, and other things which women lost in a crowd.

Mdme. Catalani is said to have criticised her thus, "Elle est unique dans son genre, mais, son genre est petit!" But all who ever heard her as "Desdemona" in Rossini's "Otello" will find this criticism very unjust. One forgot entirely the trashy libretto of Rossini's "Otello;" one saw and heard only Shakespeare's "Desdemona." She was as worthy of admiration in the simple song that touches the heart, as in the fancy *bravura* that only dallies with the ear. Old men were seen to weep; such an effect mere mannerism cannot produce, be it ever so incomparable and unheard of. Her modest tones, her wonderful intricacies, quavers, volées, and cadences resemble the pleasant childlike ornamentation of a Gothic edifice, which serves to mitigate the severity of the lofty pillars and arches, and to couple the delight of heaven with the delight of earth, but not to despoil and degrade that severity. The enthusiasm which Henriette Sontag kindled as "Desdemona" was like a Greek fire that is unquenchable.

I feel giddy! I have seen Germans intoxicated, not with wine, but with enthusiasm.

Yea, the whole world lay in a Sontag fever. Who could therefore find fault with the hot-blooded students of Göttingen, that they not only unyoked the post-horses of the

mail-coach in which the *diva* rode, and yoked themselves to it, and thus drew the goddess into their seat of the muses on the Leine in triumph, but, moreover, in the intoxication of their enthusiasm even plunged the royal Hanoverian mail-coach into the Leine, so that no unworthy mortal should, by riding in it, ever desecrate this rumbling box thus consecrated by the divine Henriette.

I am silent regarding the new triumphs which *la diva* achieved in Paris in the grand opera and in society. Here she made the acquaintance of the Sardinian ambassador at the Hague, Count Rossi, who, in the most extravagant way, laid his homage at her feet. Thus the count awaited her once with his carriage after the opera, he himself, in the livery of a coachman, opened the carriage-door for her, and drove her home. Such homage Henriette could not resist. Count Rossi became first favorite among her Paris guardsmen.

In the spring of 1828 the sun, Henriette Sontag, rose for the first time on the mists of England; beaming, darkening all other suns, worshipped like the heavenly constellation of the sun-worshippers! For not merely as singer—but also in English society, which, as a rule, is so rigidly exclusive, and which dares to separate itself in the chamber concerts by a silken cord from the acting and paid artistes, even such as Pasta, Malibran, Schröder-Devrient—even in this society Henriette Sontag occupied an exclusive position. The French ambassador, Prince Polignac, introduced her at the house of the Duke of Devonshire, who gave in her honor a brilliant ball. An eye-witness writes thus about it to Goethe—

"Fräulein Sontag danced with especial grace. The most fashionable world crowded around her, anxious to hear a few words from her lips. This is a distinction without example in London."

Nay, more still, the Duke of Devonshire—the same who once during one of his musical *soirées* patted the celebrated French singer, Lafont, on the shoulder, in the midst of an air he was singing, with these words, "C'est assez, mon cher!"—and Prince Pückler-Muskau, who was

travelling in England at the time, laid, almost simultaneously, their hearts and respective coronets, of duke and prince, at the feet of the celebrated singer; but Henriette did not pick them up. She considered herself bound to Count Rossi.

In the London diary of Moscheles we read the following with reference to this sojourn of Sontag in England,—

"From the day of her arrival, the 3d of April, she was the cause of endless pleasant and sweet enjoyment. The charming young lady, independently of her talent, was most seductive and fascinating in her appearance. Free from presumption or caprice, she came and went everywhere. Nay, when she is seated at our own domestic table, we entirely forget that London looks forward to her *début* with intense interest. To-day, in the great rehearsal of 'Barbiere,' she enraptured every one in her part of 'Rosina.' When she appeared on the balcony her lovely appearance was greeted with applause; when she entered the stage with her 'Una voce poco fa,' her voice and singing enthralled everybody. Never did a shadow fall upon any of her London performances. The throng in the stalls of the opera-house (where the tickets cost *only* a guinea) was so great that gentlemen arrived at their seats without their coat-tails; ladies without their head-dress. I could not tell which of her representations I considered the most successful; for her singing is always enchanting, and although I am conscious of the absence of the greater dramatic effects, still the naturalness and sweetness of her play and appearance during the performance occupy one's attention too much to allow one to miss anything. Even when she sings her variations upon the Schweizerbue, it never occurs to me, 'How does she manage to gurgle thus?' For her performance is perfect in its way.

"At the grand dinner which Prince Esterhazy gave in honor of Mdlle. Sontag there were present Prince and Princess Polignac, Baron Bülow, Count Redern, Lord Hertford, and Lord and Lady Ellenborough. Mdlle. Sontag sang in the most enchanting manner at night.

That the Duke of Devonshire soon afterwards invited Fräulein Sontag to his ball, and even danced with her, caused great sensation at that time. The charming young lady wore that evening a very transparent dress of white crape, to which a trimming of genuine gold braiding lent a classical appearance; her sweet appearance was heightened still more by the handsome gold ornaments she wore in her hair, and around her finely modeled neck and perfect arms and hands.

"Once we had the good fortune to see our sweet, celebrated countrywoman among us in a somewhat numerous company; she was enchanting, worthy of love; her ways, her singing, everything called forth admiration. Walter Scott, who happened to be in London at the time, had paid us a visit; he was delighted to meet Sontag, and she, who was just about to appear in the 'Donna del Lago,' considered herself very fortunate to make the acquaintance of the youthful old man. He was all ear and eyes when she asked him about her costume as a Highland lass. He describes to her every fold of the plaid with that minuteness peculiar to him. I may mention besides that 'Jettel' had among us two former admirers; the one was Clementi, not less enraptured than Scott. He flourished with the freshness of youth. But now you should have seen how the two hoary old men, Scott and Clementi, were delighted with one another, shook hands, and in spite of each other's courting of and admiration for Sontag showed no mutual jealousy."

On the 24th of July "the star of the season" returned to Paris.

From thence dismal news suddenly reached Berlin. "Our Henriette, who accidentally put her foot on a cherry-stone in her drawing-room, slipped and has hurt her knee dangerously. She is not allowed to appear on the stage, or go into society. Oh, the terrible misfortune! the dear angel!"

In feverish excitement, disconcerted and inconsolable, the old and young Sontag guards ran about in Berlin, and wherever two met the first question was, "How is she

doing?" "No good news arrived from Paris yet?" "Do you not know any particulars of our beloved sufferer?" Sighs and shakes of the head were the answer.

The Justizrath Ludolf, quickly resolved, ordered post-horses, left law-suits and clients behind him, and drove to Paris day and night, to inquire after the beloved. He found Henriette surrounded by sympathizing friends and admirers, more blooming than ever, resting upon the sofa. There was not the least danger in her case; only she was not yet permitted to rise. Count Rossi devoted to her his tenderest care.—The naughty cherry-stone!

Nevertheless Rudolph returned from his sick visit in remarkably bad humor. He had heard a certain rumor in Paris; and then in Berlin, too, people excitedly whispered to one another—"Faithless Henriette has concluded a clandestine marriage with the Sardinian ambassador at the Hague! But in the meantime she will remain on the stage; she will also continue to go by her maiden name, for Count Rossi has no private fortune, and his relations, and likewise the King of Sardinia, are opposed to this union with a singer." In the latter part of 1829 I met Henriette Sontag and also Count Rossi in Paris, of which more in a later part of my memoirs.

In the spring of 1830 "Mdlle. Sontag" appeared on her last concert-harvest in Germany—also before the Berliners. She did not intend ever to appear on the stage again, because that was not considered becoming for her Excellency the Ambassadress Countess Rossi. And everybody by this time knew in Berlin—in Germany—nay, throughout the world, that "Mdlle. Sontag" only existed for the newspaper advertisements and concert programmes. The general expectation was all the greater, as people were curious to know how her Excellency the countess would look and behave as Mdlle. Henriette Sontag. The attendance at her concerts was, if possible, greater than ever.

This is proved by the criticisms of Ludwig Rellstab, who had, long ago, overcome his rancor against the Berlin-Sontag mania and its author, and had more and

more surrendered himself to the sweet enchantress. Thus he writes about Henriette's first concert in Berlin on the 9th of March:—

"Rarely indeēd have we attended a concert with more intense expectations, and with sentiments which interfere more with an unbiased criticism, than that in which Mdlle. Sontag sang, the day before yesterday, for the first time since her return from Paris. The applause was of the warmest kind."

At the desire of the king, and upon the urgent entreaties of her admirers, Countess Rossi was induced to appear as Mdlle. Sontag sixteen times more on the stage of the opera-house. First as Desdemona. Rellstab writes as follows about it:—

"A splendid, nay stormy, reception on the first appearance of the artiste, proved to her that her excellent dramatic performances would be received with the former delight, and the old confidence. The issue was in accordance with our expectations. . . . Lofty, and softly overshadowed by a most touching expression of sadness, the outward appearance of the artiste, her attitude, performance, and movements were quite in harmony with the character. In the most passionate moments she preserved dignity and grace. The volubility of her voice is an accomplishment of the songstress already too universally recognized to need comment. Less universally appreciated in her is that higher virtuosity with which she manages to shade whole musical periods, to round them, and often to heighten them to quite enrapturing force, gradually rising even to the highest pitch of effect, as, for instance, in the third act, through her plastic and incomparably beautiful execution of the romance."

Zelter admires her beautiful dumb-play in this part, her natural voluble manner of singing, and remarks that, although varying at each performance, she nevertheless always remained Desdemona, and further reports to Goethe thus—

"If her voice is not the most beautiful I have known, at least it is pure, with heart, without phlegm, and there-

fore so obedient to her ways and will that it always does the right thing. Also her mouth is not perhaps the most beautiful; still one hears no tongue; she speaks so clearly with her lips that one does not need words. In short, everything about her, from head to foot, even her dress is song."

Zelter only regrets "that she is always surrounded by swarms of old, gray, silly fellows who make her presents."

And then came the mournful evening of the 22nd of May, 1830, on which Henriette Sontag took leave for ever of the German stage as Rossini's "Semiramide." As I had left Berlin a year before, and therefore cannot give an account of this tearful event from personal observation, I quote in extract Rellstab's critical notice:—

"The third representation of the opera 'Semiramide' was the last in which Mdlle. Sontag (who, by this time, has left our town) appeared. The greater tension and elevation which every solemn movement gives to our strength seemed also to produce its effect on the rich talent of our artist, and to animate her to an unwonted performance, accustomed though we are to her always remarkable representations. Her whole conception and execution of the part resembles a beautiful stream with luxuriant banks, which from its source to its mouth discloses perpetually new charms to our eyes. A loud, continuous applause, or that higher approval which announces itself in anxious expectation in our breast, that dominates all listeners, and produces the profoundest silence, testified with what power art penetrated every heart. One looked forward with a kind of fear to the conclusion, when this stirring singing will perhaps cease for ever, and the fair performer disappear from the scene of her mighty activity — to return no more. The curtain fell. All seemed desirous to show her once more the entire breadth of the enthusiasm which her talent had enkindled. The applause that shook the house was indescribable, intermingled with the vociferous calling of her name. The curtain rose again. She stood before us; a shower of flowers and poems rained down upon her. Only after a

long pause she addressed to the audience a few words of thanks, from which we fondly drew the hope that it might not be the last time that the artiste would appear before us. She was about to withdraw when Herr Bader appeared with a wreath in his hand, and, in the name of the Muse of Song, addressed a few words to her, whilst, at the same time, from the other side there entered Mdlle. Wolff, who with significant emphasis also offered to her the homage of the Muses who protect histrionic art. The whole of the vast assembly was bound to share this acknowledgment, as well as the wishes and expressions of homage, contained in the various poetical effusions showered down upon her."

The king sent the charming actress another 400 Friedrichs-d'or for his ticket.

In those May-days Henriette appeared also in Berlin, for the first time, at a ball in high life, namely at the Russian ambassador's, Count Alopeus. The intendant, Count Redern, was the first bold and gallant cavalier who engaged the songstress to dance.

Eighteen years later Rellstab added to his last Sontag criticism—

"Indeed, the performance above mentioned was that with which this most charming and graceful artiste concluded her dramatic career. She undertook one more triumphal tour through Europe, but only appeared at concerts, renouncing the stage for ever. Her transition to a very different sphere of life necessarily withdrew her from art. The side to which the balance of her life inclined has much to recommend it; still, fame lay in the other scale, and the name of Henriette Sontag will never be effaced from the annals of art."

Two years later, Rellstab lived to see the Countess Rossi return to the stage as Madame Sontag.

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It was not until after Mdlle. Sontag's great concert tour in 1830, which brought her large sums of money—for example, in Hamburg alone she netted in three eve-

nings 13,202 marks[1]—that Count Rossi, the Sardinian ambassador at the Hague, made public his marriage with Henriette, who had previously been ennobled by the good king Friedrich Wilhelm III. Both, however, seemed to consider it advisable to leave the Hague soon afterwards, and, in consequence, Count Rossi obtained his removal to Frankfort on the Main, as ambassador to the German confederation. Here Countess Rossi became the centre of society. She charmed everybody by her beauty, amiability, grace, and cheerfulness; by her singing, and her kindness of heart. Readily she took a part even in the most amateurish of dilettanti concerts. Once, when during such a musical soirée, the Baroness Rothschild was to sing a solo and stuck in her part, Countess Rossi, who stood behind her, helpfully at once took up the song, and hidden by her music, sang the part successfully to an end. Of course, the good people of Frankfort were wondering very much how the Baroness Rothschild had so suddenly come by these nightingale tones.

The Countess Rossi also, repeatedly, took an active part in charity concerts in the church of St. Catherine; and once, when she was told that a poor invalid had expressed an ardent wish to hear her sing before she died, Henriette did not disdain to visit the sick-room, and gladden the sufferer by her singing.

Soon afterwards Count Rossi was transferred as ambassador to the court of St. Petersburg, at the special request of Czar Nicholas, who was a great admirer of Madame la Comtesse de Rossi—gnol, and there Henriette was worshipped amongst the most celebrated stars of the court. She was on the most intimate terms with the Imperial family, and almost nightly sang with the young grand dukes duets and songs, such as the Czar liked. Nay, the rigid, ungenial autocrat of all the Russias was sometimes softened and moved by these heavenly tones, to such a degree that he himself sang sacred trios with his lovely and favorite daughter Alexandra, who was destined to so early a death, and Countess Rossi. At the request of the

[1] One Hamburg mark equivalent to 1*s.* 3*d.*

Czar, Madame Rossi—gnol appeared several times before the court, in the characters of the "Sonnambula" and "Lucia." When King Charles Albert of Sardinia heard of this, he expressed his disapproval of these unbecoming theatrical resuscitations of the spouse of his ambassador, and, in a very decided way, forbade Count Rossi the semi-public comedy-playing of his wife. This was followed by a diplomatic exchange of very sharp notes between the courts of St. Petersburg and Turin, Czar Nicholas declaring very emphatically, that all her Excellency the Ambassadress of Sardinia was doing was by his request, and must not be called unbecoming. But it was only when the Czar of all the Russias threatened to break off all relations with Turin, if the countess-ambassadress should in any way be thwarted in her theatrical inclinations, that the King of Sardinia gave way. But the latter never forgave Countess Rossi this diplomatic defeat.

Her Excellency the ambassadress sang also before the general public of St. Petersburg in a concert of Madame Czegka's, her beloved teacher at the conservatoire of Prague. The grateful heart of Henriette had invited this excellent singing-mistress from Vienna to St. Petersburg, and procured for her a distinguished post in the new theatrical academy, as well as many private pupils in the wealthiest houses. Madame Czegka was also appointed singing-mistress to the Grand Duchesses Olga (the present Queen of Würtemburg), Alexandra, and the two daughters of Grand Duke Michael. She who, as singing-mistress at the Leipzig theatre, under Hofrath Kustner's management, received a salary of only 600 thalers, now enjoyed an annual income of 20,000 roubles[1] in St. Petersburg. And a concert which Countess Rossi gave, in grateful remembrance of her early years in Prague for her maternal friend, brought the latter a net gain of 14,000 roubles. Besides, her Excellency observed the same reverential conduct towards her old teacher as in those days, and would not permit Madame Czegka to call her otherwise than "Jettel" and "thou."

[1] A rouble is equivalent to 3*s*. 2½*d*.

One day, after this only appearance of Henriette in public, an old music-enthusiast, an Armenian, called on her in St. Petersburg, and told her his story, that he had accomplished the long journey from Charkow to the city of the Czars, in order to hear her sing, but had been unable to obtain a ticket. Now he was reluctant to return home without having at least seen the wondrous nightingale.

Immediately Henriette went to her "grand," and sang Desdemona's song of the willow, moving the enthusiast to sweet tears, and being herself charmed even to weeping that she had been able to do so.

I know it from her mother, who was then living in Dresden with her younger son Karl, and with whom I kept up a friendly intercourse, that Henriette provided in the most loving way for her mother and brother—for poor Nina had before this entered a convent. In vain had her politic mother tried everything in her power to obtain for Nina the brilliant position on the stage which had been vacated by Henriette. How sadly this had failed in Berlin in "La Dame Blanche" we have seen already. Three years later Nina suffered a still severer defeat in London as "Zerlina." It was only to please her mother that the poor victim encountered all these renewed and joyless experiments. Her quiet, unselfish heart desired nothing of life beyond peace and quiet. So she told me, as late as the summer of 1840, when I saw her for the last time in Dresden; and as she spoke a deep religious enthusiasm shone from her eyes. Soon afterwards she entered the convent of the Carmelites at Prague, as novice. These Carmelite nuns are subjected to the severest rules; they wear next the skin, day and night, a coarse hair-cloth garment and sleep in their coffins, on straw. They are only permitted to eat fish and pulses, and even that humble food they are often in want of; and then the starving wretches chime their little tocsin, that humane hearts may take pity on them. Their special saint is "Maria electa," whose incorruptible body has been kept in the cloister for centuries; it moves its hands and arms—by a mechanical

contrivance, the profane world pretends—the nuns say, by a miracle.

The delicate frame of poor Nina could not stand this severe discipline. The prioress herself procured her transfer to another and less rigid order. Thus Nina Sontag took the veil in the cloister of Marienthal near Görlitz, following the example of our beautiful and talented colleague at the Königstadt theatre, Maria Hérold, who had lived since 1833 as nun in the cloister of St. Mariastern, in Bautzen, in Saxon Lusatia.

How I, together with Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, saw Countess Rossi again in the Dresden theatre, during the representation of the "Huguenots," I have already related.

Four years later I met Henriette for the last time in Dresden, at her mother's house. She was amiable and cordial, as in the olden time when we were colleagues, and would not listen to the title of Countess, or Excellency, between us. She recalled with special fondness the gay time we had spent together in Berlin, where we had played, sung, and danced together, and particularly that merry Christmas night in Ludolf's house—the house which had meanwhile come to so sad a fall. She did not know either where or when our unfortunate friend Ludolf had ended his career; but she reproached herself that, in her youthful thoughtlessness, she had accepted from him so many sacrifices, never dreaming that she, too, was thus contributing to his ruin.

Then we talked of St. Petersburg, where I too had lived for three years. But in the gayest conversation, Henriette repeatedly showed traces of sadness. Her mother soon afterwards confided to me that Count Rossi was unable to maintain himself any longer as ambassador in the costly Russian capital, that he possessed no private fortune, and that Henriette's savings had by this time been completely consumed. The count had applied for a removal to the same post in Berlin, where living was less expensive. But even there they would be unable to keep up their position with his income as ambassador

alone. Henriette, therefore, was seriously thinking of re-entering the stage. Count Rossi had already taken preliminary steps at the court of Turin with that view.

But King Charles Albert roundly refused his consent; his ambassador's wife was not to sing for money. But he gave Count Rossi the confidential advice that he might, apparently owing to conjugal differences, separate from his wife; nobody could then hinder her from appearing again on the stage as Henriette Sontag. After the attainment of the golden end the couple might come to terms again before the world.

But Count Rossi and Henriette loved each other, and their children, too sincerely to think of adopting so unworthy an expedient. So they tried to make the count's income as ambassador alone meet their expenses. It is well known that Countess Rossi became again the enchanting favorite of the new court of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. and of the fashionable world, just as Henriette Sontag had once been the *enfant gâté* of the old court of Friedrich Wilhelm III. and of the whole town. With what mixed feelings must the Countess Rossi have entered again those saloons at court in which Henriette Sontag, as "chamber singer to his Majesty," had enraptured the fashionable world? Her form I remember quite vividly now—the tender, sweet maiden in a dress of white silk, wearing blue asters in her fair locks, bright joyfulness beaming in her forget-me-not eyes, as she stood beside me at the entrance of the ball-room after the musical representation in the palace, while we whispered to each other our remarks about dancing royalty.

From the notice of an anonymous contemporary, which was printed in 1842, I gather, however, that even then, when I saw Henriette in Dresden for the last time, the possibility of her return to the stage was publicly spoken of. I quote the following,—

"Whether the reports current, in 1841, that she would appear on the stage again, owing to deranged finances, are well founded, whether, as it is said, her visit to Vienna at the beginning of 1842 has anything to do with it, a

near future will reveal. It would, at any rate, be a pity if she who, when in the bloom of personal attractions, and in the zenith of her splendor, voluntarily withdrew from the wondering world, should, at the wane of that splendor, and with decreasing powers, have to come before the public again."

These reports were persistently renewed during the following years. Thus I read at the beginning of July, 1849, in a Frankfort journal,—

"The *Indépendance* learns from the *Observateur*, a paper generally well informed in musical matters, that the report of Countess Rossi being about to fulfil an engagement at the opera is without foundation. The countess would, on the contrary, together with her husband, who has quitted the Piedmontese diplomatic service, take up her residence permanently in Brussels. The paper congratulates the *haute volée* of Belgian society on this new acquisition, since the countess's eminent talent has been left intact by time."

The Frankfort journal continues, — "We give our readers this information, which, however, the *Indépendance* does not vouch for, adding that Countess Rossi, shortly before leaving Berlin, visited the business premises of Herr Gerson, and there made purchase of light colored silks to the amount of several hundred thalers, which silks she previously carefully tested, as to their light effects, in the Moorish room of the firm. Time will decide whether this testing was meant for Brussels society or the London proscenium."

And the question was decided a few days later in favor of England.

The troublous year 1848 had also shaken the throne of Charles Albert of Sardinia, and the war with Austria had exhausted the finances of the country. Count Rossi had every reason to be uneasy about his position as ambassador.

His spouse thought more and more seriously of returning to the stage, there to win by her talent for her husband and dearly beloved children a golden future.

She had cautiously made inquiries in London, through her devoted friend, Lord Westmoreland, the English ambassador in Berlin, as to what Mr. Lumley, manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, would say to it. Mr. Lumley made as cautious inquiries in Berlin regarding Countess Rossi, her voice, and her personal appearance, and was delighted to hear that the Countess Rossi, during the twenty years that had elapsed since her departure from the London stage, had—oh, miracle!—grown only a very little older in appearance than the enchanting Henriette had been, whether as to voice or figure. On the other hand she possessed an altogether novel charm for old and young England—since a real ambassadress London had never yet seen on the stage.

Thus began a series of most cautious negotiations between the manager and the songstress; first through the mediation of Lord Westmoreland, afterwards through Thalberg, the famous pianist, who was giving concerts in Berlin, 1849.

Early in April, 1849, Thalberg writes to Lumley,—

"Nothing positive has yet been decided, but we may hope for a speedy success. The prospect of having to return to the stage seems greatly to vex the countess; I saw her shed tears at the very mention of it. But the watchword in Piedmont is at present 'economy,' on account of the millions that have to be paid to Austria. Twelve ambassadors have already been recalled, and her husband will very likely be the next to go. Or, instead of an ambassador, a *chargé d'affaires* might be substituted, and his salary reduced by one half. Under these circumstances the countess feels that the sacrifice she would have to make might become a necessity on account of the future of her children. Her fate will probably be decided in a week or so, when she will immediately write to you in London. I talked to her of the importance of publishing this news at once in England; but she declared on the contrary that these negotiations must for the present remain the greatest secret."

Soon afterwards the Countess Rossi herself writes to

Lumley, who had already made her an offer of £6000 for a season's engagement on his stage in London,—

"When Herr Thalberg was here everything seemed to indicate that I should soon be able to accept your offer. However, political events seem to have somewhat consolidated the position of Piedmont since then, and you will understand that in such a moment I must not come to a resolution which only absolute necessity could justify."

Then, on the 4th of May, a letter of the countess contains the following,—

"Since my last communication decisive steps have been taken in Turin, and at the latest on the 15th inst. we must receive a categorical answer. If this should be one favorable to your proposal, you might expect me in London as early as the 25th of May. I am quite sensible of the great difficulty and unpleasantness of your position, and I should be glad indeed if it were in my power to end this wretched uncertainty. But, no doubt also, you will understand with what difficulties we have to deal, and with what delicacy to act. As soon as I am once more Mademoiselle Sontag, your interest shall be wholly mine: to you I shall devote myself with heart and soul."

But also in the subsequent letters Lumley had to be put off again and again—the last word had not yet been spoken.

It was not until June that Count Rossi definitively lost his post as Sardinian ambassador to the court of Berlin: immediately Henriette signed a contract, on the most favorable terms, for two seasons at Her Majesty's Theatre. But despite her difficult and painful pecuniary situation, she would have evaded this step had she not been assured by her old patron, the Grand-Duke George of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and by Lord Westmoreland, that Mdlle. Henriette Sontag would exist solely for the English opera, but that in the aristocratic English drawing rooms her Excellency the Countess Rossi would hold the place due to her.

And thus, on the 7th of July, 1849, when the German, French, and Belgian journals were still discussing the

question whether Countess Rossi had tested those light silks in Gerson's Moorish room to ascertain their light effects for Brussels society, or for the London proscenium, Henriette Sontag stood already on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre in London, in the character of Donizetti's "Linda di Chamouni," and had been received by the crowded house with a perfect storm of applause.

What feelings must have filled her breast in that trying hour! The thought of the past, when, fully twenty years ago, she last sang before this audience, and how different everything was then! The thought of her aged mother in Dresden, who was anxiously looking for the first news of the success or failure of this reappearance; the thought of her beloved sister Nina, in the gloomy garments of a nun, who, doubtless, at that moment was kneeling down in her quiet, bare cloister-cell, to pray for the success of her beloved sister upon the bright, giddy, sinful boards! The thought of her husband and her dearly beloved children, whose future depended on the issue of this hour!

Also the heart of many an old admirer of young Henriette's of the gay time, twenty years ago, would be beating with anxiety till this lady above forty, the mother of four children, had sung her first note!

But, when this note had sounded through the breathless house, oh, wonder! the twenty years that nip the beauty of so many other fair ones, that dim so many a bright eye, destroy so many a graceful form, and so many a silvery voice, were alike wiped away. Henriette stood again before the Londoners in the old charm of sweet, youthful beauty and gracefulness, and her clear, silvery voice sang its exultant notes and quavers as purely, captivating the ear, and bewitching the heart, as in the old, young days of the year 1829. The miracle was incomprehensible, but it was also indisputable.

After this, Henriette Sontag was overwhelmed with ovations in the theatre, night after night—and Countess Rossi was idolized in the fashionable world.

After "Linda," she sang "Rosina" in the "Barbiere,"

"Amina" in the "Sonnambula," "Desdemona" in "Otello," "Susanna" in "Figaro," and had no need to fear comparison with the young Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, who had, shortly before, entranced all England. But she did not now venture to play "Donna Anna," or "Lucrezia Borgia." Henriette Sontag always knew herself, and her vocal power, so well that she never sang a part in which she might possibly fail, or which might turn out dangerous for her voice. Thus she never appeared in an opera by Spontini or Meyerbeer. She did afterwards sing "Lucrezia Borgia" *once* more, but immediately put it aside again, finding it no longer suitable for her, till she sang her swan-song in Mexico.

The Countess Rossi's triumphs were hardly inferior to those of Henriette Sontag. She shone, danced, and sang in the saloons of the Duchess of Cambridge, of the Duchesses of Cleveland and Rutland, the Russian ambassadress, Baroness Brunnow, and others; and the most magnificent country-seats in England and Scotland received Count and Countess Rossi as highly honored guests.

At the end of the year 1849 Mademoiselle Sontag undertook a grand concert tour through England and Scotland, together with the artistes Thalberg, Calzolari, Lablache, and Piatti. On the route from Glasgow to Aberdeen, the railway train stuck in a snow-wreath, and the delicate lady had to struggle along on foot through the terrible snowstorm. Count Rossi wrote to Mr. Lumley regarding it,—

"If Madame de Rossi had shown less courage and energy during these perils, in the dead of night, in the deepest darkness—the snow lay six feet deep, and the storm threw us off our feet when we left the railway carriages—all of us would have been found frozen to death in the compartments the next morning. About midnight every trace of the carriages had disappeared under the snow. If we had been obliged to walk another hundred yards before we found a shelter, we should all have dropped down dead on the way. When we reached

the house Lablache and my man-servant fell down unconscious. Madame de Rossi has been profoundly affected by this dreadful incident. She had to dry her clothes before the fire without taking them off. You may judge how much her voice has suffered in consequence, and how impossible it is for her to sing in concerts at present."

Count and Countess Rossi consequently accepted the invitations of the Dukes of Rutland and Cleveland to Belvoir Castle and Raby Castle, respectively, to recruit themselves.

In her second season in the Italian opera Sontag charmed the public in several new parts, such as: "Zerlina" in "Don Juan," "Miranda" in Halévy's "Tempesta," in the "Puritani," in the "Daughter of the Regiment," and in "Semiramide." In the last-named character, which she had selected for her benefit, she pleased least, whereupon she discarded it for ever as unsuitable.

In November, 1850, Countess Rossi faced a Paris audience for the first time as "Sonnambula." Gustav zu Pullitz, who happened to be staying in Paris at the time, but who had to leave the day following, owing to the mobilization of the Prussian army, writes concerning it in his "Theatrical Reminiscences"—

"The event caused an unusual amount of expectation, and a keen discussion of the hazardous enterprise, although Countess Rossi had proved already in London that she was still the first songstress of the world in her line. This very proof, given in foreign parts, made the Parisians distrustful. The people there want to be makers of their own enthusiasm; nay, more, they arrogantly usurp the pretension that without the Paris stamp of recognition there exists no celebrity at all. We, the German countrymen of the singer, had often had to break a lance on her account, owing to this Parisian incredulity; thus it was natural enough that we all wished to be present at the first performance. But it was impossible to obtain tickets for the opening night of the Italian season, so we had been forced to look forward to the fol-

lowing nights; but I, who was to leave Paris next day, saw every prospect cut off, perhaps for life, of seeing this prodigy of the stage, whose loud ovations had rung in my ears when a child, and who now, like a long-hidden treasure, was raised once more to the light, to be seen, heard, and admired. That made my departure from Paris more trying still."

Through the mediation of bandmaster Karl Eckert—of whom the reader has heard already as a prodigy, and who, at the special request of Countess Rossi, conducted the Italian opera in Paris at the time—Gustav zu Pullitz after all received, at the eleventh hour, a ticket for the opera "Sonnambula," and thus is enabled to report about the bearer of the title-rôle.

"The celebrated singer appeared on the stage, but not a sign of the applause which her mere name would surely have justified greeted her. Even the best-disposed demanded that she should herself earn her Parisian renown. Nay, a silent predisposition to be dissatisfied was observable. We, the friends of the artiste, sat there in anxious suspense. But after her first appearance, at her first notes, a whisper went through the house, 'Is that really Henriette Sontag, the mother of grown-up children, the songstress who delighted us when on the summit of her fame, twenty years ago?' Indeed, Sontag, despite a slight embonpoint, was so youthful in appearance, and so graceful in her movements, so fresh in the sound of her voice, that the fable suddenly sprang up that she was not the mother, but a daughter Rossi, who was to renew Henriette's fame; and it seemed not improbable. But now the singer displayed that incomparable vocal skill for which there seemed to exist no difficulty, and by it not merely exploded that fable, but also overcame, as by storm, every prejudice, and, as it were, carelessly and smilingly won for herself the applause till now withheld, but which, at the very first finale, broke out tempestuously, and then continued, ever increasing, to the end of the opera. With this the fate of the Italian season was

decided, and Henriette Sontag adopted in Paris in all security of splendor.

"There is one thing that has always remained faithful to this wonderful woman during her changeful life, which led her through the indigence of subordinate theatre existence, then through all the transports of the highest successes as an artiste, and through the brilliancy of an elevated social position, namely, an uninterrupted chain of homage, which, however, she merited not merely by her talent, but by her grace, amiability, and her heart, as humanely kind as it was earnestly art-inspired.

"And yet, in spite of the feverish interest with which I followed the issue of that evening, this 'Somnambulist' could not efface from my mind the impression which another interpreter of that character, Jenny Lind, had left on me of this very part—an impression never to be forgotten. If the latter ranked second to Sontag, so far as the art of singing in the true Italian style, nay, even beauty of voice, were concerned, she nevertheless surpassed her in her peculiar, self-created conception, to which a wonderfully touching sweetness of voice lent an irresistible and never-to-be-forgotten charm.

"A year later I saw Sontag in London as the 'Daughter of the Regiment,' which she sang and played with the frolicsomeness of a girl of fourteen; but it was not before another year had passed that I saw her in Hamburg, in the full display of her vocal and mimic art, executing her part in a manner such as I have never again witnessed on the stage; I refer to her 'Susanna,' in Mozart's 'Figaro.'

"Also in Hamburg the artiste was obliged to fight before she conquered. People were annoyed at having to pay abnormal prices to hear a singer who had completed the fortieth year of her life. Moreover, the Hamburg theatre just at that time had a singer of its own of the *genre* of Sontag, who was justly admired, but whom a by no means inconsiderable party of theatre *habitués* wrongly considered unsurpassable. Well, this party looked upon the successes of Sontag as a kind of insult and slight to

their own favorite, and there was a rumor that a demonstration was to be made at the theatre on the evening when the two songstresses were to appear together in the same play. Everybody knew about it, and well-meaning though tactless people went so far as even to inform Countess Rossi of this, warning her, nay, conjuring her, not to sing in 'Figaro,' as her Hamburg rival was to appear in the character of the page. Henriette Sontag quietly neglected these epistles, and appeared as 'Susanna' on the stage. And now she sang and played around the page, whom she did not lose sight of for a moment, and so completely drew him into her play that it would have been impossible to accord the least applause to 'Cherubino' which would not necessarily have been for 'Susanna' also. Well, it may be imagined that this applause was a perfect storm, but it was accorded to 'Susanna' alone, and never had a more deserved one been bestowed upon an artistic performance."

During the great International Exhibition in London, 1851, Henriette Sontag was once more the adored "Star of the Season." At that time she first sang the so-called "Sontag Polka," specially composed for her, which has since become a national song of England.

In December of the same year she visited her native town, Koblenz, where she received ovations like a queen. She sang in a concert for the benefit of the poor. Hoffmann von Fallersleben, then living in the neighboring Neuweid, dedicated a sonnet to her, which was sung by a choir of male voices under her window in the Triersche Hof, after the concert.

The very next summer Henriette, who was taking the waters at Ems, fell into such a delicate state of health that she was unable to go to England.

But once more the affectionate mother gathered herself up to garner a rich golden harvest for her children. In the spring of 1854 she went to America, accompanied by *Kapellmeister* Eckert. In the very midst of her triumphal career, and in the fullest harvest, she fell a victim to the inexorable reaper Death. She died of cholera on the 17th

of June, 1854. Her last words to Germany were,—"The applause here is perfectly tropical."

Her last yearnings were thoughts of her husband—her children—her country. What a lonely, sad death, after the richest and most brilliant life!

During her lifetime she had sometimes expressed the wish to be laid one day in the cloister where her sister Nina was a nun, bearing the cloister name of "Juliane."

This, her wish, has been fulfilled. The coffin arrived in Dresden by sea. Frau Charles Maier, the wife of the famous pianoforte virtuoso, who had known Henriette during the time of her greatest fame in St. Petersburg, accidentally stood upon the Elbe bridge, and accompanied the mournful procession to the railway-station. She told me later how this sad death and burial had made her melancholy. The remains of Henriette Sontag passed Dresden almost unnoticed. Her poor mother, now entirely bereaved of her daughters, only said these words, whilst streams of tears were flowing from her eyes: "The Lord gave! The Lord hath taken away! Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

The young Counts Rossi bore the coffin of their mother down into the vault, in the cloister of St. Marienthal; it bears the following inscription,—

"To the best of mothers. To the tenderest of daughters. To the most faithful wife. To the noblest friend. To the greatest singer."

Ten years afterwards Count Rossi died likewise, and Frau Franziska Sontag in April, 1865.

The poor lonely nun Nina Juliane has prayed already more than twice ten years at the coffin of her beloved sister Henriette, has wept and sung pious songs.

May she have found in the cloister that peace which she did not find in the world! A friend of mine, who visited cloister and tomb in 1877, writes, concerning Henriette's resting-place,—

"The sexton raised up a trap-door, and descended into a gloomy, damp vault. I had to walk cautiously upon planks which had been loosely laid across rafters, and

through which glittered the underground water that defied all efforts to remove it. Henriette's magnificent sarcophagus of bronze bears the arms of the Counts of Rossi in relief, with the motto, 'All for my king and my honor.' Upon the coffin lie a golden laurel wreath, a gift of the old King Ludwig of Bavaria, and a silver one from the Duke of Koburg. Deeply affected I quitted the gloomy sepulchere, thinking, 'What a solitary grave after such a joyous life!' Henriette's sister Nina[1] is still living as a nun in the cloister; she is now sixty-seven years of age, but quite weak of intellect."

Yea, poor, poor life of man, how vain thou appearest in the tomb!

[1] Nina Sontag has died since, towards the end of 1879.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DIE IS CAST.

KAROLINE ACCEPTS AN ENGAGEMENT AT ST. PETERSBURG AND LEAVES BERLIN—THE JOURNEY TO RIGA—A SHORT ENGAGEMENT AND A BRILLIANT SUCCESS—ON TO ST. PETERSBURG—A FATIGUING RECEPTION—WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS—FIRST APPEARANCE—A HARD-EARNED VICTORY—A NOVEL ENDING TO ROMEO AND JULIET—GOOD-BYE TO ST. PETERSBURG—BERLIN ONCE MORE—PRINCE LEOPOLD REAPPEARS ON THE SCENE—HE PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO KAROLINE AND HER MOTHER—FIRST IMPRESSIONS—THE PRINCE PROPOSES—KAROLINE GOES TO KOBURG AT HIS REQUEST—BARON STOCKMAR AND BUSINESS—THE DUCHESS LUISE—THE PRINCE RECEIVES KAROLINE AT FULBACH—SHE RETURNS TO BERLIN—DOUBTS—RENOUNCES THE STAGE AND LEAVES BERLIN—THE DECISIVE STEP IS TAKEN.

My various evil experiences in Berlin with Prince August of Prussia, Mdme. Kracau, and at last with "Count" Samoilow, which had become widely known, and which gave an only too welcome opportunity to my enviers and rivals, especially to Prince August and my colleague Mdme. Stich and her followers, to undermine my reputation, made it rather desirable for me to change the scene of my theatrical activity.

Two other causes helped to drive me from Berlin. The old objectionable privilege of seniority at the Berlin court-stage so rarely allowed a good or congenial part to fall to my lot—at best those very youthful ones for which Mdme. Stich, Mdme. Unzelmann, and Mdme. Devrient-Romitsch had become absolutely useless, owing to their years. I grew more and more tired of playing again and again saucy lady's-maids, unripe girls of fifteen, colorless, moon-struck maidens, and pert pages. I felt daily more and more that what talent I had could never develop largely on this soil.

Add to this the pecuniary cares and troubles which my mother and I, the longer we lived in expensive Berlin, had

the more difficulty in fighting with. My salary, it is true, had, by the king's favor, soon risen from 1000 thalers to 1200, and in 1827 it amounted to 1500 thalers. But my toilettes, both for the stage and society, cost large sums. The circle of society in which we moved was no doubt very agreeable; but not only is the giving of parties expensive, but the going to, or rather driving to, them is so likewise. Even the tender marks of regard which were offered to the young artist and pretty girl swallowed up a small fortune in drink-money in the course of a year. For example, we were always greatly put about when a royal lackey brought us a little basket of Sans-souci grapes, peaches, or pine-apples, from the Privy Chamberlain, Herr Timm. Such a royal present always required a royal drink-money. But much worse than all were the continual demands which my light-headed brother Karl, the smart Baden lieutenant of horse, made on my purse.

My mother had long ago given up to him her entire widow's pension of 600 gulden. But even this supplementary grant never sufficed him. Sister Lina was obliged annually to discharge ever so many large or small lieutenant's debts.

Therefore, in the spring of 1828, I was glad to accept an honorable and advantageous offer for a season's performances in St. Petersburg, with a view to permanent engagement.

But a journey from Berlin to St. Petersburg at that period, compared with to-day's, was quite another thing. To-day you enter the soft, warm coupé of the express at 11 P. M.; wrap yourself in furs and rugs; awaken for the morning coffee in Dirschau; have luncheon in Königsberg; dine in Eydtkuhnen at four o'clock; the next day, at six o'clock, you dine with great comfort in St. Petersburg.

To-day a professional trip from Berlin to St. Petersburg is a trifle, a jaunt; at that time, especially in winter, it was a serious affair—a great deed; nay, a sacrifice which one imposed on one's self. For what troubles and expen-

ses were entailed, not merely in the journey itself, which it took weeks to accomplish, but also in the preparations for it! Travelling-furs had to be got as if you were going to Siberia; it was necessary to purchase a comfortable and strongly-built travelling-coach which would possess the rare quality sturdily to overcome the 103 German miles of dismal, unpaved, muddy roads to Polangen, and the still more dismal 840 versts of the bottomless Russian tracks. Nor could you do without a reliable, sturdy man-servant, who, if necessary, would have the courage to protect two helpless women from German "galanteries," against Russian Cossacks, custom-house officials, and drunken peasants.

To-day a journey to St. Petersburg costs ten—at that time, one hundred—Friedrichs-d'or.

And let us examine the golden prize for such an art-martyrdom. The conditions on which now-a-days a contract for a season's performances in St. Petersburg is signed, are ten times more favorable than at that time. At least in that respect we are living at present in the *golden* period of art; the *silver* period fell into the fourth decade of the century. I had to battle through the *iron* one.

But how?—has art likewise grown tenfold during the fifty years that have since gone by?

Scarcely; not art, but virtuosity.

To-day the starring tour of a first-class art-virtuoso through Russia is a triumphal procession; at that time the journey of an artiste was a pilgrimage. Still, the former manner of travelling was much more poetical than to-day's, at least for a young, gay, and courageous heart. I recall with particular pleasure the quiet, clear, moonlight nights which I spent awake, sitting in the snug corner of the coach beside my mother, holding in my lap my merry little dog Lisinka, when villages and woods flew past us as in a dream, and the postillion blew on his horn the "Dessauer" march or the "Mantelleid," in his melancholy way.

And how much you saw and heard on such a slow journey of several weeks' duration!

We left Berlin in the beginning of March, 1828, in order to arrive in St. Petersburg immediately after Lent. For two days and two nights we drove on without stopping, with the exception of a short stay in Elbing, as soon as fresh horses could be procured for our coach.

From Königsberg our journey lay through barren, desolate regions, partly along the coast of the Baltic; the same road which once the unhappy Queen Luise, sick with fever, had pursued in her flight before the French. We had been told awful stories about parties being buried in the quicksands; but did we not drive with Prussian postillions? On then, without fear!

The Russian Consul in Memel, to whom I had been recommended, had given me, for protection, his secretary, who spoke Russian, as far as Polangen. "However, some drink-money you will have to give, I fear; the custom-house officers are, in a way, dependent on it, as they are poorly paid."

But soon we were to have the disconsolate certainty that our knight was utterly useless to us, as he was entirely without energy.

"I hope you do not carry with you new things?" he asked nervously.

"Certainly; my travelling necessaries."

"That's a pity, great pity."

"Why?"

"You will be bothered."

"Just you make the money chink; the officials look forward to good gratifications."

"I have none on me," replied our champion with some embarrassment.

"Here, sir," I said, handing him some roubles.

A league on this side of Polangen we saw armed horsemen galloping up to us. Our protector said, "Don't be afraid, they are merely frontier-guards."

"And what have we to do with them? What do they want?"

"To accompany us as far as the custom-house."

"But for what purpose?"

"In order to escort you; or if you appear suspicious, or carry with you contraband articles, they would conduct you to a place which I am sure you would not like."

"Very gratifying!" I said, and watched the horsemen with curiosity. The latter, however, looked pretty enough, sat with ease and gracefulness upon their spirited little horses, and looked at us from their martial, bearded faces good-naturedly, brandishing their lances as they surrounded our coach. Just as if we were prisoners of war they held us surrounded, not leaving us till the coach stopped at the custom-house.

Dante's words, "Ye who enter here, leave Hope behind," should have hung on a sign-board outside, then we should have been worthily prepared for this diabolical apartment.

A terrible smother of heat and pestilential air rushed into our faces. The double windows allowed little light to enter through the dim panes. A multitude of Jews sat or stood around, looking at us inquisitively. The officials received us with a growl, and slowly commenced the examination of our luggage, which our man-servant helped to carry in. A lurking glance from time to time was darted at us from their bloated, greyish, pale faces, when some pieces of the luggage attracted their special attention. The secretary wiped the very sweat of anguish from his brow, when one of the searchers held out to him, with the dirtiest fingers, a pair of satin shoes, speaking eagerly at the same time. I stepped up to them.

"What does the rude man ask?"

"Why you carry new shoes with you."

"Am I to play in old shoes before their Majesties in St. Petersburg? Or shall I have shoes made there to order first? Translate that to him, please, word for word, and do emphasize that H. M. the Empress Alexandra has personally invited me to play before her in St. Petersburg.

That availed. The unpacking continued a little more

quickly; when I suddenly heard behind me a sound like that of slapping and angry speaking. I turned round and saw a mere pigmy of an official, hardly eighteen, box the ears right and left of a venerable old peasant, with snow-white hair and long beard, who in embarrassment drew his bonnet through his fingers, and stammered some excuses. Indignantly I quickly placed myself before the old man, and protecting him with outspread arms, I cried, beside myself, without thinking that my words would not be understood, "If he has erred he will be punished, but not by you, young man! Honor to old age! Does one slap the face of an old man who stands with one foot in the grave already?"

Now the room became astir. The Jews clamored, the officials approached us, the guard rushed in, and our servant cried, drowning all other voices, "We are Prussians." My poor mother had sunk upon a chair, hardly able to restrain our little dog, which barked like mad, wanting to defend me. The puny official clenched his fist, and sought to get at the peasant. The secretary said, pale and trembling, "What are you doing? You will not be allowed to continue your journey."

"So much the better, so much the better!" I retorted more and more excitedly, and remained standing and shielding the old man. "I don't want to proceed; I will return to Memel; I have lost all pleasure in making the nearer acquaintance of a country into which one is introduced by armed men, like a criminal, where one is treated as a smuggler, and where poor hoary old people are slapped in the face. I wish to return. Interpret that, and tell them that I shall report the whole occurrence to the Russian Consul at Memel, and at the same time desire him to announce my non-arrival in St. Petersburg, and also the cause of it. Then when Prince Wolkonski hears in what manner the subaltern officials exceed the orders of their superiors, the punishment will not be long in coming, and that malicious pigmy there will get his due reward!"

At last the secretary spoke with energy. I heard sev-

eral times the word "Knas" (Prince) Wolkonski. The officials ordered the ear-boxer out of the room, and when at last—unfortunately too late—our knight chinked his, or rather my, money ostentatiously, the examination of the luggage proceeded with greater expedition, and soon we could proceed on our journey.

My old peasant wiped one tear after the other from his face with his trembling hands; I put money into his hands, stroked his outraged cheeks, comforting him with kind words as though he could understand me. He thanked me by looks that seemed to say, "Happiness and bliss accompany thee, oh stranger! Thou art the first being that was ever kind to me!"

The Jews escorted us with friendly nods to our coach, the officials even saluted, and the peasant waved his bonnet, wishing us "God speed!" The secretary had recovered a little from all these vexations, and promised to make a report of it to the consul; we endeavored to sweeten that anxious hour for him by a present in money.

And on we sped towards the Dwina, with our first Russian postilion. He was a very young, exceedingly handsome lad, supple, and playfully wild, like a kitten. Wrapped in a long tunic, trimmed with sheep's wool, which was held by a leathern girdle round his slender waist, on his head he wore a fur cap, and he had such brilliant, wild eyes. So he stood, now on the pole, then he sprang down and ran shouting and cracking his whip alongside the horses, which did not require to be urged on, as they flew onward with us like the wild chase, over "Knüppeldämme,"[1] frozen ditches, and water-pools. In vain our servant invited the little savage to sit beside him on the box. He only laughed and showed his beautiful shining teeth, and ran on friskily, so that his long hair was flying about his head. When I sang a few notes of the Russian anthem, nodding to him at the same time, he immediately understood me, joined in with a clear voice, and sang to us all his melancholy Russian national songs,

[1] Roads made of slender tree-stems laid one beside the other.

so that the fourteen versts (about nine English miles) to the next station passed away very quickly and pleasantly. I added to the fee previously arranged an extra "na wodky" (for liquor); this I had been advised in Memel to do. Then his white teeth were shining still much more merrily, and he would again and again kiss the good "matushka's" (dear little mother) hand. He also showed the present to the postilion who took his place, and now we were all right. Quickly and cautiously we were driven on, till we came to the banks of the Dwina, which separated us from Riga.

But, oh misfortune! Here we found watchmen on the banks who forbade us to attempt passing on the rotten ice. The ice might begin to move at any moment, they said. Still, I was expected by Director Dölle in Riga to appear on his stage next night. In this dilemma the theatre-servant, who had just arrived from Riga, brought me a letter from the anxious director, who asked me in the most touching terms not to leave him in the lurch; the tickets, he wrote, were all sold already for to-morrow's performance. From special regard for me the governor, who was a theatrical enthusiast, had permitted him to manage the crossing in small sledges drawn by one horse each. But everything was to be done with the greatest speed; saddler and smith would take the coach to pieces. I might risk it; there was no danger as yet. The cannon shots might be fired at any moment, which were the signal that no further passage was to be attempted on any account. How long communication might be interrupted when once the ice had commenced to move, it was impossible to foretell; and where should I and my mother find a shelter in that case?

"With God's help, forwards, then!" said my mother. Now there arose a great bustle about our coach. Some men were busy unloading the luggage, others took down the carriage; we beheld the work of destruction with resignation. Upon one sledge the wheels were shipped; upon a second the trunks; upon the third and largest followed the cumbrous box of the carriage; upon the fourth

sat mother and I, the little dog Lisinka, who seemed very much displeased at the bustle, between us; upon the fifth our servant with the cash-box. That faithful soul had vowed to save us if we should be in danger of drowning. In front went the smith, saddler, and theatre-servant, always shouting and warning us against rotten places.

We shut our eyes, held each other embraced, and felt that we were proceeding at a great pace. Might not the merry chiming of the sledge-bells betoken our funeral knell? The water that stood on the ice to the height of a foot came splashing upon us. Often we thought we were sinking. Oh, how dismally the ice creaked! Then we started up in terror and looked out for the saving shore. At last the horrible drive was accomplished. Director Dölle, with his whole theatrical staff, received us at the bank; he was agitated about equally with joy and fear. The ladies embraced us amidst laughing and weeping; in fact we were welcomed like old friends. With beating heart all had watched the winding of the sledge-caravan; they now led us in triumph into Riga, to the hotel "Stadt London," where we found everything most carefully prepared for our reception by the amiable hostess, Mdme. Seemann.

Half an hour afterwards the portentous cannon-signals reached our ears.

The success of my short engagement was in every way gratifying. The receipts covered all travelling-expenses. I met with most acceptance as "Agnes," in Ziegler's "Mann im Feuer," a naïve drawing-room part. I played "Agnes" five times, and altogether performed fourteen times in the course of three weeks I sojourned in Riga. The members of the theatre supported me in so friendly and hearty a manner, that I really fancied myself among old friends. The pieces were most carefully studied by the cast. Director Dölle had succeeded in engaging for his theatre a very excellent company, and the good people of Riga quite spoiled me by their hospitable and amiable reception.

The remainder of our journey to St. Petersburg was very tiresome and fatiguing.

Nothing tires the eyes more than to look for days and days on snow-covered plains. One village resembled the other in appearance; tidy wood-houses of pleasing architecture, little stir, all quiet—one might term it a torpid state. In the post-houses of the various stations we found everywhere large rooms and sofas covered with black leather; the innkeepers and post-masters were courteous, —nay, they spoke German, but they appeared to be dull and resigned, without either wish or complaint, oppressed by an everlasting monotony. The peasants stood out as a handsome type, especially the men, with their good-natured, kindly faces. The females, although possessed of regular features, were not so attractive; little intelligence spoke out of their eyes; besides, they were mostly too stout, a circumstance all the more striking as the national dress in Russia is very becoming. The belt which the men buckle over their short tunics or colored shirts shows their figure to be well-proportioned and not without gracefulness. The natives only showed the merry side of their character when in a certain stage of intoxication. A peasant who looked particularly happy bowed to me again and again with radiant face when I passed near where he sat, seized my hand, kissed it, and said, "Matushka! matushka! be not angry with me for being a little jolly!"

Sometimes the monotony was broken by a "telega," a one horse vehicle without springs, with very high wheels, which swept past at a terrific speed. It was thus we met the beautiful Grand Duchess Hélène, with her suite, on their way to Germany. With the swiftness of the wind all her carriages and telegas swept past us.

About five miles on this side of St. Petersburg we passed stately country houses, called "datsches," much grander than those in the Berlin Thiergarten. And then we entered the residential capital of Peter the Great and Katharine. Like a fairy town in the "Arabian Nights," it emerges from the vast desert through which we had hitherto sped. The high, gilded church cupolas, the gigantic palaces, the endless broad streets, especially the

magnificent Alexander Newsky Prospect, at first sight caused a peculiar foreign impression, also the numberless four-horse vehicles with little boys on the front horse, their clear, juvenile voices calling out constantly, "Padi! padi!" (look out).

Our reception in St. Petersburg was anything but agreeable, strange, as we were, to Russian ways. We alighted in a large chaotic hotel. The director of the German theatre, Herr von Helmersen, awaited us, accompanied by his factotum, Herr Damier, whom he placed at our disposal to help us to look out for apartments, adding, "for here you cannot possibly live!"

"Why not?" I asked in astonishment. "I thought we were in an hotel here?"

"Certainly! But Russian families always bring their beds, victuals, servants, and cooks with them to an hotel!"

"Then there is no bed for us to be had in this hotel, and no food?"

"No, not the least!"

"Very comforting, that!" I said.

Helmersen—to use the mildest term that sympathy and regard for his old age can prompt in order to excuse his want of energy—was a gentle, amiable man, who was at this moment full of one idea only, namely, how he could manage my appearance at court! And that had to take place the very next day, for on the day following the Imperial family would leave St. Petersburg for their annual spring sojourn in the Crimea.

And thus Helmersen neither thought of our fatigue nor of offering us refreshment; he only urged us on. He said,—

"Hasten, as fast as you can, to see Prince Wolkonski; no, first you must see the Chief Lord Chamberlain to the empress, to hand him the letter of recommendation of Privy Chamberlain Timm in Berlin; then you must call at Prince Dolgoruki's, then at Prince Cutaizow's."

"Why call on four noble lords? Are you not director of the German theatre?"

"That is quite true; but Prince Cutaizow is its intend-

ant; Dolgoruki is the intendant of the French theatre, who has also to prepare his actors for the performance at court, for the latter play after the Germans. The Chief Lord Chamberlain has to announce your arrival to Empress Alexandra; and Prince Wolkonski has then to inquire if a performance can take place at all, and when it may take place."

"Stop, stop!" I said, interrupting Helmersen, "how can I remember all that?"

"Not a moment is to be lost," Helmersen said, urgently; "quick, quick! I shall send for a cab!"

"But we have not unpacked yet," I replied, greatly excited; "surely you don't mean that I should make these calls in my travelling costume? My cheeks are hot, and my eyes are burning with dust, heat, and fatigue."

"And above all, surely my daughter must first eat something!" my good mother cried anxiously.

"Why?" asked Helmersen very naïvely, opening his pale blue eyes very wide.

"Why? Because I am hungry!" I answered, indignantly. "Just think to have travelled the whole of the night and not even had a cup of tea or coffee as a refreshment!"

"Well," Helmersen sighed, "then you will not perform at the court. If the necessary orders are not given this very day, it will be impossible to get ready the theatre in the large hall of the winter palace, and the day after to-morrow their Majesties leave town."

He grew silent and downcast, his wisdom was exhausted.

So, quickly the pink satin costume and the black velvet hat were unpacked, the curls loosed from the paper, piled up high, desperately high, the hat clapped upon them, and away we went. The servant met us in the corridor, carrying a roast partridge, which he had purchased from a cook. I ate some of it standing on my feet, almost choking with hurry, for Helmersen cried despairingly, "We shall be too late, too late!" as we rushed down the stairs, entered the carriage, and made for the winter palace; Helmersen delighted, I half killed by the hurry. On the road the

prudent director asked me what I would play if the choice were left to me. I decided—prompted by my success in Riga in this part—in favor of the "Mann im Feuer." Helmersen, by not objecting to this, exhibited great ignorance of the merits of his actors.

At last we alighted in front of the enormous winter palace, in which dwell over 3000 people. Up several flights of stairs we went, through endless corridors, till we reached the apartments of the Privy Lord Chamberlain. I bowed to a man of distinguished appearance, and handed him friend Timm's letter of recommendation. After he had perused the letter, he assured us in a very amiable manner that he would immediately inform his mistress, and he was very hopeful that I had arrived in time yet. "You may say so to Prince Wolkonski," he added, as we withdrew.

Helmersen, as if rejuvenated, again traversed with me endless winding passages. Then we reached Prince Wolkonski's apartments too. In the ante-chamber there sat and stood a number of military men of high rank; there was a perfect galaxy of stars of orders. I was stared at with wonderment; and I felt my cheeks burn only too hotly and my eyes glow. Helmersen had to speak to the prince first, and soon returned to introduce me to him. Wolkonski's appearance was not prepossessing,—little, old, ugly,—but he improved greatly during the conversation, for besides possessing the manners of a perfect gentleman, he understood how to entertain one cleverly and in an interesting manner. He likewise promised to see the empress at once, made Helmersen write down the name of the play, "Der Mann im Feuer," and gave me a few lines for Prince Dolgoruki. I am sure we drove for half an hour before we reached the latter's palace.

Dolgoruki looked at me with a strange look. Afterwards he laughingly gave me the explanation: "Your crimson-colored cheeks, the feverish-looking eyes, the hat you had put on so boldly,—all that almost frightened me."

But after I had handed to him Wolkonski's note, and

communicated to him all my adventures and how I had been harassed, he became very courteous, promised to aid me to the best of his ability, and advised us to visit Prince Cutaizow.

The latter was the most taciturn of all, but he was obliging and civil.

Then I had to ask the good offices of young Prince Wilhelm of Prussia (the present emperor), who happened to be on a visit in St. Petersburg at the time to help to bring about my appearance at court.

But now I was so exhausted that I sank into the carriage cushions, sobbing. I cried, "Now back to my mother! Whether I play or not, I require rest." Helmersen remained quite unmoved by my lamentations, for my season promised well, the first performance taking place at court. Fortunately very nice private apartments had been engaged meanwhile; the servant conducted us into the new lodgings, and mother greeted me with a much-needed supper. At last we could abandon ourselves to a refreshing rest, the sweetness of which I felt as never before.

Next morning at eight o'clock I was driven to the winter palace for the rehearsal; in the evening the performance was to take place. I admired the magnificent hall in which the charming little theatre was erected; the actors I could not admire. I hardly knew the merry comedy again in their manner of representing it. In Berlin we had played it in an hour and a half, here it extended over two and a half hours. There was not a trace of conversational dialogue, no humor. The tall, stout Barlow, who performed the "General," did not speak; he recited his part. His "Good morning, dear Agnes!" he pronounced like: "Go into a cloister, Ophelia!" Wiebe, who played the part of the young lover, played gravely, and spoke monotonously, like one making his confession; his smiles were unnatural, as if they cost him terrible muscular effort. All the actors anxiously caught up each word from the prompter. Enough! I came home from the rehearsal completely discouraged.

In despair, I unburdened my bosom to my mother and told her all my fears for my success.

The conviction that the august audience must be bored by the performance, and the consciousness that I had myself suggested the choice of this piece, deprived me of all courage and cheerfulness. Indeed, I once thought of even going to Prince Wolkonski, to tell him everything, and forego the performance before the court. But then it struck me that I should not in that case be able to carry out my engagement at the German theatre in St. Petersburg, for the actors would, of course, have learned the ground of my present refusal to appear before the court, and the object of our expensive and fatiguing journey would have been lost. It was hardly possible to look forward to distinction with a sadder heart.

Before the overture commenced, I looked through the peep-hole of the curtain and watched the brilliant audience. Prince Wilhelm of Prussia sat beside his august sister Alexandra, both engaged in lively conversation; the empress-mother Maria, a Princess of Würtemburg, I noticed sitting beside Nicholas, and I could hardly realize that this beautiful, blooming lady, who looked scarcely forty, was the emperor's mother.

With beating heart I entered the stage; I had to pronounce the first word.

The other actors seemed now to have lost their memories completely. Slowly, sleepily, and unrefreshing, the cheerful little comedy went on. Barlow, who had been in St. Petersburg for years, to make things worse (which was very unnecessary indeed), committed the stupid blunder of appearing in the last act as "General" in an old-fashioned dressing-gown with large flowers. Beschort in Berlin had chosen a surtout, and Barlow strutted about in a loose dressing-gown: he, the stout, tall fellow on the small stage. It was awful to look at!

I could not endure it any more. I disappeared behind the large screen of the temporary dressing-room, which was put up in a corner of the vast hall, behind the stage. I felt I was pale even under the rouge. Then I was

called; very down-hearted I came forth from my place of hiding, and saw Prince Wolkonski before me. He put into my hand a very handsome set of jewels, with the words "De la part de l'impératrice!"

"My humble thanks!" I replied in a depressed tone. "The august audience have been terribly bored, my prince; is it not so? I have bored them, too, I fear. And Barlow's costume in the last act—"

"Yes, indeed, that was not very edifying; but *you* have pleased. Did you not perceive how heartily the empress laughed and the emperor applauded?"

"That is balm for me; but, for all that, the playing was not less awful. I am in despair!"

Wolkonski smiled in a friendly way, saying, "That should induce you to accept an engagement here with us. We shall provide better actors; you must give an artistic impulse to the German theatre here. Through your talent, your activity, and love for art, much can be improved, and the whole theatre be raised, and then you will like to stay with us."

I honestly confessed that I should like to stay in St. Petersburg, to be able to my heart's content to play in all *genres;* but, of course, the public would first have to pronounce its verdict about me!

And the German public *was* favorably disposed towards me from my very first appearance on the stage. They would gladly at once have kept me altogether.

The lovely spring sun, as well as the brilliant success of my season, had soon banished my sadness. The pieces in which I played in the German theatre were better studied than the performance at court. I found that Barlow was a thorough artist, who played with feeling in tragic plays; and Weibe and the other actors appeared less stiff and stupid.

Only good Barlow suffered from a fixed idea that he ought to surprise and carry away the audience to admiration by repeated newly-invented theatrical *coups*.

What annoyance did not this cause me in "Romeo and Juliet!"

I played "Juliet," which I had studied in Berlin with Duke Karl of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, here in St. Petersburg for the first time in my theatrical career.

In memory of Pius Alexander Wolff as "Romeo," and Mdme. Stich as "Juliet," I had arranged with "Romeo" (Barlow) in rehearsal to form a touching group in the last act, after a famous painting. "Juliet" lies in her coffin, which stands on a platform to which seven or eight steps lead. After "Romeo" has for the last time embraced his apparently dead mistress, he retires a few paces, takes poison, and breathing out his soul under torments, drops down at the coffin, his dying glance directed at his spouse, so that the body leaning against the coffin is supported by it. When "Juliet" awakes, and "Lawrence" has fled, she kneels down beside him, stabs herself and dies, her head leaning on "Romeo's" breast. Their fathers ascend the steps, and over the group of "Romeo" and "Juliet" they grasp each other's hands in reconciliation.

Everything went well enough in the rehearsal, but in the evening, thanks to Barlow's ingenious surprises, there was no small confusion.

After the fourth act has passed off more successfully than could have been expected, and the difficult poisoning scene was over, I lay, in very good spirits, near grim Tybalt in the tomb, quietly enjoying the effect which the picturesque concluding *tableau* would produce.

"Romeo" bade farewell to my corpse. I heard him descend the steps, but I wondered that the erection did not shake with the fall of the heavy body of Barlow, as it had done in the rehearsal. "Lawrence" comes, and I awake, asking the question, "O comfortable friar, where is my lord?" and receive the dismal answer, "Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead." According to the part, I have to utter a cry at seeing him dead; I cry, but see no "Romeo" dead at my feet. I could not help noticing that "Lawrence" wanted to draw me down the steps, but took it for a finely conceived device to snatch me away from the terrors of the place. "Lawrence" flees. I continue, "Go, get thee hence, for I will not

away. What's here?—a cup, closed in my true love's hand. Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end." But I do not see my husband upon the steps near the coffin, and still I had to kill myself with the dagger attached to his girdle, if the play was to have its tragic end.

Well, then I descend the steps, trying to fill in the pauses with a desperate wringing of my hands; and not far from the prompter's box, I see my lover lying on his back, head downwards, his feet turned towards me, his eyes wide open, his face as red as purple. I saw at once how matters stood.

Barlow, disdaining our agreement, in order to produce a greater effect, had intended to fall down headlong to his whole length; but, unfortunately, had entirely forgotten that the floor, as on all stages, formed an incline. The stout man, who, in order to appear slender, had laced himself very tightly, lay there nearly choking, and I came just in time to avert this punishment from him, or to compel him, by his rising, to make the lofty tragedy end as a farce. For a moment I stared at this dreadful "Romeo" like the head of Medusa, then threw myself down beside him, lifted up his head, and held him affectionately in my arms. "You save me from death!" he whispered to me in the tragic pathos peculiar to him. It was no easy task for me to support the thick, honest "Jovis"—or more correctly "Bovis"—head till our dear fathers had been reconciled; for it must be kept in mind that I had meanwhile stabbed myself. And all this time "Romeo" wanted to describe to me his agonies in this desperate situation, but my patience and my seriousness were at an end. I pinched fat "Romeo's" neck pretty smartly, and whispered the awful words, "Be quiet, or I let go your head!" This had the desired effect immediately. "Romeo" remained silent, and afterwards thanked me heartily for having thus saved him.

Also the Russian chorus-singer and members of the ballet, and the machinist, were destined to furnish me with strange, real Russian experience.

"Why"—I had never done with "whys" at that time

—"why did the dancers laugh during my solo?" I asked the ballet-master after the first act of "Precioso" in the rehearsal. "If my dance passed in Berlin without being laughed at, I should say that it ought also to find favor with these disciples of Terpsichore."

"They are Russians," the French ballet-master answered, shrugging his shoulders. "They are not fond of German artists."

"I see," I remarked; "that accounts also for the cross looks of the Russian chorus-singers, and their jabbering delivery of Weber's glorious melodies; instead of 'Heil Preciosa, heil der Schönen,' they cry, 'Hil Pitschoso, hil di schnula.'"

The band-master laid the fault upon the conductor of the chorus; the latter censured these automatons for their jabber, and during the performance there was no singing of Russo-Chinese, or laughter of the dancing-women.

Again, the stage machinist seemed to be quite indifferent in the fire-scene, in "Käthchen von Heilbronn," as to whether the German actress broke her neck or not. In the rehearsal he caused the pillar which "Käthchen" was to cling to in her fall, to come down with such lightning swiftness, and by such starts, that it upset. Fortunately, I had made them show me the machinery, and when I expressed my apprehension as to its safety, the machinist answered very cooly, "Nitschewo."

"What does he say?" I asked.

"Nitschewo, means it's all right, or does not signify," I was told.

I walked up, somewhat excitedly, and said to the harmless man, "My dear Mr. Nitschewo, if I should notice to-night that you don't pay attention during the fire-scene, I won't go on the bridge, and the pillar will come down without 'Käthchen;' you will then have to answer for it to your superiors. But if you urge on your men to be circumspect, that I may entrust myself to the pillar, then you will get 'nawodka' (money for whiskey)." This appeared plain to Nitschewo, and that night I glided very

pleasantly with the pillar from the burning bridge, into the arms of Walter von Strahl.

Altogether I appeared before the St. Petersburgers twelve times during this season, not counting the performances at court, and with ever-increasing success. The sixth and twelfth nights were for my benefit. For every other performance I received 300 paper roubles, about fifteen pounds sterling.

Then the intendant offered me an engagement for three years, with a salary of 8000 paper roubles, and one benefit, for which 3000 roubles were guaranteed.

Now, as I was well pleased with the social German life in St. Petersburg, I gladly signed a contract for three years. I promised to return to St. Petersburg as soon as I could; but my Berlin contract still ran till April, 1830. I hoped, however, for the grace of the king, who would let me go earlier, especially as I went to his beloved daughter Alexandra.

The thought that I should be principal lady here, and could play to my heart's content important and agreeable parts, and that no Mdme. Stich would be able to claim them for herself, was my chief attraction in St. Petersburg.

On my return journey I played again in Riga, Mitau, and Memel, with gratifying success, and arrived in Königsberg on the 5th of July, for a short engagement. On the 22nd of July we returned to Berlin.

From here my mother wrote, the 31st of July, 1828, to her faithful aid and my former guardian, Bayer, counsel to the High Court of Justice in Rastadt, concerning our circumstances:—

"We returned safely from St. Petersburg a week ago, and I am glad to have to report to you nothing but good this time. This long and fatiguing journey has been very fortunate for Lina; our situation is entirely changed by it. You know what salary Lina had here. Everybody knows that here in Berlin one cannot cut great capers with 1500 thalers a year. That my Karl will require to be largely assisted for years to come, and that he has no other support than Lina, you, dear friend, alone know.

Therefore Lina, after mature reflection, has accepted the engagement to go to St. Petersburg. She will there receive about 5000 thalers. We only await the return of the good king from the watering-place to ask his permission that Lina may soon begin her engagement. We hope for his grace, as the king holds nobody back from his fortune.

"It is very nice in St. Petersburg. Dear educated people have received us like old acquaintances. Lina's good character, her natural, cheerful ways—so free from every coquetry, have won for her every heart in society. In the German theatre she was honored with receptions like those accorded to the greatest artistes. She is only required to play twice a week, and only beautiful parts, which she enjoys; whilst here in Berlin she had often to play four or five times a week during the last three years, and Mdme. Stich takes care not to give new good parts to a younger artiste. But all this must remain the greatest secret till the king's decision.

"My son Karl is on a visit here at present. During the two years we have not seen him, he has grown stronger in body and mind. The day before yesterday he was twenty-five years old, and I fondly hope that he may have sown his wild oats by this time. His journey here, his outfit in private clothes—as officers of other countries do not appear in uniform here—the payment for a new horse, for two other horses of his have turned blind in a year, so he asserts, and declares himself able to prove—all that will cost us again at least 1000 gulden. How fortunate that Lina drew such good houses in Russia! The journey to St. Petersburg has brought her a net gain of 3000 thalers, after deducting expenses for dresses, coach, servants, post-horses, and hotels, without counting a present from the Empress Alexandra, valued at 400 thalers.

"While still in Riga we paid some of our debts to relatives in Brunswick. A few more such fortunate tours, and all cares and debts will be a matter of the past. The last ten hard years, however, Lina and I shall never forget. If the king grants Lina's prayer for an earlier

release from her engagement, she will, before going to St. Petersburg, undertake a great professional tour through Germany, and expects to make much money by it."

But suddenly there stepped between all these golden dreams and plans a new apparition, which thwarted not only those, but my whole after-life, cruelly and irreparably—it was Prince Leopold of Koburg.

With what exultation I returned home from the rehearsal of Töpfer's comedy, "Der beste Ton," one day at the beginning of September, 1828, calling out merrily to my mother,—

"Mother, I bring pleasant news. Fancy, your early playmate, Prince Leopold of Koburg, has arrived in Potsdam on a visit to the king, and I am to play before him upon the small stage in the new palace on three nights. Perhaps cousin Christian Stockmar is in the prince's suite; if so, he will be able to judge for himself what his little cousin Linchen has made of herself during the six years that have elapsed since we were in Koburg, and I had to recite to him, and he allowed me to become an actress. I hope I shall be able to pass honorably before him. I wonder whether the prince is still as handsome as he is represented in the picture that we saw of him in Ketschendorf, at the residence of the proud dowager duchess. Handsome and melancholy, like the Prince of Homburg. How old may the prince be just now?"

"He was almost five years younger than me," said my mother; "he must be thirty-eight years of age. As a boy, he was exceedingly handsome, well-made and flexible; he had dark curls, and large, quiet, auricula-eyes, which always looked as if he were deeply absorbed in thought. I always liked his merry brother Ernst, the now reigning duke, much better, despite his many wild pranks, than the reserved, cautious, calculating Leopold. Nevertheless, I should like very much to see my early playmate again, after so many years. If he should visit the Berlin theatre, you will have to get me a good place, not in the actors' box, but in the dress-circle opposite the royal box. But I am surprised that cousin Christian has not given us a

hint of this distinguished visitor in Potsdam. Could it be that Baron Stockmar, as the king's guest, would not know a cousin actress, and an aunt a theatrical mother?"

"No, mother, I am sure not; that is not at all like Cousin Christian. Perhaps he is not even in the prince's suite in Potsdam. Well, of course, I shall learn that through Papa Timm to-morrow. But what puts me about most, is that I am to appear first in the silly piece which the king is so fond of; and to sing and dance as a Hottentot in the abominable faded scarlet frock that was made for Johanna Eunicke eight years ago, and from stinginess lengthened for me by adding to the skirt a border of loud-red cloth, a hand broad, because I am taller than Eunicke. What will Prince Leopold and his Stockmar think if they see me spring about *à la* Hottentot, like a half-boiled lobster. My only comfort is, that I can appear the following night in the charming part of 'Leopoldine von Strehlen,' when I can try to make them forget the silly Hottentot. As my third part I shall play 'Fanny' in the 'Launen des Zufalls.' I must pack the wardrobe basket to-day, for to-morrow morning, at seven o'clock, Zäger will come for me with the green theatre coach. But for those three days I shall bring home twelve thalers sterling as play-money. We will enjoy ourselves with them, and you must buy for yourself a new velvet bonnet for autumn. Amalie Wolff, Ludwig Devrient, and Rebenstein, will also go in the green coach. I shall lodge, together with Amalie Wolff, in the castellan's house of the Potsdam town theatre. I am sure to be invited along with the dancers to dinner at Timm's, and shall bring for you a large bagful of sweetmeats."

Thus I prattled away harmlessly with my good mother. Next morning I set out to meet my fate.

I learned from the Privy Chamberlain Timm, during the dinner he gave us, that cousin Christian was not in the company of the prince. He did not know whether he had remained in London or gone to Koburg; but he promised to ask the prince's adjutant about it.

During the dessert the king appeared, as was his habit, for half an hour's chat, and said kindly to me,—

"I am looking forward to the enjoyment of the 'Hottentottin;' you sing and dance charmingly. I have chosen a merry piece to cheer up my very taciturn guest. He has made inquiry for you; you are a cousin of Baron Stockmar's, who has unfortunately not accompanied him here; he is in Koburg; the prince will give him a report about your play—do your best—be very merry—also stir up Devrient."

Whilst the orchestra played a merry overture previous to the commencement of the "Hottentottin," I looked through the peep-hole in the curtain, and there I saw, scarcely five paces distant from the stage, beside the king, a tall, well-made gentleman in the scarlet uniform of an English officer, glittering with gold, with a pale, finely-cut face, short black hair, and large dark melancholy eyes. His face was more interesting than handsome, and he looked considerably older than I had fancied him to be. In his whole appearance I was soon struck by a look of weariness, almost amounting to exhaustion; there was weariness in his relaxed features, weariness in his bearing, weariness in his slow conversation, weariness in the dull look of his eyes.

"So this is cousin Christian's darling; more his friend than his master," I thought within me. "How sad he looks! I wonder if he still mourns so deeply his early lost spouse, Princess Charlotte? It must be sweet, indeed, to be loved so hotly. The poor, melancholy prince! Well, the Hottentot will do her utmost to-night to cheer him up."

And I did my best. I had repeated the king's words to Ludwig Devrient, and we had arranged among us various novel Hottentot surprises. Master Ludwig played splendidly the bragging, swaggering old bachelor, who pretends to have been in all the countries of the world, and to speak every language.

I first entered the stage as "Countess Florentine," in an elegant travelling-costume of light-blue silk, singing,—

Der Männer Herzen zu bestricken,
Gab uns Natur die Grazie und Verstand. . . . .

I noticed even then with satisfaction that Prince Leopold did not take his opera-glass off me, and that he sat there quite a changed person, in lively animation, all eyes and ears.

"Countess Florentine" loves her cousin, but he is possessed by a mania for admiring only the beauties of distant countries which he never saw. To convert him, my old confidant, Ludwig Devrient, devises a remedy.

I appear in the second scene before the beloved cousin as a real Hottentot, in a short scarlet frock, with a tiger's skin, coral ornaments, head-dress of variegated feathers, and sing a Hottentot duet with Master Ludwig, set to the air of the duet between "Papageno" and "Papagena" in the "Zauberflöte."

Devrient began with an arch-comical, hoarse, croaking voice,—

Ritsch li clum ru britsch brätsch tschum tschi.

I answered in a similar manner; then we sang, both with a loud voice,—

Bim squam letsch bu natsch qual brum schwa.

Devrient was inexhaustible in the invention of the most awful Hottentot, and I endeavored to keep pace with him, and the king and his court laughed heartily, and even the melancholy Prince Leopold I caught several times faintly smiling.

Then followed my mad Hottentot solo dance, which the little ballet-master Lauchery had taught me, and Prince Leopold's opera-glass was again very busy following my merry leaps.

Also my "Leopoldine von Strehlen" and my "Fanny," on the second and third evening, found the same favor before the eyes of the foreign prince. Besides, the thought recurred to me again and again: should he perhaps find that I bear a great resemblance to his late spouse Charlotte, as did once the Duke of Wellington at one of the Brühl balls? But strange it is that he never for once during the pauses comes to the stage to say to me a kind word about cousin Stockmar. What will the prince tell the baron afterwards, I wonder?

I heard from Papa Timm that the prince lived at court very quietly, had earnest political discourses with the king, and had been decorated by the latter with the Order of the Black Eagle. The Greeks wanted to make the prince their king, but he had to overcome a great many difficulties.

Happy as a queen, my twelve thalers of play-money in my pocket, rich in news, and provided with a large bagful of royal confectionery from the dessert, I returned after the third performance late at night to my mother, but noticed at once that something had gone wrong. She was in a deeply depressed mood. I learned the cause of it only too soon.

My brother Karl had written, and it appeared that, although we had made the greatest sacrifices for him only so late as the last summer, he had again contracted nearly a thousand gulden of debts of honor. If we did not save him "only this once more—for the last time," he would have to resign his commission and emigrate to America.

That was a melancholy sequel to my merry trip to Potsdam. How paltry the twelve shining dollars now looked on the table before me, that I had laid down upon it so proudly only a few minutes ago! I said, sobbing with indignation and anxiety,—

"My wretched brother will finish by ruining us completely. His everlasting debts will follow us even to St. Petersburg and clean us out. No—let him go to America, I cannot help him any more."

Next morning, however, pity came over us again, and we resolved to help my light-minded brother once more—but really for the last time.

As we sat there in a gloomy mood considering in what manner we could raise the money, what jewels we might sell or pawn, one Herr Hühnlein was announced. A stout gentleman, looking very fresh and merry, elegantly dressed, his hair frizzled, stood before us, and introduced himself to us as chamberlain to Prince Leopold of Koburg.

"Ah! you bring us news from Baron Stockmar, I sup-

pose," said my mother. "I understand he is staying in Koburg with his family at this moment?"

"And this time the baron will remain in Koburg for many months, for the prince is going in a fortnight to Italy for the whole winter. But—" and stout Hühnlein put on a very significant air—"properly speaking, I am not here on an errand from the baron, but His Royal Highness Prince Leopold has sent me to inquire if H. R. H. can pay his respects to 'Frau Rittmeisterin' and Fräulein Bauer, at twelve o'clock to-morrow. On the day after to-morrow we continue our journey to Koburg. I look forward to it with great pleasure, for I too am a native of Koburg."

Of course my mother promised to be the whole day at the disposal of his royal highness.

"How courteous it is on the part of the prince to look us up!" I cried gaily. "I am sure he is the bringer of greetings from cousin Stockmar—and wants to see again Christelchen Stockmar. I am very curious to see the interesting prince with the melancholy eyes opposite me in a room. I wonder what he will say about my Hottentot and 'Leopoldine von Strehlen!' I hope that he will report to our good cousin that I have become a decent actress and do him no discredit."

Then we went busily to work to deck our modest little drawing-room with fresh flowers for the reception of the prince, and to discuss our own toilettes. I was in a very peculiar excitement, but without having the faintest idea that the most portentous hour of my life was approaching.

Next morning we made a pretty house-toilette, choice but simple. My handsome, stately mother, in black silk and with a graceful lace head-dress, looked very aristocratic; and I thought myself, too, looking fresh and blooming enough in a light blue dress with white tulle trimming. And then, about twelve o'clock, an ordinary hired carriage drove up to our house, Mohrenstrasse, 48. It was characteristic of the ever cautious prince that he had not employed the court equipage at his disposal for this visit to the house of an actress.

I slipped into the adjoining room, the door of which remained open, because my mother thought it more becoming that I should only appear before his royal highness when he desired to see me.

I heard how Figaro Hühnlein announced his highness in all formality, then a slow, heavy step was heard, and a sonorous voice said very slowly and deliberately,—

"I am delighted to be able to salute once more, after so many years, my happy, early playmate, the gay Christelchen Stockmar. I am the bringer of the kindest regards on the part of your nephew Christian, who has become to me a dear and faithful friend—to you and your Fräulein daughter, whom, as you know, I have already had an opportunity of seeing and admiring as actress. I heartily congratulate Christelchen Stockmar on being the mother of so sweet a daughter, and so excellent an artist as well as general favorite."

"Did Lina perhaps remind your highness by her looks of her poor late father, whose very image she is, and with whom you used to ride and fence when he was my suitor in Koburg?"

"Certainly, her great resemblance to good, merry Heinrich Bauer, who, alas, had to die so young, did strike me. I am, however, still more struck by her literally astonishing likeness to my lamented and ever beloved wife, Princess Charlotte. I am happy to be able to repeat to you and my good Stockie his Majesty's words, which were to the effect, 'Karoline Bauer is not merely an ornament to our theatre, but she and her worthy mother are, owing to their blameless private life, likewise universally esteemed and beloved!" 'Frau Rittmeisterin,' may I not compliment your daughter on her graceful performance?"

"Lina will feel greatly honored—Lina, you are wanted!" And I stepped artlessly and cheerfully into the room, making my prettiest curtsey.

The prince rose and stared at me speechless for some seconds, as if surprised. He afterwards confessed to me that I had appeared to him like the goddess of youth and

spring; so blooming, so rosy, so cheerful and sunny! What he had taken for white and red paint, when I performed on the stage, had been put to shame by the natural freshness of my cheeks.

To be sure, under this long, searching glance, I felt how I grew hotter and hotter and very embarrassed. An uneasy feeling, foreign to me, came over my heart, and my voice, otherwise so clear and ready, seemed paralyzed. The consciousness of this served only to increase my confusion, so that at first I could take but little part in the conversation about Berlin, Koburg, my journey to St. Petersburg, &c. It also created an unpleasant sensation in me that the prince, who sat on the sofa beside my mother and opposite me, stared at me frequently and long through his glasses.

The impression the prince's outward appearance made on me was not so favorable as in the light of the theatre, and in the scarlet full-dress uniform of an English officer. He wore an unusually long surtout of black cloth, tightly buttoned from top to bottom. His short black hair, glossy with pomatum, seen by daylight, turned out to be a very ingeniously made wig. Add to this his pale, languid complexion, his weary, weary expression, his stooping, relaxed gait, his slow, deliberate, subdued way of speaking; all this reminded one more of a pedantic, recluse professor and old bachelor of upwards of fifty than of a gay prince of eight-and-thirty. Only his finely shaped mouth, with its pleasing smile, and his large, dark, melancholy eyes were exceedingly interesting and attractive.

What had made the prince, who was so brilliant in his manly beauty, and so gay, full of life, and confident of victory, who had conquered the heiress to the throne of England as by storm,—I ask, what had made him, before his time, so old and weary—weary, nay, such a melancholy ruin? Was it the undying grief over his short-lived conjugal happiness, which had, to be sure, also carried to the grave the prospects of a throne? Was it some other great sorrow that had so early withered the bloom and delight of youth? Or—?

I was innocent enough then to take the poor prince to be a sorely-tried mortal, and to feel for him the deepest pity.

After a rather tedious conversation of about an hour, which was, moreover, borne mostly by my mother, the prince said suddenly, with a forced laugh and embarrassment,—

"Apropos, friend Stockmar has, besides, commissioned me to examine his cousin a little—'unter vier augen' (quite privately). May I do so, 'Frau Rittmesterin'?"

My mother looked up perfectly nonplussed—but then tried nevertheless to jest as she stood up, saying,—

"Without ceremony, your highness! Lina will answer the *paternal* examiner and the kind patron of her cousin, Christian Stockmar, as duty and conscience prompt her; for she may do so, your highness,—my daughter has nothing to conceal!" So saying, my mother went into the adjoining room, after having cast at me an encouraging glance. The door of the room remained open.

For a while we sat opposite each other in silence. My cheeks and temples glowed, and my heart beat audibly. I cast down my eyes, and folded my hands, in which the blood was throbbing hotly down to the very finger-points. What did the prince desire to ask me at which my mother durst not be present? Did he really speak at the request of cousin Christian? Had my sad experiences with Prince August and the luckless Samoilow Grimm already reached my cousin's ears? Or had the king talked about it to the prince? And why did he not speak now? Could he not find the first word? At last I cut short the painful pause, and said as cheerfully as possible,—

"Your highness, I am ready for the confession. I shall answer openly and truly what you may please to ask me, for I am sure you will not ask me anything that I ought not to answer." The thought that my mother heard everything heightened my confidence and strength.

And now began that remarkable conversation which was to be decisive for my whole life—to force me on

ambiguous paths, and to make me unhappy for the rest of my existence. And yet, during that hour, I never spoke a word that I should repent to-day. It was just my fate to become unhappy. Till then I was good and pure. This conversation brought me into perplexities, discord, and false positions, for which I was unfitted by my impulsive, vacillating character. I was obliged to play comedy also in life when I renounced the play on the boards; and that does no good to the character or the heart.

I remember every word of the conversation between the prince and myself, as if we had sat thus opposite each other yesterday, and not half a century ago. For how often have I had to refer to these my words of truth, when the prince afterwards received anonymous letters which slandered me, and even cast suspicion on my maidenly honor. I had concealed nothing, answered every question frankly and honestly. This plain truth was often afterwards the shining shield, which, with indignation, I could hold before the faces of the narrow-minded, mean prince, and his obsequious friend, Baron Stockmar, when they accused me of having cunningly planned everything, and thrown out my dangerous nets after the guileless, golden prince.

However, my agitated, abused heart is running away with my pen; I must try to bridle it.

At last the prince began, at first in his old pedantic, deliberate, slow way of speaking, gradually growing more lively and warm,—

"May I assure Stockmar that you have not rued having become an actress?"

"Never, your highness, have I repented that, and I hope I never shall. I am, if possible, even more enthusiastic to-day than at the commencement of my career. Whether I have the true talent for an actress, your highness will be able to answer from personal observation. My tour to Russia succeeded beyond expectation. In Königsberg, Riga, Mitau, St. Petersburg, I have been overwhelmed with applause and love, and soon I shall

enter on a brilliant engagement in St. Petersburg, which will, I hope make my future secure."

"What prospects for this future offer themselves to you?"

"My engagement in St. Petersburg, with extra performances, will bring me 5000 thalers a year, and after having completed twelve years, I am to receive an annual pension for life of 1000 thalers as Russian court actress, which I can spend wherever I like."

"And if you became ill?"

"Your royal highness, that stands with God."

After a long pause, the prince resumed, not without hesitation and in evident agitation,—

"I was thinking, I confess, of another future. Should you never have thought of it? It would be strange if, considering your great personal attractions, your heart or your hand had not yet been claimed."

"Oh, the one or the other, or both together have often been *claimed* already. But under no auspicious star."

"And you have never had any little love romance?"

"Oh, many, many; and, indeed, great and scandalous ones."

The prince jumped off the sofa as if stung by a viper, and stood before me, looking quite pale.

"Your highness, permit me to tell you all. You must hear *everything* now, for I feel that you, and probably also my cousin Stockmar must have already learned *something* of that two-fold misfortune which has befallen me here in Berlin, within the last few years, without my fault; yes, your highness, without any guilt of mine. I have had many an honorable offer of marriage, but the rich suitors were not lovable, and when I marry I must choose a *rich* man, for I am the only support of my mother. Many a dishonorable proposal has made my blood boil, and the hundreds that were laid at my feet I have spurned with indignation. Lina Bauer does not sell herself, not even to a *husband* whom she does not love. One day there came a handsome young man, apparently rich and of high birth, who loved me warmly, and whom I liked;—I was

publicly betrothed to him, and three days later, I learned that the wretch had disgracefully deceived me. That, your royal highness, is one of the misfortunes that befell me and of which I spoke; the other is Prince August, who endeavored to seduce, and now tries to ruin me. I beseech your highness to ask his majesty whether I have told you one untrue word."

The prince, visibly agitated, walked several times through the room. Then he again stopped in front of me, who also had risen and was leaning against an arm-chair, and his wonderful eyes looked steadily into mine, and his hot breath touched me, as he said in a whisper,—

"I know that you tell the truth, even if his Majesty had not already confirmed it to me when he told me of that unfortunate betrothal. Prince August I know—the world knows. And your heart was never conquered?"

"Never!"

"Is your heart quite free even this day?"

"Quite free!"

The prince seized my two hands, drew me quite close to him, and breathed into my ear,—

"And if a poor, weary, sorely-tried man, whom the world envies on account of his high birth and worldly possessions, but who often feels very unhappy and lonely, if he came to you and said, 'Come with me into my golden solitude! I will love and honor thee as my dear wife, and guard thee against any new misfortune of thy heart! Thou shalt be relieved of all earthly cares, and also thy family shall be provided for; but thou must also be able to resign thyself, to renounce the glitter and glory of the stage, renounce homage and the loud pleasure of this world. Thou must devote thyself wholly and entirely to this man in true love, and sweet, happy domesticity.' If this question were addressed to you, what answer would your heart prompt?"

I trembled from head to foot, the tears rushing from my eyes, for this poor, weary, sorely-tried man stood before me. Much touched, I uttered these words with difficulty and hardly audibly,—

"If I were to follow this man into his solitude, I should need to love him more than my life!"

"And would you be able, in time, to love *me* so that you would sacrifice for me the stage and the world?"

"I do not know, your highness, but I would try to do so, and then I should tell you the truth only—" I felt giddy, and had to hold on by the arm-chair, lest I should fall with agitation.

I felt a soft kiss on my brow. Then the prince joined my mother in the next room, and I heard him say,—

"Dear friend, you have heard everything, and I have but little to add. For years I have been yearning for a faithful female heart who might brighten up my deserted home, a noble, unselfish being, to whom I could confide in love. Many brilliant beauties would gladly have thrown themselves into my arms, but only from frivolous worldly motives to make use of me and plunder me. I have remained lonely since the death of my wife, all these long years. At present I believe that I have found that sympathetic being in the person of your daughter. At the very first sight my heart inclined towards her, because she bears such a wonderful resemblance to my lamented Charlotte. What kind of position I can offer you daughter by my side I hardly know as yet. But that it will be a thoroughly honorable one, founded on a moral basis, and that I stand before you with the purest intentions, I believe I cannot better prove to you than by confiding all particulars, formalities, and your Lina's future to the pure hand and to the faithful heart of Christian Stockmar. I shall hasten to Koburg to-morrow, and shall at once make a full confession to your nephew, who is also my best adviser. He will advise you as well as me, so well and rightly as no one else can. He has not merely to consider the welfare of his friend, but also the true weal of his cousin and his family, to guard the purity of his name. So I would beg of you to come on a visit to Koburg, together with Lina, whilst I am still there, that is, within the next fortnight. There I hope that everything will be arranged to our mutual satisfaction, and that a pleasing

alliance for life may be formed. The hearty affection I conceived for Lina, when I first saw her, has turned into passionate love to-day. Let me depart from here with the sweet hope of a speedy, happy 'wiedersehn' (meeting) in our old home!"

This was the longest speech I ever heard from the lips of the prince, who was usually so taciturn. He for once, perhaps the only time in his life, followed the impulse of his cold heart, which had suddenly grown warm, and did not weigh and calculate pedantically what he said, as was the common custom of the *Marquis peu-à-peu* and *Monsieur tout doucement*, as his father-in-law, King George IV., called him.

We must have presented a strange picture, when the prince, holding the hand of my puzzled mother, stepped up to me again, breathless, drawing me gently to him, and with his beautiful melancholy eyes beseechingly resting on me; I ordinarily so resolute, full of spirits and gaiety, in tears, glowing red, intimidated, not at all clear about my own feelings, and yet pleased and gratified and flattered by the love declaration of a prince; my mother, her hands folded, deeply moved, completely out of countenance.

Such is the picture that still stands before my mind's eye.

"What may I hope?" the prince asked.

Then my mother, with difficulty trying to recover her composure, said with the dignity peculiar to her,—

"Your highness, you have so surprised us that it is impossible for us to be able to give you an answer to this vital question to-day. Lina will have first to examine her heart; and also you, my prince, must examine yours, to see if your quickly kindled passion may not as quickly vanish again. But so much, I think, I may promise you already to-day, that we shall be happy to revisit my native town, if Baron Stockmar should invite us kindly and of his own accord, and if Lina obtains a short leave of absence here, a very questionable thing, however, considering her recent long leave for her tour to Russia."

"Oh, if the worst comes to the worst, you will yourself ask his Majesty for leave of absence, on the ground that you have to confer with Baron Stockmar on family matters. If you take post-horses, I should say six days would suffice for the journey. I shall count the hours till you arrive. But I beg of you to preserve the strictest silence about my present visit, and the motive for your journey to Koburg. Everything might be shipwrecked by a single inconsiderate word. My public and private life are very much pried into at this very moment. I have many friends, but also enemies. And now I bid you a hearty farewell, and please do think of me, if it can be, in love. Well, then, may we meet again under happy auspices in Koburg!"

And the prince was gone, leaving mother and me behind in a sort of stupor. All this had come over us so suddenly, so like a *coup de main*, that it appeared to us a vague dream. Deeply moved, I locked my more than agitated mother in my arms, and said sobbing,—

"Mother, what will come of this—the height of earthly bliss, or a new bitter disappointment? Shall we proceed to Koburg—undertake the second portentous step on this new way? Or shall we at once write to the prince and decline? Who is to advise us in this dilemma, since the prince has expressly forbidden us to confide in any one."

With wonderful firmness my mother said,—

"There are but two advisers and guides possible in this matter: cousin Christian, and your own heart, Lina. Christian has been the head of our family since the death of his father; he is a gentleman through and through. Moreover, nobody knows Prince Leopold and all circumstances that have to be considered better than he does, he who has been conducting the prince's affairs for years, and possesses his fullest confidence. Let us, in the first place, therefore wait to see if Christian will invite us to this meeting with the prince of Koburg. He will do so only if he deems this step beneficial for his beloved master as well as for us, his nearest relatives—and if he can justify it before his conscience. But in the second place,

your own heart must advise and guide you, and on this point I myself should not venture to either persuade or dissuade you. Do you believe that you can love that prince, and devote to him your life in the desired stillness, of course in all honor?"

"I don't know, mother," I cried, weeping and laughing in a breath. "He is much older than I, and there is nothing of a fiery lover about him. I am sure if he appeared on the stage in that part, he would be hissed off the boards. He rather made the impression of a good papa on me, or of a learned hypochondriac, or of a recluse professor. And did you not notice his wig? Shocking! And the tiresome surtout that hung loosely around his long, thin legs like a dressing-gown, and buttoned up to the throat, as if his highness was afraid of catching cold, despite the sunny weather? But, notwithstanding all this, the prince has fascinated and touched me by his beautiful melancholy eyes. He must have greatly loved the Princess Charlotte and deeply mourned for her, and must feel very unhappy in his lonely state. I think it must be very nice, and would make one very happy, to revive the lost happiness of a noble man. But why has the prince not, long ago, chosen a spouse of equal birth with himself; he who in his former beauty of youth had surely the choice among the most beautiful princesses of reigning houses?"

"There you are mistaken, Lina. Christian explained that to me six years ago in Koburg. Prince Leopold was quite poor, like all the Koburg princes. He has merely got a position and a rich allowance in England as the husband of the late Princess Royal. He would lose both if he married another princess. And for this same reason you too can only become his morganatic spouse. And did you notice how purposely the prince emphasized several times the words 'still life' that awaited you, and that you would need to possess that power of resignation to dedicate yourself entirely to him, far away from the noise of the world? Will you, who have received ovations on the stage, and been spoiled by society, would you be able, I say, to bear such a 'still life?'"

I had never thought of that. These words, for the first time, fell like a damper on my heart. I almost wished that the invitation to Koburg might never arrive, and that I might be able to look upon the whole event, with its temptations, as an old dream. Only the concern about Karl's new debts called up in me the longing for a quiet, still life, free from cares.

Then, on the fifth day after the prince's departure, a short friendly letter arrived from cousin Christian, who invited us to come to Koburg for some days, as soon as possible. All the rest by word of mouth.

Not a word about the prince, and the object of this journey. Neither encouragement nor warnings. Just as one might have expected of my prudent diplomatic cousin, who would allow no one to see his cards. Of course the effect of this laconic communication was to make us more anxious still, as he did not even tell us what he thought about the prince's plan and hopes. In order to calm my mother, I said, however, as gaily as I was able, "God wills that we shall meet Prince Leopold again. Otherwise cousin Christian would not have called us. Now I shall venture the last great test of fate, and see if I shall receive leave of absence for the journey."

But our intendant, Count Redern, roundly refused to give me the desired leave for six days, because, he said, I had only returned from a leave of absence of six months from Russia six weeks ago, and had to play a chief part in Raupach's "Ritterwort" in autumn, and must of course be present at the necessary rehearsals.

I hastened to Papa Timm with cousin Christian's letter in painful excitement, and he readily procured for me from his Majesty a leave of absence for six days "to go to Koburg on urgent family affairs;" and the very next morning my mother and I sat out in our Russian travelling-coach, a bugling postilion on the box, and with an agitated heart we launched into the sunny September morning, through laughing districts, away to cheerful Koburg, my mother's home—away to meet a golden fortune.

Yes, the further we went the more our hearts filled

with gladness and hope. I remembered that my first journey to Koburg, just six years ago, had been fraught with much joy and good luck for me. It was then that cousin Christian had spoken the decisive, propitious words, "I shall be happy to be able to call an artiste, cousin, and a cousin, artiste." And thus I had become an actress, and in doing so the most ardent wish of my heart had been fulfilled, nor did I ever have to rue it. Well, then, my mother and I resolved with the fullest confidence to leave to our clever, noble-minded cousin to pronounce the decisive word about my future, and this resolution had made our hearts light and joyful. Moreover I felt it a sweet satisfaction, after six years of the most persevering struggles and efforts, to appear once more before our dear relations in my mother's native town as a recognized artiste; in the place where Linchen, the maiden of fifteen years, had taken such great pains to exhibit her small histrionic talents in the best light in order to be allowed to enter the stage. And how many things we had to discuss on the way! How many things had changed since, around us, within us, and with our relations!

Arrived at the village of Eishausen, we found no more the genial parson Kühner; he had been laid in the churchyard there a year before. His enigmatical friend over the way in the mysterious castle, continued to live on with his unhappy partner just as quietly and invisibly as he did years before. But the sun shone so warm and bright that not the faintest thought entered my head. Poor, young, light-hearted child of man, let the example of that invisible "countess" yonder in the gloomy castle and her mysterious "still life" deter you from proceeding; turn, turn, flee before it is too late, before the golden cage has closed upon you! You might be unhappier still as "countess" than this nameless countess in the castle of Eishausen.

In Rodach we found much that was changed. Our uncle, the "Justizrath," had died of apoplexy in consequence of the terrible conflagration in the little town,

three years ago; and his widow and daughter, cousin Riekchen, had gone to live in Koburg. Also the revered "patriarch of Rodach," the poetical "Superintendent" Hohnbaum, had followed his friend Stockmar into the grave.

On the second day after our departure from Berlin we arrived in the quiet Koburg, late in the afternoon, and alighted in the only good hotel which the small residential capital possessed at that time, and where cousin Christian had ordered apartments to be in readiness for us. The genial landlord told us that, at the request of Baron Stockmar, he would immediately inform him of the arrival of the ladies, and that his lordship intended to call at the hotel in order to welcome us that same day. We noticed with satisfaction that "his lordship" was evidently a person of great consequence in our landlord's eyes.

And hardly had we made fresh toilettes after the long and fatiguing journey, when we heard the approach of quick steps, and cousin Christian stood before us, affectionately embracing my mother and me, saying in his lively, rattling way,—

"Welcome in our old home, aunt Christiane: welcome in Koburg, cousin Lina;—ah, how tall and handsome you have grown since we met here last! Yea, now I understand how a certain heart could catch fire so quickly and thoroughly. But more about that by-and-by. May heaven grant us light that we decide on the right thing, and one day look back with pleasure to the *romantic* cause of your visit."

My cousin was very much agitated. One could hear in every word he pronounced how his nerves vibrated, and that he endeavored to conceal his agitation by jesting. He looked pale and fatigued. How peculiarly he pronounced the word "romantic," and how his intelligent eyes looked at me as if they wanted to penetrate me, and would read into the most hidden folds of my heart!

I lost all self-control and burst into tears.

I suppose my cousin was satisfied with his scrutiny, for he said in a kind tone, seizing my two hands,—

"Now, you, Miss Comedy, must not be sentimental. No, I won't allow that *to-day;* besides, you have not the smallest occasion for tears yet, and it shall be our aim to spare you, also for the future, tears of disappointment and repentance."

Mother wanted to clear up to some extent the "romantic cause of our visit"—to ask various questions with reference to the prince and the opinion of my cousin, but with a somewhat forced hilarity Christian interrupted her saying,

"Don't let us talk of business to-day, aunt Christiane. You are fatigued by the long journey: Lina's tears have told me that. I have come to take you to my mother, who expects us to supper. Also my wife and sisters, Karoline, Opitz, and Riekchen are there. Take care not to betray yourselves to them by a syllable. *Nobody* must know for the present why you are here. That must remain, for a long time to come, the most perfect secret between Prince Leopold and us if we arrive at an understanding, and a secret for all time if the fond dream of the prince remains a dream. But about this we shall speak together freely and frankly, and without ceremony, to-morrow morning—I say without sentimentality of any kind. I have no sympathy with it. It is *my* aim to guard my master, who deems me worthy of his confidence and friendship, against a hasty step, especially at this moment, where he stakes another golden hope,—yes, let me say it frankly,—a royal crown; but also to guard you, my beloved blood-relations, from bitter disappointments. But now let us go to my mother."

Aunt Stockmar and her two daughters, genial "Präsidentin" Opitz, and the very lively, indeed over-merry, Riekchen, who was dangerously nearing old-maidship, received us very kindly; on the other hand, Fanny Stockmar, Christian's wife, behaved all the more demurely; her surly disposition had grown all the surlier and harsher during the seven years of their strange loveless wedlock, in which the husband lived in English court circles, and the spouse, with the children, in small, secluded Koburg. Her large intelligent eyes examined me coldly and unsym-

pathetically. She did not like a cousin who was so much younger and prettier than herself, and to whom her husband showed so much attention. This lady afterwards became my bitterest enemy, from jealousy.

Also cousin Christian watched me closely during the whole evening, although he tried to conceal by merry jokes that he was doing so. I had become for him the object of a diplomatic study, which he had to dissect and examine even to the smallest fibre before he could pronounce a last decisive opinion. Is she suited to be the mate for life of my prince or not? Shall I favor the alliance, or throw in my veto? These questions I read in every glance of my cousin's sharp, intelligent eyes, and that did not make the family meeting more enjoyable.

Christian Stockmar was forty-one years old at this time, but just as slender, thin, and active as six years ago; only the German had become more decidedly Anglified in his dress and manners. I was also much struck by a strange mixture of the *bourgeois* and courtier which showed itself in his deportment. However, his peculiar talent for dictatorial rule had developed itself most perceptibly in him.

I felt this especially when my cousin appeared again in our hotel for the conference, on the following morning. Then he was every inch the *chargé d'affaires* of Prince Leopold of Koburg, who with diplomatic coolness and acuteness considered the pros and cons, and with an almost pedantic frankness unveiled to us all emergencies in their pure nakedness, so that my mother and I sat there as if stunned. Unmercifully he tore off one by one the poetical blossoms which my heart had brought to Koburg for the august admirer; he stripped them even to the dry stalk—business. And he suffered no contradiction.

Leaning back in his sofa-corner, his eyes firmly fixed on me, Baron Christian Stockmar, whom the prince was fond of calling "*mon fidèle soutien et ami*," with clear voice began thus to speak:—

"That my master longs for a quiet domestic happiness, I understand and heartily approve. The silly *liaisons*,

with which his royal highness amuses himself, to pass the time that hangs so heavily on his hands, ruin body and soul. Now and then more serious relations seemed to be forming. Beautiful ladies of rank threw out their nets after the prince, who really was formerly of seductive appearance, partly from a romantic love of adventure, as in the case of the love-mad Lady Ellenborough, who has since contented herself with the Austrian *attaché* to the embassy, Prince Felix Schwarzenberg; or from selfish motives, as in the case of Countess Fiquelmont of Vienna. But when these ladies heard of the 'still life' in which they were to live solely for the prince, far removed from all noisy society,—as it were, dead to the world,—and that their allowance, too, would of necessity be small, then they generally shrank back in nervous fear, or else the prince himself sent them about their business when he learned that he had merely been the object of a vile money-speculation. Prince Leopold is not rich. He only possesses, in his capacity of consort to the late Princess Royal, an annual allowance of £50,000, and with his great economy has saved out of that in the course of time. Yes, the prince is very economical. Great wealth, therefore, will not be obtained from him.

"After so many love-disappointments, the prince for the first time really seems to have seriously fallen in love with Lina now, as much, indeed, as his constitutional phlegm permits. And I understand that perfectly, for Lina is not only pretty, blooming in the freshness of youth,—she is likewise an amiable girl. That the prince's intentions are honest, and that he wishes to conclude nothing but an honorable union, is understood; for otherwise he would not have put the matter into my hands and given me *carte-blanche*. He knows that I am not to be trifled with where the point of honor is concerned, and that Lina's mother was born a Stockmar. The prince thus places both of you under my protection, to begin with, and voluntarily gives himself in me a critic and censor of his actions.

"A morganatic marriage would then take place, and

Lina would receive the title of 'countess,' of course quite privately. For if both were to be trumpeted abroad, the enemies of the prince might raise an alarm about this union in the English newspapers, and perhaps even in Parliament, and Prince Leopold might, in consequence, even lose his annual allowance and his position in England.

"Moreover, the crown of Greece has been held out to the prince these three years, and at the present moment negotiations on this point are about to be resumed.

"For this end my master will spend the winter in Italy, in order to be nearer Greece. Well then, if he should eventually be made King of Greece, it is evident that he cannot take with him to Athens a morganatic wife. Political considerations would make it necessary that he should marry a legitimate consort. In such an emergency the secret bond which alone can unite Lina to the prince, would require to be untied again just as privately as it was perhaps tied. Thus, pray mark, only before God and your nearest relatives would you appear as the prince's wife; in the eyes of the world, however, if indeed it should find again your lost track, in perhaps not quite so pure a light. I consider it my duty thus to draw your attention to all the worst contingencies and all possible dangers.

"If children should issue from this alliance, which I, sincerely speaking, do not wish, for the complications would only be increased thereby, the children would receive the title of their mother and be provided for decently, just as provision would be made for you, if the bond should have to be loosed again by circumstances sooner or later.

"You would have a settled income that would make you independent, but not more than that! Christian Stockmar's cousin would, in that case, be expected to be less exacting still than a stranger. If you wish to devote yourself in love to the prince, you do so at your own risk. As for me, the thought alone would pacify me—that I know the prince to be in good hands, and that otherwise he might fall into the worst. Thus you must discard all

covetous and interested motives, Lina! For else your cousin Christian would be the first to turn against you.

"One other thing is to be considered: will the prince's love that kindled up so quickly be a lasting one? As I know him, I scarcely believe it. But the hearts of these high-born gentlemen are cut in very peculiar wood. And what if the little flame should be extinguished even after the bridal night? You would then only be so much more unhappy.

"My urgent, honest advice, as your near relative, as well as the prince's faithful servant and friend, then is: Do not do anything rashly! Don't bind yourselves before your hearts and strength have been carefully proved; also the prince will have to examine himself. He will leave here for Naples in a few days. Perhaps the question of the Greek crown, in which this affair of the heart is involved too, will be decided there.

"And now, Karoline, give me an honest answer—will you follow my faithful advice unconditionally and in all respects, and entrust yourself to my experienced guidance now and also later? Or will you, allured by your rapid victory over the prince, give ear to his renewed and urgent prayers—for he wishes to see you alone again to-morrow—and go your own way self-willed into the golden happiness, or blindly rush into your ruin? I expect a decisive 'yes' or 'no'!"

And I wept aloud, crying, "Yes, yes! cousin, I will blindly follow your advice and your guidance!"

My mother cried, deeply moved, "Good God! What cliffs have we got between. My heart tells me, Lina: remain free! remain an artiste! We are not a match for these dangers!"

Would that we had followed the warning voice of a faithful mother's heart.

* * * * * *

That same afternoon I was to see the prince again. A kind of popular festival was to be held at the Rosenau, the magnificent summer residence of the reigning duke, in honor of the prince's visit, and cousin Christian had

promised to take us there. I have scarcely ever dressed myself for any party in a more depressed mood.

My cousin's businesslike explanations were lying on my heart like a heavy burden. How much uncertainty, how many painful doubts were spread out before me! And was that which was perhaps beckoning me from a great distance—was it really the much-longed-for happiness of which my young heart dreamed?

"Oh! mother, what new confusions and struggles, what mental troubles lie before us! The poor life of man is not an easy one, indeed!" I said sadly. "But the worst of all is that I do not know yet whether I shall be able to love the prince as much as of course is needed if I am to renounce stage and world! What could most urge me into an independent 'still life' would be the perpetual fear of Karl's ever new demands on my purse!"

My mother tried to pacify me by remarking that at least, according to cousin Christian's assertion, we had yet fully six months for considering and proving, and that it would not be too late in the following spring to pronounce a decisive "*no*." Notwithstanding, my good mother, with pardonable parental vanity, dressed me as a bride. I wore a charming pink dress with a mantilla of white cashmere, also a Spanish bonnet of white velvet with feathers.

At two o'clock cousin Christian drove up to our hotel in an elegant open carriage. In it sat cousin Riekchen, laughing and making signs to us. Christian, who drove himself, came running up for a moment hastily, to enjoin us not to betray ourselves by words to Riekchen, or to the august party at the festival even by looks! "I have also counselled the prince only to notice you from a distance, and to be very cautious with his words and looks. The dowager duchess is very suspicious, and has the eyes of Argus and spies everywhere. She has not been my friend for a long time, and has done all in her power, though in vain, to prevent me, the former simple body-physician, from occupying so prominent a position at the court, and in the confidence of the prince, her favorite

son. If she should notice anything now, she would move heaven and earth to prevent my fair cousin increasing the influence of the Stockmars! The most scrupulous caution, then! On the other hand, to-morrow, when we drive to the quiet Fülbach, you may ogle and chat with the prince to your heart's content."

The pleasant drive to the beautiful Rosenau, a creation of Duke Ernst's, and the bracing, sunny autumn day, improved my spirits. I sat beside my cousin, who drove, and who chatted and jested in his irresistibly amiable, humorous way, whilst Riekchen prattled and laughed so gaily that the many pedestrians who were going to the festival, stopped at the two sides of the road, looked at us in wonder, and greeted most respectfully the universally revered baron and his party.

Now and then I had a chance of exchanging stealthily a few cordial words with Christian. He was much more genial and cheerful than at our first meeting.

I only learned afterwards that my mother had showed him my diary that morning, and that the pure and child-like effusions of my heart had touched him.

When I expressed to him my determination never to leave my mother, he at once removed this objection by saying, "Of course she will come to England, too, and inhabit the same house with you. I should surely not permit you to be sentenced to absolute solitude!" That sounded like jest, but I never forgot it, because it turned out, by-and-by, the saddest reality.

On the large lawn in front of the splendid chateau of Rosenau, built in the Gothic style, we found a great bustle of gay townspeople and country folks, dressed in their original gay-colored Sunday garb. Tables and forms of rough planks had been erected in a wide semi-circle.

Foaming beer was being tapped from huge casks. On red-hot gridirons were roasting the little fat sausages called Koburg larks, the national dish at all popular gatherings, such as fairs, shooting-matches, and *kirmesses*. A brass band performed merry dance-music, to which townspeople and villagers were circling merrily upon the close-shorn turf.

We had scarcely joined the crowd when Christian Stockmar was surrounded by acquaintances. There was no end to saluting, introducing, and bowing. Also my mother was heartily welcomed by old friends. I was fetched to the lawn for a dance, and noticed to my gratification that everybody was looking at me. Well, was I not young, and a *comédienne?*

I was just dancing a "ländler" (slow waltz) with a smart farmer's son, when I noticed an unusual movement in the crowd around me. The whisper went from mouth to mouth, "They are coming — their highnesses are coming!"

Upon the terrace there appeared the reigning Duke Ernst with the dowager duchess, and Prince Leopold with his two nephews, the princes Ernst and Albert. They were greeted with "hurrahs." I noticed with satisfaction that Prince Leopold at once raised his glass and scanned with it the motley crowd. At last he had found me.

Immediately afterwards the duke and princes walked through the scene of the festival, greeting cordially in all directions, and stopping to converse now here, now there. I saw the distinguished party approach and felt my heart beat; now they stood before us. The duke spoke to Stockmar, saluted my mother and me politely, and jested with gay Riekchen. Prince Leopold welcomed me only by a look; but there was a sort of understanding in our looks that made me blush. The prince then said aloud:— "I am delighted to see the charming 'Hottentot,' who delighted me so in Potsdam, spin round so merrily with our young Koburg farmers, here upon the turf!"

I replied: "Your highness, it makes me very happy that you remember the poor 'Hottentot' at all! The risk of dancing here on the turf is hardly less than upon the little stage of the 'new palace,' before such critical eyes!"

The prince bowed with a smile, whispering to me as he did so, "I long for the hour of meeting you again in Fülbach! Meanwhile, God speed!"

This was accompanied by a bright flash from his eyes, which pierced me to the heart.

I felt how my cheeks burned. The prince captivated me more and more. I was hardly able to answer the curious questions of my lively cousin Riekchen regarding the dancing "Hottentot," and how I liked the prince. Fortunately Christian offered me his arm to show me over the place. Laughingly he whispered to me, "So I have seen you play comedy for the first time, little cousin, and you played it very well, *ex tempore:* it really looked as if you spoke to the prince for the first time. He also behaved very well. But did you notice how the old duchess did not take her eyes off you, and how many inquisitive looks were directed at you? Therefore, caution; and also for the future I recommend the greatest circumspection."

On the scene of the festival dancing was varied by games such as climbing greased poles, sack-races, cock-throwing, and the like. The young Prince Ernst, the now reigning duke, then a vigorous dark-complexioned boy of ten, and the delicate Albert, a boy of nine, who afterwards became consort of Queen Victoria of England, romped about, followed by their greyhounds, and mixed with the people. Happy children, you never dreamed why your poor mother lived far away, for ever separated from her tenderly loved children!

On the occasion of my first visit to Koburg, in 1822, I had seen the beautiful fair Duchess Luise, of whom the worthy old "Superintendent" Hohnbaum, five years previously, on her entrance into Koburg as the duke's bride, had written so enthusiastically and prophetically, "She is a most natural and amiable creature. But in Koburg they will put her through the polishing-mill and under the calendering-press until she has turned quite flat and smooth like the rest. Altogether I do not think that any court vice can have spoiled her heart. She is, in my opinion, an extraordinarily rare being!"

And how well this rare and amiable princess had been put through the polishing-mill and under the calendering-

press in Koburg! As early as 1822 the ducal matrimonial union was a most unhappy one. When immediately afterwards there appeared the memoirs of the "beautiful Greek," Alexandra Panam, printed in Paris, and bearing the impress of the elegant initials of the authoress—the first book prohibited by the German Confederation, after the severity of the censorship had been greatly increased by the resolutions of the conference in Karlsbad—then the estrangement between husband and wife grew ever greater. The people of Koburg mostly took the part of the poor beautiful princess. In the summer of 1824, there broke out a sort of revolt of the people in favor of their ill-treated duchess. The people stormed the ducal castle, and the military openly declared for the duchess. The favorite of the duke, M. de Schimbowsky, had his windows smashed and his garden laid waste; the Duke Ernst fled to Vienna, and lodged a complaint with the "Bundestag." The latter appointed a commission, consisting of officers from the kingdom of Saxony, who were to inquire into the revolt and restore peace.

The duchess demanded a divorce, and as this was refused her from "political" motives, because Koburg did not wish to forfeit the heritage of the Duchy of Gotha, whose last princely descendent was the Duchess Luise—the unhappy lady tried by her compromising life to force the duke to divorce her. Concerning this, the Count Korneillan related: "The duchess has indeed committed mad pranks with her lovers, and has by no means concealed them. She is possessed of wild naïveté, and carries on with an artless bold frankness what others conceal; at the same time she is lovable and seductive."

Not before 1826, after having lived apart from her husband and her two sons for two years, under the name of Countess of Pölzig (or Belzig) and then of Beyersdorf, at St. Wendel on the Rhine, was the duchess formally divorced from the duke. Hereupon she married the Koburg Lieutenant Alexander von Hanstein, who had been raised by the Duke of Altenburg (according to others, of Hildburghausen) to the dignity of a Count of

Pölzig, and lived with him in happy wedlock on the Rhine or in Paris. There I met the remarkable lady again afterwards, and there she died in 1831, without having seen her sons Ernst and Albert again. But even in her death she was eccentric. She settled a considerable annuity upon her husband, Count von Pölzig, on condition that he should *never* part with her body! Should he pass even one night only in a house which did not at the same time harbor the mortal remains of his deceased spouse, he would lose his annuity.

For years the luckless Count Pölzig dragged about with him the embalmed corpse of his spouse from place to place; but one morning to his terror he found that the precious coffin had vanished. He had, in the meantime, married a Fräulein von Karlowitz. When he found that his annuity continued to be paid to him, he soon got reconciled to this loss.

The house of Koburg-Gotha had put an end to the ever-renewed newspaper remarks about the wandering corpse.

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On the morning after that merry public festival in the Rosenau, which concluded with a brilliant display of fireworks, Christian Stockmar called for us with his carriage, and we drove away to pay that momentous visit to the estate of Fülbach. My cousin drove again in person, lest any talkative coachman might catch a word; he was in the gayest of humors and brimful of that satire peculiar to him. Only when the cheerful Fülbach came in sight he suddenly turned very grave. Pointing to a modest house almost hidden under old trees, he said, "Perhaps your future will be decided there for life! I pray that it may take such a form, that all of us can one day look back upon this country-house and this hour without remorse! But once more I conjure you, Lina, do not be induced to bind yourself by promise to-day. Reserve to yourself your fullest freedom till the spring, till the prince's return from Italy, leaving the same freedom to him too. Perhaps he may bring back a crown with him; in that case you will go to St. Petersburg as Russian court-actress with

the consciousness of having gained in the King of Greece a true, helpful friend for your whole life. I sincerely wish, both for your own and the prince's sake, that this may be the happy solution of the short love-romance. Neither of you would then have to reproach the other."

Yes, why was it not to be that this happy solution made me free before I was bound?

For half a century I have been brooding over this "why?" accusing, asking ever anew, "Why? Why?" Shall I have a good answer in yonder world, one day?

* * * * * *

We drove through the park and stopped in front of the cheerful little country house. Everything was as quiet as in an enchanted garden—not a human being to be seen, not a voice to be heard. Only a few pheasants strutted slowly across the turf; upon the roof in the sunshine there sat white doves with their black heads, billing and cooing tenderly.

When the carriage stopped in front of the garden saloon, the little stout factotum, Hühnlein, hastened up in a white, cook's apron to take charge of the horses. He was panting under the burden of his duties, and his good-natured round face shone like a peony, and around his fat mouth played a radiant, cunning smile. "Figaro" was quite in his element: groom, cook, butler, valet, confidant, uniting all in one person to prevent any stranger from prying into the secret.

In the open door of the garden saloon there appeared the tall form of the prince standing out to advantage in the sunny air. He received us in a friendly—nay, hearty manner. He appeared to me younger and fresher than he did at our first meeting in Berlin, and his manners also were freer and less constrained. He took my two hands, and, looking deep into my eyes, said, "I thank you that you have come! It is a good omen, and I may hope!"

This homely reception restored to me likewise my cheerful, easy bearing, and soon I was seated at the prince's side in gay conversation at the lunch-table, almost forgetting that my neighbor was his royal highness. Mas-

ter Hühnlein displayed great skill as butler; the luncheon consisted of a very respectable *déjeûner a la fourchette*, sweet golden Bordeaux and splendidly cooled champagne, and we lunched quite simply and sociably *à quatre*, as if we had thus sat together many a time before, just like ordinary mortals. Cousin Christian was overflowing with wit and humor; the prince melted more and more, pressed my hand tenderly underneath the table, and touched glasses with my mother and me, expressing the hope that we should soon meet again in England under happier auspices still; and my glass and heart joyfully and full of hope joined in.

When coffee had been served, the prince led me jesting into the adjoining room. The door remained open, and I could hear my mother and cousin Christian talking together. Their neighborhood gave me confidence.

The prince clasped me tenderly in his arms, and kissed me on the brow and mouth, saying feelingly,—

"Thus I may hope that your heart is favorably inclined towards me, and will gradually learn also to love me a little, me who am so much older than you, and who have been tried so deeply. I cannot expect more at present, but to you I declare at once that you have become dearer to me from hour to hour since we first met; and I hope to find again by your side the happiness I lost so soon, together with quietness and peace. Only one thing I beg of you to tell me even now, frankly and openly: Is there a man whom you like more than me—whom you would find it at all hard to give up?"

I was able to reply from the bottom of my heart and with perfect truth,—

"No, your Highness, there is no man whom I like better than you, and my heart feels more and more drawn towards you!"

"I thank you. That is quite sufficient for me to-day. Good Stocki insists on a longer period of reflection, both for his cousin and for me, till indeed I shall have returned from my Italian journey; and I have agreed. We will, in the meantime, write to each other and improve our

acquaintance. Your cousin has also frankly acquainted you with my position. Will not the necessary stillness of your new life frighten you? Will you not repent having sacrificed the brilliant life of an artiste for the sake of one poor lonely man?"

"I hope not, as long as I possess your love and your confidence. And my mother is not to leave me?"

"No, she will remain your faithful friend, and be always with you when circumstances oblige me to leave you alone. I shall be thankful for it to your good mother."

And again the prince embraced and kissed me tenderly. Then he took my hand and led me back into the saloon.

Cousin Christian looked cross and annoyed, but the prince said gaily,—

"No, Stocki, you have no occasion to be angry. All remains as your dictatorial will arranged it. Not before the spring, after my return from Italy, will the blissful love-knot be tied, if your lovely cousin should then please to have me still."

Then the prince took Stockmar's arm, and led him out into the garden.

I threw myself into the arms of my mother, shedding happy tears and sobbing hysterically. I said, "Everything will turn out well! What a happy lot will be mine by the side of this noble man!"

When the prince and Stockmar returned after a while, my cousin looked cheerful again, and nodded to me approvingly.

Hühnlein had put the horses to the carriage. My cousin urged a speedy departure, that we might not be missed in Koburg, nor the prince at the Rosenau. Once more the prince pressed me tenderly to his heart, and whispered in my ear,—

"Preserve for me your love! May we meet again in spring to confirm our happiness! I shall write to you from Naples and expect an answer there. Everything else we shall put confidingly into the hands of your good cousin Stockmar. Farewell!"

The horses started, and the carriage rolled away with us. The prince remained standing at the door of the garden saloon in the bright sunshine waving salutations to us till the carriage had vanished behind the trees.

My heart was so full and happy, and I thanked God for being thus loved.

It further made me happy that cousin Christian was so cheerful on the drive home and praised me and my behavior. He said: "Lina, you have made such a deep impression upon his heart, as never a woman did since I have known him. Let us then hope for the best for both parties. But be cautious in your correspondence. Don't allow yourself, even in a letter, to be carried away to write a rash word that would bind you. There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and before the spring much may be changed. Moreover, as my mother says, these high-born gentlemen are made of a peculiar paste, and one is never sure about them. Therefore, caution, caution! Also at my house, my wife is burning already with curiosity to find out what your sudden visit and our mysterious drives may mean. Be it understood, then, and do you adhere to it, that you wished to ask my advice about Karl's extravagance and Louis' future, and that to-day we have revived aunt's early reminiscences in Fülbach and the Glockenberg."

So we drove to the Glockenberg, with the cheerful country house and beautiful garden where my mother had passed her childhood. Everything was at that time, 1828, in the possession of Minister von Wangenheim.

The evening we spent in Christian's house with his mother and sisters. Here I also saw for the first time his five-year-old little son Ernst, who, under his direction, afterwards became treasurer to Queen Victoria, and came to Berlin later on as private secretary to the Princess Royal (Crown Princess of Prussia). But a bad trouble of the spine has long ago forced him back into private life. Christian Stockmar's little daughter Marie, who was then one year old, died young as the wife of the historian and professor, Hermann Hettner, in Dresden. Her

daughter Elizabeth has repeatedly visited me upon my Swiss Broëlberg during the last few years, accompanied by the ever-youthful, merry old grand-aunt Friederika Stockmar.

Frau Fanny von Stockmar was in very bad humor, and was poking at me the whole evening with her sharp eyes and pointed tongue in order to learn what I wanted in Koburg! That something was concealed from her by Christian and me, her ever-ready distrust had guessed long ago. But what? Only later I learned that the unfortunate lady was even then jealous of me.

I was glad when our travelling-coach pulled up at the door at 11 P. M., and the postilion merrily sounding his bugle, drove us out into the moonlight night. How many things my mother and I had to communicate to each other from the abundance of our happy hearts! We drove the whole night. The second night, punctually at the expiration of my six days' leave of absence, we arrived again in Berlin. In unpacking we found in the box of the carriage a parcel containing a beautiful pink stuff for a full evening dress, also a paper upon which, to my delight, were written in my cousin's hand the words, "In pleasant remembrance of Koburg."

Did the present come from my cousin, or from the prince? My heart told me, "From him who loves thee so tenderly. Pink is the color of love!"

Oh, poor simpleton that I was!

The very next morning I had to attend a rehearsal of Raupach's "Ritterwort." I entered the stage with very peculiar feelings. During the whole rehearsal I could not get rid of the thought, "This play is even now a farewell to the beloved boards!" And my heart was sore at the thought.

This repeated itself at every performance. Ever the question forced itself painfully upon me, "Wilt thou ever play this part again?"

I never had played with such zeal, with such ardent love as during that winter. It seemed as if I must taste to the dregs my calling, my art, and the intoxicating air

of the stage, before all was gone from me for ever. I felt how with this love my art also grew with each new part. And I had the great satisfaction of knowing that the public and even my colleagues acknowledged it.

How Raupach, who was ordinarily so blunt and repelling, approached me more and more, I have related already in a previous chapter. He assigned to me more important parts in his plays and taught me them. My "Countess Flora von Tourelles" in the "Ritterwort" met not only with the author's fullest approval, but won also the enthusiastic applause of the audience.

But when there arrived a loving letter from Prince Leopold from Naples, then I would sing, jubilantly, "Happy alone is the soul that loves!" What an enviable lot waits thee by the side of this noble, affectionate prince, removed from all the cares of life and all the cabals and intrigues of the boards! And I prayed fervently to God that he might preserve for me the affection of the beloved man.

Friendly letters arrived also from cousin Christian. All his doubts seemed overcome, excepting the one that I would not be able to bear the "still life" of an English country-seat. But his joy to know that his master would be in such good hands cropped out again and again, and the hope that by our presence in England, not only the prince's, but also his own life in England, would assume a more comfortable and agreeable form.

This induced me to word my answers so as to remove also these last doubts of my cousin. In this I was only too successful.

About this time—in January, 1829—innumerable innuendoes and disguised allusions began to reach my ear, both in familiar social circles, and in my intercourse with the actors behind the scenes. My sudden autumn journey to Koburg was continually alluded to, and I was asked how I had enjoyed myself there. Some teased me openly about the handsome, rich Prince Leopold, others hinted at the amorous reigning duke. I must have looked very much out of countenance and stupid when thus tormented, till Amalié Wolff put me right in the matter.

The kind creature first cautiously sounded me, saying, "Is it true, lassie, what the people say, that you will soon leave the stage to be made very happy?"

"What say the people?" I stammered.

"That a gentleman of high rank loves you and will marry you morganatically. Only people are not certain if it is the duke himself, or the Prince of Koburg."

"And you call that great happiness?" I asked in confusion. "You know how happy I am as actress."

"Nonsense, lassie. You know very well that one does not for ever remain twenty and pretty! And have not you, too, had remarkable experience on the stage? Are you not obliged almost to fight with Stich for every new *rôle* as dogs do for a bone. And does not even little, insignificant Leonhardt snatch from you many a pretty youthful part because she is patronized by Prince Karl? Was not last year the pretty goose, Mdlle. K——, allowed to play your 'Preciosa' here, because she was the mistress of the old Grand Duke of Baden, and the latter had given her a letter of recommendation to Prince Wittgenstein? And may not any booby of a critic, who would fain make you happy with his love, and whom you show the cold shoulder to, cut you up in his paper with impunity? And what will be your lot in St. Petersburg? There all the high gods of the theatre, even up to the emperor, I have been told, look upon everything on the stage that is pretty and young, to begin with, as their unlimited property. But, alas, alas, if you become old upon the stage, and yet must play for your daily bread! There's nothing more melancholy than to behold an actress playing comic matrons whose heart bleeds, and whose teeth have fallen from her mouth. Once I played before Goethe his 'Iphigenie,' and 'Leonore' in 'Tasso;' to-day I play 'Frau Riekebusch' and 'Mdme. Hirsch' with the Turkish shawl (in the dialect of the Jews), and yet there are colleagues enough who would fain become my successors, even in these parts, during my life. That will be your future, too, on the stage if you will not renounce this 'high bliss' of the boards. But I see it by your manner, lassie,

there has been something going on in Koburg which you are not allowed to speak about. Would that it were for your good—the true happiness! But beware, sweet floweret, beware of the fate of the 'beautiful Greek.'"

I returned home to my mother quite dumbfounded, and communicated to her what I had heard. How, in all the world, had our Koburg secret been betrayed? We had confided in nobody. It disgusted me that I could be suspected of intrigue with the debauched Duke Ernst. Had a letter been lost or been opened at the post-office! At that time one heard still from time to time of the "black post-office," in which any letters that excited peculiar curiosity were read.

My mother and I considered it our duty to inform cousin Christian without delay of the Berlin rumors, and to ask him what we should do. By return of post we received the short command that all correspondence between us must immediately be discontinued in the meantime. As to people quizzing us, we were to deny everything most emphatically, and, if necessary, snub the speakers soundly.

And so it came to pass that I did not receive the slightest sign of life either from the prince in Naples, or cousin Christian in Koburg, during the space of fully four months —a time of the most tantalizing uncertainty, "of a longing and fearing in painful suspense," for me and my mother.

Daily we asked each other: "What is to come of this? Has the prince already forgotten you? Does the prince only think of the Greek throne, of which the newspapers write now and then? Would he readily sacrifice the quiet happiness by thy side that he longed for, for the splendor of a crown? Was the whole only a charming dream?"

And the prince appeared to me more and more poetical and amiable, the further he withdrew from me. I could not banish his beautiful, melancholy eyes from my mind. In those days of "longing and fearing," I really fell in love with this idol of my dreams in the longing for a

quiet happiness, and in the daily looking forward to a token of love. His picture became more and more transfigured and shining to my longing contemplation. I even think that if anybody had dared to jest about the prince's wig, I should have sworn that this wig was the true halo for the poor much-tried martyr of his own heart.

Thus weeks after weeks passed in tantalizing uncertainty. The teasing in Berlin had ceased from complete want of new starting-points. Some thought that it had been a false rumor, others that the alliance, once perhaps planned, had been abandoned long ago.

But how far, even then, the vague report had reached, I read in Varnhagen's "Tagebücher" (diary) not forty years afterwards. There may be read literally, under date February 5th, 1829, from Kassel, where Varnhagen was staying at the time, as the agent of King Friedrich Wilhelm III., that he might, if possible, arrange amicably the matrimonial dissension between the Elector and his spouse on account of his mistress, Countess Reichenbach, *née* Ortlepp:—

"The Elector wants us to look upon and to treat his connection with the Countess Reichenbach as absolutely unique, suffering no comparison with anything else, and, owing to its peculiarity, as a perfectly legitimate one; he censures as objectionable that the Grand Duke of Darmstadt had the actress Mdlle. Peche for a mistress, and that Duke of Koburg designed to win the actress Karoline Bauer for the same object."

How did that rumor reach the electoral ears in Kassel? Did Herr von Varnhagen himself perhaps bring it with him from Berlin? And yet its source could only be sought in my fleeting journey to Koburg, or in the few letters that had been exchanged between me and Prince Leopold and cousin Christian. Were perhaps both regarded as procurers for the reigning duke?

From the month of January to the end of April, I did not receive a line either from Prince Leopold or from Christian Stockmar. I did not even know whether the one was still staying in Italy and the other in Koburg.

Then, one day at noon, when I returned home from the rehearsal, I saw a young gentleman standing at the bell of our corridor. We entered the dwelling at the same time. He inquired after my mother, and introduced himself as a clerk in the banking firm of Lewald, commissioned to pay to Frau Rittmeisterin Bauer 1200 thalers on the order of Baron Stockmar in London, and to deliver a letter!

My heart beat. Mother turned pale. The decisive hour had arrived.

Mother trembled so much that she could scarcely sign the receipt for the money. When we were alone I had to open the fateful letter. It was in Christian's handwriting, and addressed to me from London. It ran thus:

"MY GOOD KAROLINE—Should you really feel able to renounce the stage, and your heart harbor the same feelings as your letters manifested, then quit Berlin at the latest in a few weeks. You are expected with longing, and may enter on this new path of life cheerfully and calmly. Kind regards to your mother! You must travel by way of Frankfort on the Main and Brussels to Calais, without footman, and let nobody know anything about the object of your journey, otherwise I will not be responsible for the consequences. Alight in Calais at the Hôtel Mesière; Hühnlein will be in waiting for you there to accompany you to Dover and further. So apply without delay for your release from the theatre. If they should refuse to accept your resignation before the end of the contract, then appeal to the king's grace through your old friend and patron Timm, but with the request in the meantime that he will keep the matter a profound secret.

"All other matters can be arranged from here. To acquaintances you may state that you leave Berlin on a starring tour.

"Farewell! May God protect you, and may we meet again with glad hearts!

"Your true and faithful cousin,

"STOCKMAR.

"P. S.—I hope that 1200 thalers[1] will suffice for travelling and the sundry necessary expenses."

[1] One hundred and eighty pounds.

"So it is to be! God wills it!" I cried with unspeakable emotion, and locked mother passionately in my arms. Only then I noticed that she stood there pale and silent, and that a cloud hung over her face. "Mother, what is the matter? You don't say a word! Do you not rejoice with me, tell me, that my so hotly longed-for happiness is now really come? I feel truly blessed, and as if I were removed from this earth and all its cares and struggles!"

"The prince himself ought to have addressed to you, with whom he wishes to conclude so important and sacred a union, at this moment some words of love and fidelity, of encouraging assurance; at this moment when you, to please him, abandon a path of life that makes you happy, and, putting your trust in him, enter upon a way that is still completely veiled from our sight. Can the prince's intention perhaps be, in his over-politic circumspection, to burden his faithful Stockmar with all the responsibility for this step? The thought oppresses me!" All this my mother uttered with difficulty.

I stood thunderstruck. For my prudent, energetic mother was, as a rule, possessed of much more courage and enterprise than her impulsive, light-hearted daughter.

"Oh, mother, you know it is time even yet to retrace our steps. Let us quickly pack up the money, and return it to Christian. Then we are free again!" I exclaimed, whilst tears were gushing from my eyes.

"And then, Lina? Then we are settled once more in our old cares and want. And what awaits you in St. Petersburg? I cannot yet forget the lustful looks and frivolous jokes of Prince Walkonski and Kutaizow. I should like best if you could stay on the Berlin stage free from care. Oh, would that God had granted your prayer for your late sister Lottchen's intercession to let us win something in the lottery—we should be free from all snares and temptations!"

"Mother, sister Lottchen's intercession has brought us good Prince Leopold!" I exclaimed, once more courageous and merry. "He is the highest prize that could have fallen to our lot, the luckiest that I could gain for my

happiness. And now let us set to work without delay, that I may get my discharge quickly, and we may hasten to meet our happy fortune. How nice it will be if we can pass this very spring already by the side of the prince at his beautiful country seat of Claremont!"

Yes, I was unsophisticated enough at that time to think of happiness by the side of the prince at Claremont!

"Let us then once more leave fate to decide, in this dissension between our wishes and our doubts!" my mother said more composedly. "If the 'intendance' and the king accept your resignation by the middle of May, we will go to England. If your prayer be refused, we will patiently remain here till your contract expires, and then proceed as God wills! We will answer the prince and Christian only after all has been definitely decided."

After this conversation my mother caused me no further uneasiness by expressing apprehensive doubts; she saw me so full of hope, so radiant with happiness, and it seemed as if my confidence strengthened hers.

The very same evening I sent in my resignation, addressed to the intendant, Count Redern; I had alleged, as motive for the step, starring tours previous to entering on my engagement in St. Petersburg, and of course I received a reply in the negative.

Then my mother, with a heavy heart, set out on her way to "Papa" Timm, acquainted him, under the promise of the greatest secrecy, with everything, laid before him Christian's letter, and asked for his kind intercession with the king's majesty—during which time I was almost dying with nervous expectation at home. I was well aware that the dice were being cast in this hour for my whole future, for the weal and woe of my life.

At last my mother returned, her cheeks greatly excited, and full of glad hopes. The good privy-chamberlain had read cousin Christian's letter with much satisfaction, and expressed himself to the effect that we should not reject so rare a fortune. He would speak with the king about the matter that same evening, and he hoped for a favorable decision.

We had only one fear, that the good Timm, who was a little talkative, or his Majesty, might blab out our great secret.

Only two days after this, Timm himself brought me the "secret order of the cabinet"—his Majesty graciously accepted my resignation to quit his stage on the 14th of May, 1829, "in order not to stand in the way of my happiness"—all expressed in the most gracious terms.

Thus the dice had fallen! I laughed and wept in one and the same breath. I was exultant at my happy, golden future, and yet shed many secret tears at parting with the stage and my many dear Berlin friends—but *secret* tears, for nobody was allowed to know that I was going away, or why I went! Each visit and each appearance on the stage meant for me such a painful leave-taking. And it appeared to me as if my friends were especially good and kind during these days, and as if my last performances were received with unusual interest by the public.

My last *new* part I had played on the 14th of April; it was the character of "Henriette" in Jünger's "List gegen List." For the last time but one I appeared on the stage in the character of dumb "Viktorni."

I appeared for the very last time as Prussian court actress on the Berlin stage on the 6th of May, 1829, as "Christine, Queen of Sweden," in Christinen's "Liebe und Entsagung." And nobody knew that it was the last time, except the king, Timm, my mother, and Count Redern; but the latter did not know the ground of my departure, and was angry with me that I had obtained my release from the king in spite of his own refusal.

With hot, silent tears I took leave of the stage upon which I had played, with true goodwill and pleasure not less than 564 times during the last four years and four months.

Deeply moved, I bade in my heart farewell to my dear colleagues. With loud sobs I made my last toilette in my little dressing-room before going home.

For the last time! For the last time! Never, never again!

There are perhaps no sadder words in existence than these!

Did somebody in the audience, after all, know that I was going, and why!

On the 12th of May, Timm gave mother and me a farewell dinner. We were the only guests. The king made his appearance after the cloth was removed to bid me good-bye, and wish me God-speed on my new departure. I could hardly utter a word of gratitude, so deeply was I moved. Weeping, I kissed the good, paternal hand that had lavished upon me so much favor, for the last time.

Then the king, himself visibly affected, put his hand upon my head, and said gently,—

"Prince Leopold is to be envied. May he make you happy! Farewell! Keep us Berliners in your friendly remembrance, and let Timm know how you are getting on."

Oh, why did I not fall at the feet of the most excellent monarch at that moment, as my heart prompted me to do? Why did I not embrace his knees, imploring his Majesty to grant me a contract for ten years with raised salary, for otherwise my mother and I could not get through all the difficulties in which we were involved?

"Grant me a small pension for the evening of my life, and I will remain here with delight and renounce all the golden allurements in England and my engagement in St. Petersburg, and I shall thank you for it all my life, and live and die for the stage in Berlin."

Aye! why had I not the courage for this prayer at that last decisive moment? Why did I allow this moment to pass by without having made use of it? After that it was too late.

When honest Timm called on me in Dresden, years afterwards, and I opened my whole heart to him, he said, much affected, "Yes, if you had spoken at that moment! The king was always graciously inclined towards you and would gladly have fulfilled your prayer. He, too, saw you leave Berlin with much regret."

At last all the preparations for our departure were

made: they caused us all the more trouble because everything had to be carried out with the most scrupulous secrecy. Our landlord was made to understand that I was going on a starring tour and perhaps would not come back again. The rent for our house was paid up for another six months. We left all our furniture standing, gave the keys to our trustworthy landlord, with directions to sell everything if we did not return before the expiration of our lease.

Only the most necessary farewell visits were paid. How often I changed color during these calls! How often did my heart threaten to get the better of my mouth, and make me tell everything! My false social position had already commenced. I felt that I stood in a false light even towards my best and most faithful friends. Conversation was with difficulty sustained in constrained phrases. I felt that my friends looked at me at every word I spoke as if to say, "You merely speak in order to say nothing; you hide something from us which occupies your whole thoughts at present. Have we deserved that at your hands?" I was afraid that those friends, recollecting the old reports about that journey to Koburg during the last autumn, perhaps even guessed the right thing, but were too discreet to embarrass me by inquisitiveness. And nevertheless I durst not speak out frankly, as my heart dictated to me. I was obliged to keep silent, and appear ungrateful, perhaps even deceitful, because I had been ordered from London to do so. Yes, I had got into a very false position.

My mother and I only breathed again more freely when we had left Berlin behind us, on the 14th of May, and rolled along on the causeway to Potsdam. And yet there was still to be a new affecting leave-taking in Potsdam.

The good king wished to see me once more on the stage there, for the last time. And thus I played that evening in the small town-theatre of Potsdam my favorite part of the cheerful "Leopoldine von Strehlen" in Töpfer's comedy, "Der beste Ton," a *rôle* which his Majesty himself had chosen for me. I still see Friedrich Wilhelm

III. seated in the small private box, and on my being called before the curtain for the last time, joining with hands and mouth in the last applause, and nodding to me kindly for the last time. And then the curtain fell before me, too, for the last time.

In the dressing-room the old female attendant Wallburg, whom the reader knows from my "Comedian excursions to Potsdam," wept with me, without complaint and without inquiry. I clasped her in my arms and kissed her old, wrinkled cheeks, and put a ring on her finger, whilst I said, sobbing, "As a keepsake, Wallburg! Perhaps we shall never see each other again. I go to begin a new life. People will soon speak much about me. Do not think ill of me."

The faithful soul kissed me in turn. She asked nothing. She wept.

And then we drove away into the soft, fragrant May night, to meet the happiness so ardently longed for.

The happiness!

CHAPTER IX.

THROUGH "DRIZZLE" TO SUNSHINE.

THE JOURNEY TO ENGLAND—JOYFUL EXPECTATIONS—DISAPPOINTMENT—THE BIRDCAGE IN REGENT'S PARK—STOCKMAR THE POLITIC—THE LOVER AT LAST—THE LITTLE FIREBRAND—ANONYMOUS SLANDER—A MUSICAL AFTERNOON—A MONTH OF DRIZZLING—THE SILVER DISH—MONSIEUR PEU-Á-PEU AND THE MARQUIS TOUT-DOUCEMENT—STOCKMAR THE COMFORTER—THE SIGHTS OF LONDON—MADAME VESTRIS—GERMAN CRITICISM ON ENGLISH ACTING—THE KEY TO THE STOCKMAR ENIGMA—THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY—THE HONEYMOON—HAPPINESS AT LAST—CLAREMONT.

IT was in May, too, just five years before, when mother and I left Karlsruhe for Berlin, there to seek our fortune. Had we found it?

And now, likewise in May, we are leaving Berlin and proceeding once more southward, through sunny, fertile districts, out into the wide, wide world, to win happiness, the true happiness, but by mysterious, round-about ways. Shall we be permitted this time to obtain and keep it for life?

This query occupied us the whole journey, and upon all the strange, round-about ways.

From Berlin, *viâ* Frankfort on the Main, to Brussels, Calais, Dover, London. This circuitous route Prince Leopold and Baron Stockmar had prescribed to us in order to mislead the world about our destination. People were to believe that we had returned to our old home, Karlsruhe. That our route might not be betrayed, we were not allowed to take with us a man-servant or ladies'-maid. Only my little dog Lisinka were we permitted to have as travelling-companion. It could not tell tales.

My mother and I were so thoroughly convinced of the infallibility of our clever cousin Christian, that we highly admired these diplomatic measures for the effacement of

our track. To-day I must smile at the simplicity of the clever cousin and at our own blind faith, but it is not a sunny smile.

To think that an actress who was a general favorite,—nay, who was the object of much homage, could disappear from Berlin without leaving behind her a trace, merely because it suited the machinations of a great personage in England!

Moreover, this subtle diplomatic stratagem proved an utter failure. We had scarcely left Berlin when there appeared the following in the *Spener Zeitung*:—

"Karoline Bauer, a court-actress of the royal stage, a lady of good reputation and one of the most beautiful women of Berlin, has petitioned to be released from her contract, as she intends to enter into matrimony with a German prince residing abroad."

Who had put this in the paper? Whence was it derived? Did the king or Timm tell tales? I have never been able to ascertain. The extract, which "Justizrath" Ludolff sent me, is still in my possession, and I shall paste it into this manuscript.

And before we had reached London a wicked letter had preceded us there, which was to scatter the bitterest tears on my new English life from the very outset. But more about that by-and-by.

My brother Karl was waiting for us at Frankfort. We wished to bid him good-bye, to tell him what was most necessary about my future, and to conjure him to contract no more debts on the supposition that perhaps they could be paid by his sister more easily from golden London than from Berlin.

I tried to impress on him that by such demands he would ruin me without my being able to help him.

My light-headed brother promised everything, as he had done often before. But how did he keep his promise! His conduct was a chief cause of my misfortunes.

More hopeful, and with greater ease of heart, we continued our journey to Brussels. Would that a prophetic voice had whispered to me here, "The man whom you now

hasten to meet, bent on devoting to him your whole life in faithful love, will enter this place as king in two short years, and with him, soon afterwards, a spouse of princely blood." I should have turned back even from Brussels, and should have been spared much woe, bitterness, and repentance.

The month of May had exercised its charm upon me this time as it always did. The new impressions I received while passing through the smiling and fertile districts of the Netherlands and Northern France heightened it the further we went. In the highest spirits we arrived in Calais, and I remembered the "Sentimental Journey" which the good, cheerful, yet melancholy Yorick began here, more than half a century ago. How amiably he describes his meetings with the begging friar, the beautiful lady, the volatile French captain, and the honest landlord, Monsieur Dessin. What wisdom there is in his words!

But a first disappointment awaited us in Calais. When we arrived at the elegant Hôtel Mesière the landlord and waiters stared at us in no little wonderment. Two travelling ladies without man-servant or ladies'-maid were something unheard of in the fashionable hotel.

I inquired immediately for a traveller, M. Hühnlein, who must have arrived here by the latest mail-boat, to receive us here.

"*Monsieur Unelein n'est pas arrivé!*" was their cool reply.

Neither had a letter of explanation arrived for us, although we had strictly observed the time at which we were to arrive.

"No!" I cried indignantly, when we had entered the rather humble room to which we were shown, "that is very inattentive on the part of the prince and Christian. Mother, did not you notice the derisive looks and equivocal smiles of the cunning Frenchmen?"

My mother tried to calm me by pointing out that, owing to the very stormy state of the sea, Hühnlein's arrival

might have been delayed. But her voice sounded husky, and her eyes, usually so clear, looked dim.

"No, mother, that is no excuse, nor does your heart allow it to be one. Hühnlein ought to have been here at all events, and waited here for *us*, if needed, for days, instead of our having to wait for him. And if the prince and Christian in their extreme anxiety would not allow us to have a servant from Berlin for the journey, why did they not allow Louis or Karl to join us at Berlin and accompany us to the prince's abode in London? That certainly would have been the most respectable manner, so that one of my brothers might have been present at our marriage. Is the prince ashamed to recognize my plebeian brothers—one a simple commercial traveller, the other a lieutenant—as his brothers-in-law? Then he ought to have left their comedian-sister in her plebeian calling too."

And so—in this renewed "Langen und Bangen"—the day passed. Even the next day no Hühnlein arrived for us.

And each time I inquired about the steam packet and the passengers, M. Mesiève's and his followers' faces became more distrustful, more derisive, more malicious. In vain I tried to appear at ease when seated at the *table-d'hôte*. This kind of comedy-play I was not equal to; these were not the boards, and my heart was heavy.

At last, while we were seated at luncheon the next day, the *garçon* announced "*M. Unelin!*" and the complacent, stout little man stood before us—as usual, his whole rosy face beaming with delight. But in vain I asked for a letter of apology and welcome from the prince or Baron Stockmar; he had none to give.

And what was the reason of his delayed arrival?

His highness had suffered from megrim, and been unable to do without his accustomed personal attendant.

This explanation caused me much reflection. Nevertheless, Hühnlein, with his refreshing cheerfulness and his inexhaustible merry talk, succeeded in cheering our hearts to some extent during the interesting walk along

the sea-beach, whither he accompanied us. He told us of the charming cottage which Baron Stockmar had rented and furnished for us in the fashionable, beautiful Regent's Park.

"That is in the neighborhood of the prince's residence, Marlborough House!" I interrupted him.

"Well, not exactly," Hühnlein said with a drawl; but he quickly pacified both himself and us by the comforting remark, "For people who have fast horses there are, even in London, no great distances."

Next morning at six o'clock we embarked, together with our travelling-marshal, on board the steam-packet; but were only too soon joined by another passenger, the dreadful sea-sickness. My mother and I suffered terribly, and thought we should not reach the promised land alive. Even Lisinka staggered about as if tipsy, and moaned as much as ourselves.

At last Hühnlein brought us the comforting news that land was in sight, and he conducted us upon deck, and there England's coast lay before us. But we did not feel in a fit state to admire its picturesque beauties, or to question fate as to the future that would be unveiled for us behind those cliffs. We had but one thought—quickly to bed, and sleep! sleep!

When we had next day recovered from our sea-sickness after a sound sleep, and had partaken of a genuine English breakfast, the glorious May morning and the new world of Old England brought smiles once more to our faces and our hearts. Add to this the charming journey from Dover to London, in a comfortable open carriage drawn by spirited horses, through the beautiful and richly-blessed country. It was as if we were on a pleasure drive through a gigantic park; on the two sides of the broad, smooth turnpike-road tidy villages and handsome country houses alternated with pretty gardens, luxuriant clumps of trees, blooming shrubs, and fresh green meadows. And this luxuriant, smiling landscape was enlivened by gay, comfortable-looking, tidily-dressed country people and rosy, happy children at play. The

fine, glossy, well-fed cows, the flocks of sheep with splendid fleeces, the farm-yards with their variegated troupes of many-colored fowls, drew from me, who loved animals, more than one exclamation of delight.

The postilions in their tidy and becoming dress looked so smart. And what clever drivers they were! They directed the elegantly-harnessed horses by a short word with the greatest ease; their neat whips only cracked merrily from time to time without touching the horses. The horses were changed as by magic, and we rolled along as if flying. My heart throbbed more and more hopefully in anticipation of the new happiness.

"The prince is sure to be in waiting for us, full of longing, in the new home!" I gaily chatted away to my mother. "What a happy meeting after so much longing and fearing. Also cousin Christian, I hope, has come with him, and we shall once more sup together merrily *à quatre* to-night, as we breakfasted in Fülbach formerly."

My mother endeavored to agree with me, but her assent lacked heartiness. The nearer we got to London the more serious and more taciturn she became. Her maternal heart was concerned about me, whilst my light mind was quite captivated by all the new things I saw, and which Master Hühnlein explained in his gay way.

The London suburb which we reached first made a gloomy impression upon me, with its high, gray, monotonous houses and manufactories and smoky sky.

Suddenly I exclaimed, "Ah! Prince Leopold!"

But it was only the gigantic portrait of the prince in scarlet uniform which looked down with its blazing colors from the gable of a house; and the further we drove the more there were of these portraits, alternating with those of the fair Princess Charlotte. Below were inscriptions in huge letters, which I could not decipher as I did not understand English. Hühnlein explained, however, with important mein: "These pictures were put up at the time when the prince arrived in England, and was married to Princess Charlotte, when the two were the most popular people in all Great Britain. Then speculative

artisans and shopkeepers made use of these favorite pictures as alluring signboards for their business. Here a corset-maker and a soap-dealer puff up their incomparable wares under the picture of the Princess Charlotte; there a blacking-manufacturer or a wig-maker his inventions under the portrait of the prince."

"Tell me, did his royal highness already wear a wig as bridegroom?" I said involuntarily.

"Ah, no!" Hühnlein said frankly, "that has only come about little by little. And in reality his highness need not wear a wig even to-day, if he were not so dreadfully afraid of catching cold in his head."

What made me think of the ugly black wig of the chosen one of my heart at the very moment of entering into the new home? For the thought of a wig surely affects the flame of love much as a Seidlitz powder does the stomach.

It was growing dark when we arrived in Regent's Park, after having wound our way through endless gloomy, monotonous streets. I examined with curiosity the cottages, villas, and proud houses upon the magnificent terraces that were already partly lighted up, half-hidden under glorious old trees and blooming shrubberies. In the pond on the large grass lawn the first stars were glittering. Nightingales were singing from the bushes.

"Oh, how beautiful! How wonderfully beautiful!" I sang out. "This reminds me very vividly of the Berlin Thiergarten, so that we shall have no difficulty in soon feeling comfortable and at home here."

"God grant it!" said my mother.

At last we stopped in front of an iron railing, and through the trees we saw a charming little villa, brightly lit up. A woman in a large white cap with fluttering ribbons came bustling up to us, and welcomed us in very fluent German in the name of Baron Stockmar.

"And the baron himself?" I asked curiously, whilst we alighted.

"The baron is very sorry that an engagement prevents him from welcoming the ladies personally!"

"And—is there—anybody else—here—to receive us?" My heart beat audibly, and I breathed with difficulty.

"Yes, here is also the gardener, who is at the same time our butler, does the messages, and assists me in the house and kitchen. But James does not understand a word of German!" the good woman continued with great volubility. "My name is Fanny, I come from Hanover, and was till now housekeeper in Claremont House, and I enjoy the fullest confidence of the baron; therefore I am here as housekeeper for the present, and am entirely at the service of the ladies."

I did not like this loquacious person. Master James was a tall, heavy man who had something of the automaton in his movements. He came very slowly walking up to us through the garden path, carrying a large lantern; very warily he helped to take the luggage off the carriage and push the latter into the shed.

"But has no letter been given to you for us?" I asked—gathering up all my self-control—as calmly as possible of Frau Fanny, who conducted us into the cheerful house that was grown over with blossoming creepers, and assisted us in taking off our travelling-wraps, pretending to be very devoted and busy. But not even a welcome by letter awaited us either from the prince or Christian.

When we were alone I threw myself on my faithful mother's breast like a timid child, and said, sobbing, "Oh, mother, what a sad commencement of our new happiness! To be welcomed only by strange domestics in a strange house! Would that we had guessed that in Berlin; I daresay we should not be here now. For five months I have received neither letter nor token of love from the prince, who professed love for me nevertheless, and expects from me the happiness of a loving domesticity. Mother, how will it end?

My mother sought to console me, but in her veiled eye I read how much she herself stood in need of comfort. She said: "Lina, you know that we shall see the prince and Christian to-morrow, and everything must be cleared up to calm our minds, otherwise—"

Then the curtseying, ever-smiling Fanny announced that tea was ready, and that Mr. Hühnlein had come to inquire if the ladies had any more commands for him that night; that he was obliged to return to Marlborough House now.

Whilst Fanny hastened away to ask Hühnlein to speak to us, my mother whispered to me, "Compose yourself, Lina—at least before the domestics—don't lose your self-control. I can't help seeing that we have not done yet with acting, so be as easy and cheerful as possible!"

Thus we thanked good Hühnlein kindly for his services as our travelling-marshal, and charged him with the kindest regards for the baron.

Mrs. Fanny, who even in the tea-parlor did not wish to deprive us of her company, was dismissed with dignity by my mother saying that we did not require her services any further at tea or for retiring to rest. All objections on her part were cut short by a cool "good night."

Thus my mother and I sat opposite each other at the tea-table, which, it is true, was richly spread, brilliantly illuminated, and furnished with all kinds of dainties, in our new home, at the outset of a new life, as if in a dream. We were so much agitated that we were unable to eat or even drink a cup of tea.

Nor did we feel inclined to chat. Our hearts were too full of anxiety. We felt quite forsaken and abandoned. Therefore we went into the beautiful bed-rooms, furnished with extreme comfort according to English custom, soft carpets covering the whole floor, and enormous beds occupying all one side of each room.

But ever since I returned from the boarding-school in Switzerland, I had always occupied the same sleeping-room with my mother. And this first anxious night in London I certainly could not sleep alone. So I slipped into the same ample tester-bed where my mother lay: We embraced each other fervently and prayed together,—

Unsern Eingang segne Gott,
Unsern Ausgang gleichermassen!

an old rhymed prayer which we used to repeat as children at the opening of school every morning.

"And likewise bless our going out!" Those words gave us wonderful comfort. We felt that at least we were yet in no wise chained to this house—to these new connections. We knew we could return the very next morning to Germany—to our old home. That was our journey to meet happiness!

A laughing May morn wakened us in our new home, amid the fresh green and fragrant blossoms of London's Regent park.

But "home!" What irony in the word! Could anyone feel more lonely and forsaken than mother and I did on our entrance into this new brilliant London world and this new life of love?

And still there was much to be seen and admired, much that was pretty and interesting around us. Our little villa was charming and neat as a jewel-casket, and nicely and cosily furnished with true English comfort. In the beautiful garden saloon, whose wide folding doors opened upon a terrace decked with blooming climbers and other flowers, stood a splendid Clementi's grand piano, which at once captivated me. A white marble fireplace promised comfortable warmth in the cold mornings and evenings. My boudoir was an exceedingly cosy little place, draped entirely with pink silk; the large, airy bed-room, overshadowed by a stately plane-tree, was decorated in white and green; the dining-room floor was inlaid with polished light oak, and its furniture was of the same material, while on the mantelpiece stood beautiful old china. Even a billiard-room was not wanting, though its brown and gold leather hangings suggested that it might be intended to serve from time to time as a smoking-room too. The bath-room was truly ravishing, all lined with white, blue-veined china. My mother's rooms and two spare chambers for guests were upstairs.

To this must be added a large park-like garden, with bright-green, velvet-soft turf, and a profusion of flowers; there were beds of blooming tulips, hyacinths, ranunculi,

rhododendrons, peonies, and other flowers, with groups of lilac, laburnum, and roses overhanging them. Large beds of strawberries invited to feast on the first ripe fruit. An elegant aviary contained below silvery-white, cackling little fowls; above, cooing doves and a motley crowd of twittering birds—a very delight for my animal-loving heart.

But how quiet it was all around in this remote part of Regent's Park! One saw indeed a few similar gardens and villas, but only rarely a solitary pedestrian or a silent park laborer.

"What a charming golden cage cousin Christian and the prince have looked out for us!" I said, with a faint attempt at jesting.

"Yes, we are quite in their power now—at their complete mercy!" my mother answered, in a similar tone. We had already almost forgotten how to jest and laugh.

After breakfast we unpacked and dressed in order to receive the prince. I adorned myself with a steel-grey silk dress with trimmings of lace, and lace sleeves, corals on my neck and arms; my mother completed my toilette by putting a newly-blown white rose into my fair locks, and looked at me complacently, as if she thought that her rosy daughter ought to capture by storm even the coldest lover.

But now began the tantalizing hours of expectation and ever-increasing painful restlessness—hours to which even, in the course of months, I could not get accustomed, Now I traversed the garden with Lisinka, fed chickens, doves, and song-birds, gathered flowers for a nosegay, tasted the first ripe strawberries, and from the garden gate I would again and again look out on the road which, according to Fanny's explanation, led to Marlborough House. Then I hastened into the house to join my mother, who was busy putting our things into the drawers and wardrobes, only to hear from her the poor consolation, "Do be patient, Lina; soon—soon the prince must come to welcome us, or at least cousin Christian."

At last, about one o'clock, a slender horseman came

riding along through the park slowly, as if deeply lost in thought. It was cousin Christian. He looked pale and fatigued, and a cloud lay on his brow and his intelligent eyes. He forced himself to welcome mother and me in a friendly and cheerful manner, but it did not sound hearty. Cousin evidently had something that oppressed him, and which he tried to conceal from us. He gave orders in English to courtesying Fanny, and to the automaton-like, dignified James, who led the horse slowly up and down, after which my cousin followed us to the garden saloon.

"And the prince?" I cried, from an oppressed heart.

"He sends you his kind regards, and desires me to welcome you to England in his name. He is a slave to *les convenances*, and could not welcome you yesterday, because he was invited to dinner at his sister's, the Duchess of Kent—of course you know her as Princess Victoria of Koburg, Aunt Christiane."

"But I should say that the prince could have welcomed us *by letter* in Calais and here," I said, indignantly, "if he really loves me; and without that faith in his love of course I should not be here now. Look here, cousin, in Calais, before Hühnlein's arrival, and but last night, here in the company of the spying, cunningly and familiarly smiling Fanny, we felt lonely to death—and this morning, likewise, until your arrival we felt very forsaken here in the foreign land. Cousin, I would my mother and I were seated quietly and peaceably in Berlin."

"I could wish that too, Karoline!" Christian blurted out; but he soon came round, and, changing the conversation, said, "So you don't like Fanny and her inquisitive familiarity? I do not wonder. But she is discreet, and faithfully devoted to the prince and me, has been in our service for many years, and is absolutely reliable. And for these peculiar relations I had, in the first place, to choose a discreet person, for the prince's position and future are at stake."

"But my position and future are at stake too, cousin!" I cried, beyond myself with indignation. "What has

happened? Does the prince no longer love me? What does his holding back, his non-appearance mean? What does your cold, reserved tone mean? How different does all this sound from what it did in Koburg? What about the Greek crown? Why did you never write to me about it again? Am I in your way there? Mother, let us leave this very day."

"Hotspur, hot-head, there you splutter and ask in one breath more than ten wise men could answer," my cousin said dryly, with a laugh. "As regards the non-appearance of either the prince himself or a letter from him, you must never forget that Prince Leopold is, and ought to be, a man of circumspection. Just imagine what a scandal it would cause if a reporter should sniff out that Prince Leopold of Koburg, who is in receipt of a pension of £50,000 in his capacity of widower to the Princess Royal, has induced the beautiful court-actress, Karoline Bauer, to come to England in order to marry her morganatically. Moreover, she is a cousin of Baron Stockmar, the prince's confidant, who, by this connection, hopes to get the entire control of the prince. If the opposition papers get hold of this subject, then I shall lose my position and influence in England likewise. Nay, even the crown of Greece, which is still hovering in the air, we should lose irreparably, if it became known that the aspirant to it had committed the stupid blunder of falling in love with a pretty actress, and of promising to marry her. So do not forget, dears, that *first* stand political considerations, and *then* comes love! Altogether you must not regard these new relations from the standpoint of sentimental Germans, but as strong-minded creatures, who unconditionally confide in my integrity, and fearlessly look into the eyes of the future. Well, did I express myself clearly, aunt Christiane, cousin Karoline? Don't look at me so dumbfoundedly, like two birds whose wings are broken. Answer freely, without fear or hesitation.

"Clearly enough, dear Christian," my mother said, with trembling voice; "but, alas! too late. Had you spoken so 'clearly' with us in Koburg, we should not be

sitting here now, with sore, anxious hearts. I fear Lina and I are not equal to the situation. But, for God's sake, what is the matter with you, Christian? Are you ill? You are deadly pale; your hands tremble, and cold sweat covers your brow; Lina, quickly, a glass of water and some *eau de Cologne.*"

"Oh, it will soon be over," my cousin said faintly, with a melancholy smile. "It is just the bad state of my nerves, which excitement makes worse. Just feel my pulse, how restlessly it beats. I am sure I shall die of nervous apoplexy some day, if I do not succumb sooner to dyspepsia. I am also threatened with incurable blindness. Yes, I have to bear my burden too. But now, farewell. I have to take a ride through the park before dinner, in order to calm my nerves. Pardon my harshness. I did not intend to cause you distress. But I was obliged to prepare you for the situation as it actually is, and for the prince, whom I am sure you will find altered. Let us hope for the best! To-morrow at two o'clock I shall be here again, and shall take dinner with you. We will then chat more pleasantly than to-day."

Visibly improved in temper, my cousin rode away, leaving us behind in the deepest dejection.

"Mother, what do you say about Christian,—to his present behavior and talk?" I interrupted the painful pause.

"The poor man, I am sure, suffers much, and his nervous condition causes me serious anxiety!" my mother said evasively. "But now let us sit down to dinner, and appear as cheerful as possible before the spying Fanny, and then, no doubt, the prince will come, and all will be explained and decided, which means either a near blissful alliance, or our immediate departure. As yet *we* have nothing whatsoever to reproach ourselves with, and that will give us strength to overcome even the greatest difficulty!"

Much affected and encouraged, I embraced my excellent mother. Nevertheless, our dinner was a mere form, and indeed a pain we had to inflict upon ourselves before

the watchful servant. She had to carry away the food again almost untouched.

And now the torment of waiting and awaiting began. It struck four on the old-fashioned lobby clock, it struck five—six. No prince appeared. Restless, more and more agitated—nay, more indignant, I went from the house into the garden, from the garden into the house, tormented by an inner voice which kept boring and gnawing at me as the wood-worm in the wood, "This delay does not argue a very ardent love."

It was the death-worm of my own heart.

My mother turned paler and paler, and she found ever fewer calming words for my impatient agitation.

At last, towards seven o'clock, an elegant tilbury rolled up through the park and stopped in front of the terrace. Muffled up like an arctic explorer, or like a light-fearing highwayman, my knight cautiously alighted from the tilbury and slowly approached the glass door of the saloon. I heard his slow, heavy steps one after the other upon the creaking gravel. My heart beat aloud, and high up to choke me. Nervously I plucked to pieces the white rose which mother, so full of joyous hope, had put in my hair in the morning, and which the long, long, dreary day had withered. The glass door opened slowly, still three more slow, heavy steps, and the tall form of the prince was before me, as I stood trembling and disconcerted at the chimney and waited in silence to be addressed. But the prince also remained silent, and not an arm was stretched out to embrace me lovingly, no hand to press my own. The prince's eyes scrutinized me carefully, then he uttered slowly,—

"Oh, how the spring sun has burnt you on the journey!"

Each word vibrated through me like an icy shudder. Sobbing aloud, I was about to hasten away, but the prince held me fast, and said, almost alarmed, "What is the matter?—Why tears?"

"How can your Highness ask?" I cried, indignantly, almost hysterically, provoked to the utmost. "I hasten

here in devoted love, staking my future as an artiste—nay, my reputation as woman—and your Highness has no other word of welcome for me than a remark about my sunburnt complexion! I shall leave England again to-morrow. As yet nobody knows that I am here, or why."

"Nobody? Perhaps you mistake!" the prince said, with peculiar emphasis, looking again sharply at me. But then he drew me more affectionately to him and kissed me and stroked me like a pouting, spoiled child, whispering, "Don't be touchy, missy, I did not mean to hurt you! Please be not angry, but look kindly at me again as you did once in Koburg."

I hid my face on the prince's breast and wept quietly. He raised up my chin; I felt again the charm of those beautiful, melancholy eyes which looked down at me in love, and I smiled involuntarily. A kiss sealed our reconciliation.

The prince asked kindly after my mother. She stepped in from the adjoining room. "Ah! I see you have been a witness to my first curtain-lecture," said his Highness, trying to hide his embarrassment by joking.

My mother said gently, "The suspense before seeing you again has excited Lina. You see she is a born artiste, at once fire and flame, and has been rather spoiled in Berlin."

So the first storm passed harmlessly, at least to outward appearance; but in my heart I could not master a certain shyness all the evening. I felt, in spite of all the kind words that were exchanged, that something strange had intruded between the prince and me. He often looked at me long and searchingly, as if he wanted to read in my soul. Suddenly he asked,—

"And have you left nobody you love behind in Berlin?"

"No, your Highness," I said, piqued, "nobody I love; for, if so, I should not be here! But very dear friends I have indeed had to part with."

"And what address have you given to friends and correspondents?"

"The address of my mother: 'Frau Rittmeisterin

Bauer, *post restante*, Frankfurt-am-Main.' There a trustworthy friend of our family, cavalry captain Hilpert, the Baden *chargé d'affaires*, who served under my late father, and is faithfully devoted to my mother, will take charge of the letters, and send them to my cousin's address at Marlborough House. Thither also my brothers Karl and Louis, and my former guardian, Bayer, 'Hofgerichtsadvokat' in Rastadt, will direct their letters."

"Hem! Well! Hem! And did Privy Chamberlain Timm receive the address of Marlborough House?" the prince continued his examination.

"No, your Highness knows indeed that Timm has been long acquainted with this address of yours and my cousin's. Besides, this faithful patron of course expects an early communication from mother and me; also his Majesty the king, who takes a sincere interest in my fate."

The prince stopped short. Then he said languidly,—

"And what will you write to Timm and his Majesty?"

"I shall put off doing so till I can announce to them the day of our departure for Hamburg, where a season's engagement has been offered to me, before my entering upon my contract in St. Petersburg. For every hour makes me feel more keenly that I should freeze to death in this cold atmosphere. Oh, would I had never come here!" Bursting into tears I rushed out into the garden, in which the darkness of night now prevailed.

The prince followed me not. Soon afterwards I heard his carriage roll away. He had said to my mother, "The little fire-brand will calm down by-and-by. To-morrow afternoon at four o'clock I shall call again, if I am not prevented from doing so!"

"Mother," I cried in great excitement, "what does all this mean? This strange behavior on the part of Christian and my princely suitor? All these cavilling questions as to our address and whether I had left behind me in Berlin any one I loved? Has anybody slandered us to the prince? If so, why have they sent for us, nevertheless, and allured us from our quiet, peaceful home? I must have certainty, or I shall die in these agonizing

doubts. Oh, why had I to experience this new and bitterest grief?"

"Christian must set us right, advise, help us!" my mother said, with the energy peculiar to her. "We have accepted his leadership with the fullest confidence; he cannot leave us in the lurch now. Write to him at once about everything that has been casting us down since the prince's visit. We expect an explanation and help from him, or—"

"We leave to-morrow!" I cried out jubilantly, whilst the tears were running over my cheeks. "How nice it will be when we have once more turned our backs on England!"

And I did write to cousin Stockmar with flying pen and trembling hands, everything, everything. I concluded my letter of complaint and accusation with the words, "Hasten to help, to save us, or you will find us gone!"

James had to take this letter to Marlborough House that same evening, with orders to deliver the letter into none but Baron Stockmar's own hands and to wait for an answer.

With feverish impatience we awaited the return of the messenger. At eleven o'clock James presented himself again before us in his dignified manner with the message, "All right! the baron will call to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock." Of course Fanny, who smiled inquisitively, was our interpreter.

Also that second night in the new home, which had flatteringly promised me a new happiness of love, I sought a refuge at the heart of my mother. We vowed to each other to meet the threatening storms bravely, proudly and calmly, and rather to leave at once than to expose ourselves to new humiliations and unmerited distrust. Why did the prince and Christian not allude in one syllable to the promised marriage?

Our departure appeared to us less and less of an evil.

At length a kind sleep released us from all doubts and anxious broodings.

Next morning at eleven o'clock cousin Christian came riding up hastily. He looked hot and excited, and threw himself in exhaustion into the corner of the sofa in the drawing-room. I hung in feverish expectation on his lips and eyes.

"Well, what is it?" said mother with emotion. "Christian, you are bound to tell us the truth, nothing but the truth. What do the strange questions of the prince mean? Your ill-temper? We have been slandered, that I clearly see. But by whom? Has the dowager duchess, who bears us a grudge, tried to tear away her son from us?"

"No, it is not the dowager duchess who has discharged the venemous arrow," Christian blurted out, "but an anonymous writer from Berlin. The letter had arrived before you, bearing the prince's exact address. The writer must know you rather intimately, and evidently wishes it to be understood that he is deeply conversant with your relations to Prince Leopold likewise. He speaks of the prince's visit to your house in Berlin, and of the meeting in Koburg. He warns my master against the dangerous nets which you had vainly cast out after the rich Prince August of Prussia, and stigmatizes both mother and daughter as a pair of the worst intriguers, who will do anything for money. He speaks in the vilest terms of Lina's *liaison* with the Russian valet, to whom she denied no favor while she considered him the rich Count Samoilow. He hints that the professional tour to St. Petersburg had been merely a cloak to cover a secret *accouchement*, and that Lina, immediately after her return, had entered into the most intimate intercourse with a wealthy married banker, and that in St. Petersburg, too, she had had lucrative *liaisons*. What have you to reply to that?"

Mother and I sat there as if thunderstruck, pale and motionless, facing our accuser as judge. We had not even tears.

"Well," Christian continued remorselessly, "do I not get an answer?"

Then mother gathered together her last strength, and said—

"To such an accusation, repeated into our very faces by the son of my brother, we have but one reply—immediate departure; of course poor as we came!"

"But, aunt Christiane, who would throw away good and bad alike? I am not your accuser, but with all my heart I shall be your defender against that Berlin anonymous, if you will give me the means for your defence. Who may be the writer of that letter? Who is your bitterest enemy in Berlin?"

"Prince August!" my mother and I cried with one voice. And then my mother related very explicitly and truthfully the infamous manœuvres which that profligate prince had employed to win me, and, when he had failed in that, of his vengeance—his determination to ruin me.

The more my mother proceeded in her account, the more cheerful my cousin looked. He called out in a lively manner,—

"I thought as much, that the letter had been fabricated by a jilted admirer. My august master will stare when I mention to him the princely anonymous. Well, I shall put his head and heart all right, and I hope that the whole intermezzo will yet bear good fruit for you."

"I hope nothing more," I said wearily. "Let us depart, cousin. How can happiness accrue from the intended alliance when it is not based upon mutual trust?"

Christian walked several times hastily through the room, lost in thought. Then he stopped in front of us, and said gravely,—

"Perhaps I shall myself advise you one day—perhaps even soon—to depart speedily, but not to-day. Such a hasty flight neither your nor my dignity permits. In the meantime you remain here as *my* guests, till I have compelled the prince to declare himself—whether, and when, he intends to make you his morganatic wife in legal and moral form, as far as circumstances permit.

"But let us give the prince a few weeks' time to settle

the matter with his heart in calmness. To be sure, I do not believe that his heart is still capable of feeling a deep, ardent love. My master has long been totally *blasé*, he is always bored, an egotistical pedant; the poetry of love and the blossoms of his heart have been squandered in stupid flirtations. I had lived in hope that you, Lina, would succeed in producing in him fresh shoots of pleasing blossoms, for the prince loves you still as passionately as is at all possible for his nature. So don't precipitate things, await calmly the issue. And whether you depart to-morrow, or years after this, is all the same. Your future is secured already. The capital which the prince settled on you in Koburg is in my hands; the interest of it will suffice for modest pretensions. Moreover, you have still some months' time before you need abandon your St. Petersburg contract definitively. My dears, into what mad mazes have I, an old married idiot, got myself here by my good nature! But now let us sit down to dinner, for much talking makes one hungry."

After dinner I opened the grand piano to play and to sing to my cousin his old German favorite songs. I was just singing from the depth of my heart Reichardt's touching air to "Freudvoll und Leidvoll," when a carriage rolled up.

"The prince!" I cried, turning pale. "Cousin, stay beside us, my heart is too oppressed."

"Ah! Stocki, you here still!" the prince said on entering. Then he greeted my mother and me in visible embarrassment.

"Most gracious master, I was waiting for you here in order to make a communication."

"Very well, please excuse us, ladies!" and the prince was about to withdraw with his "Stocki" into the adjoining room, but mother and I had already slipped quietly into the garden, across the veranda.

A quarter of an hour later my cousin came down the terrace, more cheerfully, to bid us adieu. Before mounting his horse he whispered to us, "The prince has got his lesson and is quite humble-mouthed. Now, Lina, it

rests with you to be prudent as the serpent, and lovable and gentle as the dove. It remains then as we agreed upon, in everything," my cousin concluded emphatically, and galloped away like a youth.

When we returned to the saloon we found the prince standing at the piano and examining my music. He said kindly,—

"Ah! you play very difficult things, I see. I am glad of that, for I am a passionate lover of music, but unfortunately do not play myself. But would you care to accompany me? I find here some songs in 'Urania' which I am acquainted with."

Without ceremony I sat down at the piano. The prince opened "Urania," I played, and he sang with a pleasing voice, but very softly, "Im Windsgeräuch, in stiller Nacht." Then followed Weber's charming song, "Horch, leise; horch, Geliebte!" and so we continued to play and to sing as if I had come to England solely for that purpose, and we had nothing else to say to each other, till Fanny announced, "The carriage your Highness commanded is ready!"

"Five o'clock already?" the prince exclaimed in surprise. "The hour has passed very fast and agreeably at the piano. To-morrow at four o'clock I shall call again and bring with me 'Semiramis' and 'Othello' arranged for the pianoforte, then we will sing Italian duets. The Italians, after all, compose much more agreeably for the voice than the Germans. I should also like to hear Mizi's much-lauded reading. I have just received a few new books: 'Les Mémoires du Duc de St. Simon,' the fantastic novel, 'Picciola,' and 'Die Perlen,' by Henriette Hanke. That may lead to enjoyable hours whilst I 'drizzle' during the reading.

"Drizzle?" I asked myself softly and wondering. "What does that mean?" I was to learn it but too soon, to my horror.

My mother ventured to ask his Highness aloud to tell us what was the matter with cousin Stockmar, whose nervousness caused her anxiety.

"Ah, that is not of much consequence," was his smiling reply. "Good Stocki is just a dreadful hypochrondriac and pessimist, like all who are suffering from indigestion. To-morrow, then, at four o'clock. Adieu!"

And the strange suitor was gone.

Quite stupefied, my mother and I looked after him, till I was seized by hysterical laughing and weeping alternately, and I had to hide my head in the cushions that the spy Fanny might not hear me.

"How the sun has burned you!" I could not get over those ominous words. The whole withered state of the prince's heart was expressed in them. I was to experience more melancholy things yet on that point.

I never in my life spent a more dismal June than that of the year 1829, under the misty sky of England, a year that turned out so disastrous for me. My star seemed forever set, and along with it the golden sun of my young, hoping, yearning, longing heart.

For what kind of life was it I led in this charming villa in the Regent's Park? That of a poor, petted, and daintily fed bird in a golden cage.

I had followed in loving confidence the decoy of Prince Leopold of Koburg, under the guarantee of his confidant and my own cousin, Baron Christian von Stockmar; I had left my beloved Berlin stage, and with my mother undertaken the mysterious journey to England. I was justified in expecting to find in the prince an affectionate *fiancé*, and to see our union speedily consummated, although not before men, for my prince and cousin Christian feared them more than God; at any rate in God's presence, in the presence of my kindred, and to the satisfaction of my moral consciousness.

And what did I find? The prince I found to be a suspicious, pedantic, reserved, inexplicable suitor; my cousin Christian I found nervous, dissatisfied with himself, with the prince, with me, out of humor that we had committed this amorous "act of folly," and that he, the clever diplomatist, had permitted it.

For the whole of the month of June the prince remained

the same extraordinary suitor that he had been during the last days of May. He came driving up daily for a call of an hour or two, dignified, cold, reserved, and dreadfully wearisome. We had music; sang from "Arion" or Italian duets; I played the piano untiringly, and read aloud Henriette Hanke's prosy "Perlen;" whilst Prince Leopold of Koburg, the widowed Prince Consort of Great Britain, Field-Marshal of England, and candidate for the Greek crown, diligently and indefatigably drizzled.

Of much that was incomprehensible in this princely wooer, this "drizzling" of his I found the most incomprehensible. And how I hated drizzling! Whenever I saw the prince, followed by his groom with that awful drizzling-box, alight from his carriage, at once I felt the near approach of a yawning-fit. And even to this day, whilst I write down this hateful and dreaded word, after more than a generation, I feel my very heart cramped by the same distressing tendency to yawn.

But I am forgetting that my readers, children of another time, very fortunately for them, have no idea of the meaning of this dreadful drizzling.

It was invented in Paris, or perhaps more correctly, at the royal court of Versailles, during the reign of King Louis XVI. and his unhappy, easy-going Queen Marie Antoinette; there it was in vogue ten years before a people, whom they had provoked, and who had thus been brutalized, first knocked the crowns off their heads, and not long after took their heads off their shoulders.

The most fashionable ladies of the court felt no compunction in asking the gentlemen of their acquaintance for cast-off gold and silver epaulettes, hilt-bands, galloons, and tassels, with which, according to fashion at that period, all dresses were overloaded. Then in society they would pull out the gold and silver threads and finally sell them. If a beau wanted to make himself especially agreeable to the beloved of his heart, he did not give her, as is done now-a-days, flowers, perfumes, finery, sets of gold and diamond trinkets; he presented her, according to the size of his love and of his purse, with some dozens

of gold tassels, or all kinds of neat little trinkets spun over with gold thread, and the fair damsel would take them with her to the first party, and there pick out the golden threads of these sweet gifts of her lavishing adorer. These gold-thirsty thread-pickers were called *parfileuses*, from the word *parfiler*, and the disgraceful trade itself was known as *parfilage*.

These *parfileuses* took with them into company, and even to court, huge picking-bags, into which were to be put what they received from the gentlemen in galloons and tassels, and she was the proudest who took home with her the best-filled bag. A beautiful, coquettish, and bold *parfileuse* might make over 100 louis-d'ors a year by this industry.

At new year, the customary presents given to ladies by gentlemen consisted of *parfilage*, and a gentleman when betting with a fair damsel no longer staked so many louis-d'ors, but so many gold tassels for picking. Thus Countess de Genlis gained from the Duke de Coigny four-and-twenty gold tassels, each worth twelve francs, because she had bet that she would walk up the steps of an aqueduct, and had won the wager. In the evening, in her drawing-room, she distributed these tassels among the ladies present, without keeping a single gold thread for herself, because she hated the nuisance of *parfilage*. To combat it she took up a very determined stand in her "anti-philosophic" novel, "Adèle et Théodore, ou Lettres sur l'Education," which was published in Paris, 1782.

In it she makes her hero, Chevalier d'Herbain, tell how—"One day we were assembled in the reception room, just about to start for a walk, when suddenly Mdme. de R—— noticed that the golden fringes of my dress would be excellent material for drizzling. Thus saying, in a frolicsome fit she cuts off one of my fringes; immediately I see myself surrounded by at least ten ladies, who with charming grace and bustle undress me, snatch away the garment from me, and put all my fringes and galloons into their work-bags." Such a scene Mdme. de Genlis herself had witnessed, the suffering hero of it being the Duc de Chartres, at Raincy.

This open declaration of war against *parfilage* on the part of Mdme. de Genlis drew upon her the enmity of all zealous *parfileuses;* nevertheless *parfilage* succumbed. The affectedly *virtuous* authoress, whose books were much read at that time, and looked up to as standard works, but have long been justly forgotten, relates with pride: "The censure which I passed upon *parfilage* in 'Adèle and Théodore' put an effectual stop to that disgraceful fashion, and no lady has since been seen in society demanding gold for picking from a man. All those huge sacks for the reception of gold thread disappeared, and instead of this degrading occupation, the ladies took to embroidery, and the divers kinds of needlework which had once agreeably whiled away the time of our mothers and grandmothers."

Although *parfilage* had thus gone out of fashion in France, as early as 1782, it was imported into Great Britain by the fashionable but starving emigrants after the bloody revolution, ten years later. It was called to *drizzle;* and the drizzling of my admirer, Prince Leopold, taught me, to my horror and dismay, that this picking of gold and silver threads continued to exist in Old England a generation after that.

Thus we sat opposite each other at the round sofa-table in our charming garden saloon on the loveliest days of June for hours, for deadly hours, the tall prince (he measured six feet one inch), with the most solemn earnestness, bending over his elegant drizzling-box of tortoise-shell, carefully picking thread after thread out of dirty cast-off silver galloons as earnestly as if his task had been to unravel the threads of the fates; I reading out page after page from the "Pearls" of the honest Silesian pastor's wife, the good Henriette Hanke, which appeared anything but precious pearls to me at that time, till a cruel yawning fit seized me, and I jumped up, ran to the piano, and in my despair rattled off some favorite piece or other, for at least then I could have as many hearty yawnings as I liked, and was not forced to see my strange suitor drizzle with the monotonous regularity of an automaton or of a pricking-machine, nor to hear the regular, drowsy *tsrr, tsrr!*

But my poor mother could not stand this curious, drizzling courtship for long. She would turn pale in her easy chair, make a more and more frequent use of her smelling-bottle, rub her eyes and temples with *eau de Cologne*, play with Lisinka, and at last fairly run into the garden to avoid yawning in the very face of the good prince. Moreover, as a sort of preparation for these princely love-visits, we used to fortify ourselves by imbibing freely of strong coffee.

My august suitor did not seem to notice our distress in the smallest degree. He went on drizzling unweariedly, and on leaving always showed me with pride how much he had made by drizzling that day.

In fact his Highness, during the year that I stayed in England, earned by drizzling a handsome silver soup-tureen, which he solemnly presented to his young niece, Princess Victoria of Kent, on the occasion of her eleventh birthday, on the 24th of May, 1830.

I am sure Queen Victoria of England reverentially preserves to this day this soup-tureen, earned by drizzling, as a love-gift of her revered uncle, King Leopold of the Belgians, without dreaming how many hours of torture that silver dish cost me.

"I cannot endure it, cousin Christian; I am mortified by this deadly love-suit and the *ennui* in this golden cage. The prince never speaks to me of his love, never of the hour which is to tie the bond of love more closely and more lastingly. He never takes a stroll through the garden with me from fear that passers-by might recognize him in the company of a young lady. I cannot endure it any longer, the everlasting, honest Henriette Hanke and the mechanical piano-play, whilst my Amoroso, drizzles, drizzles for ever and for ever."

"Yes, to be sure, drizzling is indeed dreadful!" cousin Christian replied gravely, meekly. "I can join in your wailings from personal experience; but, nevertheless, it must still be endured for a time. The first step is taken, and we must not run away cowardly before the second step is tried. Neither small nor great annoyance nor

ennui must discourage us. Let us look upon the month of June as a time of trial for you, Karoline, and for the prince. So do not weary of receiving his tiresome Highness at the calling-hour; continue to read out and play the piano for him, whilst he drizzles. I am still in hopes that the warm sun of June will melt the ice, and the prince himself speak to you of his love, and of his wish to tie the bond between you more closely and yet morally, to call you entirely his own, as far as circumstances permit. If, in the course of June, *he* does not declare himself, then *I* shall speak to him very frankly and energetically at the end of the month, and his choice will be inevitable between matrimony or your prompt departure. All the rest you may without fear leave in my hands. As yet I have always managed his Highness as it suited me. Of course, could I have clearly foreseen all the obstacles as they meet us here step for step, could I have dreamt that our '*Monsieur peu-à-peu*' and '*Marquis tout doucement*' would show so little energy of love even in your case, upon my word I should not have allowed the embarrassing affair to go so far. I should have more energetically opposed your visit to Koburg for a love-rendezvous, and never in this world suffered your coming to England at all. But I wanted to do the prince a kindness, and believed that he had still sufficient tenderness of feeling left to be able to begin a new, joyful, refreshing life of love by the side of your blooming youth, and I had likewise hoped to be able to establish for you and your mother a cheerful home, where you would be without cares, and removed from the intrigues of a precarious stage-life, whose dangers, I dare say, you too have already become sufficiently familiar with."

"Which, nevertheless, are easier to bear and to overcome, cousin, than this dreary triviality, this cheerless and fruitless existence of a bird in a cage, this constant watching of the whims of a suspicious lord and master, this scrupulous weighing of every word before it may be pronounced, this deadly *ennui*, and this childish, pedantic drizzling in the presence of the chosen of his heart."

After a pause of gloomy reflection, cousin Christian gave me his hand and said—

"I will try, Karoline, to make all the amends in my power for the wrong I committed in letting you come here. At least, you shall not die of *ennui* in this loneliness. The drizzling, to be sure, I shall be unable to spare you, I fear. On that point even my power, dreaded though it be by the English, ceases with the prince. I repeat then, to begin with, wait patiently till the 1st of July.

* * * * * *

And cousin Christian kept his word, and did his utmost to cheer and divert us. Every forenoon he came on horseback and interrupted his daily ride to call on us, and almost always he would have some little surprise for us in store—be it a pretty present, an interesting piece of news, a little town scandal from the "high life" of London, or a merry anecdote from the artist world for our amusement.

But it was regarded by us as quite a feast whenever my cousin took us out for a drive. In the first place we drove through the glorious Regent's Park, in one of the green nooks of which we lived. This park, at that time, was the largest and most beautiful in London, and the favorite resort of the fashionable world. It occupies no less than 450 acres, the size of a small baronial estate in Germany. Formerly known as Mary-le-Bone Park, it now bore the name of the Prince Regent, who had taken great pains in its embellishment. Also the grand terraces, lined with palatial buildings, which mark the boundary of the park, are mostly named after the royal family, as York, Clarence, Sussex, Cumberland, and Cambridge terraces. Now and then charming villas or cottages emerged from the copse; and what struck me specially was the great number of children about them. They sported about on the fresh green lawn with their pretty little ponies and goat-carriages, whilst the fashionable world, in the most elegant toilettes, drove or rode on horseback in the "ring" or the surrounding roads.

In the Regent's Park we visited the Coliseum, with its imposing panorama of London, and the Diorama with the magic colossal pictures by Bouton and Daguerre; but my favorite resort was the magnificent Zoölogical Gardens, which form a crescent-shaped section of the Regent's Park in the direction of the Regent's Canal, and which offered ever new attractions for me, who have always so loved animals. And yet when I saw this grand place, with its numberless bears, monkeys, llamas, kangaroos, and the rarest birds, I often felt a longing for the modest little menagerie on the Pfaueninsel at Potsdam, which the good king kept there for his nature-loving Berliners. For was it in my power ever to be so happy again as I was there among my numerous Berlin friends, and in the company of Henriette Sontag? Yea, how different were my feelings then!

Cousin Christian also took us to the Grand Opera to hear Mdme. Lalande sing, and to Astley's to see the performance of the battle of Waterloo by hundreds of men and horses, and the most intolerable cracking of small guns, and the most suffocating powder-smoke. But I own the horses were magnificent; the tiny intelligent ponies especially called forth my admiration.

When my cousin was otherwise engaged Figaro Hühnlein, the prince's gay, well-conditioned valet, had to accompany us on our visits to the sights and amusements of London. On such an occasion we saw, at the Haymarket Theatre, Mdme. Vestris, in the favorite "Beggar's Opera," sing, play, and dance with enchanting grace and gaiety. She was by this time already somewhat *passée*, but nevertheless still popular, and, on account of her large heart, also notorious. She sang especially some small songs with an inimitable coquetry. She was the English Déjazet in her male impersonations and in private life, which was full of stirring love-affairs. During the pauses Master Hühnlein used to treat us to the most extravagant and scandalous stories about her; he used to accompany his whispered narrative with complacent, cunning, satirical smiles. The whole of the London *jeunesse dorée*,

and the *vieillesse dorée* as well, lay at the feet of the seductive siren, and no one went away unheard so long as he did not kneel with empty hands, and many an one only stood up when all he had left were empty hands. But all the sacrifices which the goddess thus received disappeared again quite as fast in a most luxurious and extravagant life.

One little Vestris story which our Figaro whispered into our ears I still remember; it is, besides, somewhat relateable, which I would not care to assert of all the other Vestris anecdotes.

Mdme. Vestris, whose defunct husband was the descendant of the celebrated Parisian family of dancers of that name, was born in Naples, and had been trained there for the ballet. In England she had successfully turned her attention to comedy and operetta. Just like Déjazet, she was proudest of the lower half of her beauty, and was fond of exhibiting the same in tights. One of her admirers was so much in love with this charming part of his adored that he entreated her to have it cast in stucco for him. His goddess gave a gracious smile of assent, and stood model to a famous London sculptor. The admirer was soon in a position to carry home the desired cast, which he did with much satisfaction.

But imagine his dismay when, but a few days later, he sees under his window a perambulating dealer in casts carrying high upon his head a board with strange, upstanding stuccos, crying at the same time at the pitch of his voice, "Stucco legs, stucco legs, the marvellous, world-renowned stucco legs of Mdme. Vestris—a faithful copy from nature!"

And how had this been possible? The fair dame had ordered additional copies of the original cast to be given to the *élite* of her other admirers, as a special mark of her tender affection; and in this manner the artist had seized the opportunity to cast a few dozen more of "the stucco legs of the celebrated Mdme. Vestris" for his business, and he sold plenty of them in those bygone days in London.

I also saw the famous Charles Kemble, a recognized English champion in higher comedy, but on the whole the London theatre had little attraction for me.

I never before saw so much mannerism on the stage as I did in London. What an unnatural straddling, intolerable accentuating, drawling, hissing, and stretching of every sound — perfectly sickening. I beheld a "Macbeth," who played as if he had been strung on wire; a "Desdemona," whom I saw strangled by her "Othello" with the greatest satisfaction. Her squeaking and squealing so much provoked me that I should have felt a delight in strangling this "Desdemona" with my own hands. "Lady Macbeth" walked and talked as if on stilts, and she rubbed and wrung her blood-stained hands with as much vigor and persistency as if she were a washerwoman by trade.

I thought Charles Mathews rather interesting; he managed, quite alone, to entertain a thousand-headed audience from the stage for a whole evening. He played little farces for one actor, mostly where disguises were required, which had been written for him "to measure." His nimbleness in changing his dress and mask, and his ever-new, striking character-sketches, were astounding to me. These he varied by telling amusing stories, jesting, and the singing of old and new songs. When he sang "The Old English Gentleman," he was always rewarded by roars of applause. This unique comedian has made a princely fortune on the stage.

It was novel to me that the English stages had no prompter's box, and that the actors rarely needed the aid of the prompter, who stood in the flies, which, if they did, the audience always keenly resented. This audience I disliked more than anything else in the English theatre. The people appeared in full evening dress; the gentlemen in shoes and stockings and white necktie; the ladies as if adorned for a ball, with bare shoulders, the knot of hair at the back of the head ornamented with variegated ostrich feathers, whilst long, fair, cork-screw curls hung trembling round their finely-chiselled faces. But these

faces, how unsympathetic, how dead they stared with their water-blue eyes, on the stage, just like the wax figures in the window of the hairdresser; and when they wanted to laugh they neighed.

I returned from the theatre each time perfectly melancholy. Besides, mother and I did not understand a word of English, so we soon relinquished this artistic treat.

In the Drury Lane Theatre there were performed concerts of a length that exhausted one. Born musicians the English are not.

At the Italian Opera Henriette Sontag and Maria Malibran sang, but I was not allowed to hear them. I might have been recognized there! And the prince and cousin Christian wanted me to be, for the world, like one disappeared—a captive little bird.

My friend Ignaz Moscheles was staying in London, giving lessons and concerts. Felix Mendelssohn himself conducted his overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and became a favorite with the English on the first night. And I, who had sung and danced so gaily with Henriette Sontag in Berlin, and had played *à quatre mains* with Moscheles and Mendelssohn,—I was not permitted to hasten to them to squeeze their hands, and tell them how profoundly unhappy I felt since I had forsaken art and the merry, dear German comedians. Had I not bound myself by word of mouth and in writing to live in the greatest retirement only for that man who had sworn to love me? But had I not the right to presume that this man would also live a little for me? Instead of doing so he sent me his valet to show me the sights of London.

Master Figaro Hühnlein led us into the great, gloomy "Tower," and we saw the spot where the unhappy and beautiful Ann Boleyn and Jane Grey were beheaded by command of the bloodthirsty King Henry VIII., also the place where the Earl of Essex suffered a similar punishment at the bidding of his jealous mistress, the maiden Queen Elizabeth, and where the Duke of Clarence, son of King Edward IV., was drowned in a barrel of wine. Hardly more cheerful than we had come, we returned into our solitude in Regent's Park.

In this manner the days of June, otherwise so delightful, crept on for us dull and dismally heavy. No cheering sunbeam promised to come from Marlborough House, the residence of Prince Leopold, in St. James's Park. The prince still acted as if he had merely called me to England to read to him Henriette Hanke's prosy novels, or play to him on the piano, whilst he drizzled away with much dignity.

My cousin Christian became more and more hippish and splenetic. He complained of all sorts of things—digestion, eyes, sleeplessness, the bad air in Marlborough House, and the pedantic, obstinate prince, who neglected him.

My mother suggested to him that he should try the air in Regent's Park for a change, and court sleep in our spare bed-room. I offered to lull him to sleep by softly playing on the piano, and singing some of his favorite songs.

The trial was made, but without success. His hypochondria would not forsake him in Regent's Park either, nor would sleep come to him. I had scarcely, late at night, commenced to play the air of "Freudvoll und Liedvoll," when vehement knocking made me stop, my cousin maintaining that my piano-playing scared away his sleep more completely than ever, and he returned to his residence in Marlborough House.

We became more and more depressed each day. Our feeling of loneliness in the wide, strange, and desolate London grew stronger and stronger. My thoughts were bent even more longingly on the gay artist-life in Berlin, which I had given up with so much light-heartedness; yes, in Berlin were my thoughts—I could not forget the stage. In the forenoon I would say to my mother, "Now I ought to be going to rehearsal—or perhaps I should be sitting in the beloved green theatrical rumbling coach, together with Amalie Wolff, Mdme. Unzelmann, and Ludwig Devrient, gaily driving to Potsdam to play comedy in the new palace, before the good king. I wonder what piece they may be performing to-day, and what

they say about me, the deserter? Can they believe that I am on a professional tour? Mother, I wish we were back again in Berlin, and sitting in our humble dwelling in the Mohrenstrasse, 48, eating for our dinner pancakes, with slices of bacon and a lettuce salad." Five o'clock. "Now they are in the dressing-rooms preparing their toilettes. Ah, would that old Wallburg, the attendant, could once more adorn me, and I eat cheese-cakes with her once more, and drink punch in memory of Iffland on the anniversary of his birth, and breathe the air of the foot-lights. With what delight should I play even the part of the silly Hottentot, and sing and dance in the scandalously-pieced merino frock"—till I went into hysterics.

Mother then tried to console me, saying, "Just have patience for a few days more, Lina; then the time of trial appointed by Christian will be up, and it will be decided whether you remain here as a countess, or return to the stage as Karoline Bauer."

Yes, the crisis came, and it was so deeply affecting that even now, whilst I write this, a cold dew is pearling on my brow, when I think of that scene.

It was on the 29th of June, 1829, when cousin Christian came riding up exceptionally early in the morning; having entered the house, he threw, very excitedly, a packet of letters on the table, and in his lively way sputtered forth the following:—

"Letters for you from Berlin, just arrived under my address, having been despatched by Captain Hilpert in Frankfort. I have opened and read them all, to see if you did not indiscreetly write to your friends. That does not seem to be the case; nevertheless, nasty rumors are current in Berlin about you and your mysterious silence. It is known that you are in London, but as what? It is thought that Lina has become the prince's mistress. Even Timm and the king are anxious, and demand information. A confounded business!"

"For God's sake, Christian," my mother exclaimed, turning pale, "what is to be done?"

"This will be my death, cousin!" I said, with heart-breaking sobs.

"Be quiet, dears, as yet there is hope. This very day I shall force the prince to declare himself—whether he loves you, Lina, and intends to give you a place at his side as his companion for life, a place legally and morally secure. If not, I shall in person conduct you back to Germany to-morrow, and I should like to see him who would dare ever to turn up his nose in my presence at the aunt and cousin of the Baron Christian Stockmar."

He rode away in the greatest excitement, leaving us behind in the deepest sorrow. We were not merely concerned about ourselves, but also about our cousin; for how hard must he, the proud man, who was so punctilious of his honor and independence, find it to put to the prince the question, "Your Highness, do you love my cousin? Will you, before God, restore to her the honor which the sharp-tongued world has already taken from her?" And if a complete breach should result from it between the prince and him, Stockmar would also suffer by it in a pecuniary way, for which his wife's avarice would never pardon him, or us.

Only afterwards I understood that Stockmar's great agitation during that hour had a deeper ground—in his heart and conscience. Those Berlin letters and rumors had brought home to him, for the first time clearly, what a serious responsibility he had taken upon himself, a responsibility toward his beloved master, the prince, as well as towards us, his unprotected relations, when he consented that the prince, in a sudden fit of passion, should stretch out his hurtful hand after me; when he consented that I, the young, gay creature, should become the sacrifice of an egotistical pedant, the wreck of a man, and thus for ever appear in an equivocal light before a malicious world.

It has long since become as clear as daylight to me that Christian Stockmar's real duty would have been to forbid with all his authority every attempt of the prince to approach me, and above all to prevent our too trustful journey to Koburg and London.

But Christian Stockmar loved his master, whom he ruled by the superiority of his intellect, more than he did my mother and me. He welcomed the idea of assisting the prince to a beloved companion for life, who would not rob and compromise him, as so many of his former "silly *liaisons*" had done; and so I was sacrificed diplomatically.

How strong a control Stockmar had over the prince plainly appeared after the ultimatum which he set him, "Your Highness, if you love my cousin honestly, then join your hand in hers for a union for life; otherwise we leave!" for the next day the prince came to see us, quite another man. *Monsieur tout doucement* was roused from his lethargy—from his cool, temporizing, and diplomatic attitude of observation. *Le marquis peu-à-peu* resolutely went forward to the goal like an amorous young suitor. In dignified, winning words, as formerly in Berlin, and later at Fülbach, near Koburg, he spoke to me of his love, and of his ardent desire to win me for himself for the rest of his life, and to attach to himself with sacred ties a being who had conquered him by storm. He forgot his pedantry, and, for this day, even drizzling. He became once more eloquent, and I was happy to be able to find him amiable once more. I was but too ready to fancy that I loved him.

Thus, then on the 2nd of July, 1829, there took place a kind of marriage ceremony in our little house in Regent's Park, but so drearily desolate that my heart quakes even to-day, and the pen trembles in my hand when I think of it. What wretched notions the prince and Stockmar had of matrimony and domesticity!

No clergyman placed his hand on my head to invoke a blessing, no bridal wreath adorned my locks. Christian Stockmar had drawn up the marriage contract. He, his brother Charles, who looked after the prince's money matters, and afterwards undertook also many a confidential diplomatic mission, and another witness, whom I dare not name even to-day, signed the marriage contract. In it I received the title of the Countess Montgomery, and a modest annual allowance was settled on me. My mother pressed me to her heart amid tears of joy.

And now there began for me a few happy weeks, and also for the prince. Unfortunately they were limited to the honeymoon.

The prince was as if metamorphosed. His eyes, otherwise so melancholy, beamed, his whole gait appeared more animated, fresh, and gay. He chatted away without ceremony, all pedantry was put aside, as well as Hanke's novels and the drizzling-box. We sang duets together, and played at billiards.

During the twilight we even promenaded in the garden, and counted the shooting stars like happy children.

I firmly believe that these short weeks of July were the last romantic weeks in the life of the prince. It was the last youthful blazing up of his burnt-out heart, before it burned down forever, as a heap of cold cinders.

And I was happy in the childlike confidence of being thus loved. I felt how my cheeks glowed, my eyes beamed, my heart beat higher. I dreamed that it would remain thus forever.

I was also gladdened by a visit from my brother Louis. He came to London on business, and I was proud of my clever, handsome brother. The prince and my cousin Christian welcomed him kindly, and liked to see him when we visited together the theatres and all the sights and the environs of London. How different looked Old England's sky now, compared with that of May and June!

My good brother rejoiced in my good fortune. He saw that my mysterious connection with the prince rested on a moral basis, and that I could regard myself with the fullest justification as the spouse, and not the mistress of the prince, and he was glad that we were now forever freed from the intrigues and hubbub of the theatre, and from pecuniary cares.

In company with cousin Christian, we made an excursion to Claremont, the charming country-seat of the prince, where he had enjoyed a short spell of happiness with Princess Charlotte years before, and where he had lost wife and child on the same day. More about that by-and-by.

We were in a gay humor, like good excursionists; the

weather was splendid, and the park of Claremont was filled with the perfume of blooming roses, lilies, and honeysuckles.

But when we afterwards visited the solitary, gloomy villa in the vicinity of Claremont House which was by-and-by to be my abode, we all became crestfallen. My heart, that was looking forward to a bright future, felt heavy, as if oppressed by a nightmare. Mother sighed audibly, which she strove to conceal by a forced cough. Christian Stockmar looked at us in succession, as if he guessed what took place in us. My brother Louis at last gave vent to our depression in these words:—

"Lina will turn melancholy in this gloomy solitude! This dense weed-grown park, these high firs, which surround the house so closely that the sun's rays are excluded, that it cannot be seen from the high-road, that one cannot see a human creature pass by from any of the windows! This damp, musty air in all the rooms! Not a sound to be heard all round—not even the barking of a dog! No, this will not suit you. Considering the peculiar circumstances, I do not so much object to the retired, still life, but here everything reminds one more of a prison. The very thought of a life in such a home takes away my breath—"

"Because it is uninhabited at present, and every comfort is absent which is to be found in inhabited rooms!" my cousin interrupted hastily. "Just let a cheerful fire be set ablaze in this marble chimney, put a singing tea-urn upon this table, give two ladies, such as aunt Christiane and cousin Lina, room to exercise their domestic talents,—it will soon look more comfortable."

"And my first order as mistress of this villa will be to thin these fir-trees in front of the windows," I interposed, with the greatest cheerfulness I could command. "Then, standing at the window, I shall be able to see when you, dear cousin, and the prince come riding up from Claremont. The prince has promised me a saddle-horse, too. That will be glorious when we can all ride out together on horseback."

My cousin's only reply was a very strange look.

CHAPTER X.

THE CAGE IS OPENED.

THE PARTING DINNER—AWAY TO PARIS—CLASSICAL COMEDIES—MDLLE. MARS—DRESS—MDLLE. GEORGES—BOUFFÉ—DÉJAZET—TAGLIONI—MALIBRAN—SONTAG—LUCIE DUVERGIER—THE KING OF SIAM'S ELEPHANT—AN EXPENSIVE BROTHER—PARIS MEMORIES—GLOOM.

BEFORE my brother Lewis returned to Paris, it was agreed that at the end of July my mother and I were to follow him thither, whilst the prince went to Karlsbad to take the waters, and cousin Christian joined his family in Koburg. I was to live in one of the first hotels in Paris as Countess Montgomery, together with my mother, and under the protection and guidance of my brother enjoy all the splendors of Paris, with this strict injunction—to carefully avoid all former Berlin acquaintances whom I might happen to meet in Paris, and to form no new acquaintances on the Seine! The prince and Christian promised to visit us in Paris.

The parting dinner went off most cheerfully in Regent's Park, the prince and Stockmar being present. In foaming champagne we drank to a joyful "may we meet again in Paris." On the next morning—at the end of July—we set out for Dover, accompanied by travelling-marshal Hühnlein, and, after a most favorable passage, proceeded to Paris.

My heart was so sunny and full of delight as I went through beautiful France, the same road which Yorick, with his great, ingenuous heart, had once travelled.

I did not yet forebode that the short honeymoon of my young love was already gone—gone for ever!

On the 30th of July, 1829, in the most glorious sunshine, my mother and I, together with my brother Louis,

who had come out to meet us at the last stage, entered that gay city of wonders. In the first floor of a grand hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the Tuileries, my good brother had taken apartments for "Madame la Comtesse de Montgomery et mère," and made every preparation for our reception.

With a perfect thirst for happiness, I plunged into the new, brilliant, noisy Paris life, as a bird escaped from its cage jubilantly flies back to join the free singers of the greenwood.

I declare I had almost forgotten free flight and jubilant notes in my golden cage at London.

Of course the first thing I took up was the theatre-bill, for in the theatres of London I had never had the pleasure of a real merry theatrical performance; I also longed to breathe once more in a genuinely intoxicating theatrical atmosphere. And was not I now in the city of the famous Théâtre Français, of which all France is so proud! I burned to see and study the famous *Comédiens français ordinaires du roi.* And so we drove the very first evening to the Théâtre Français, which is the leading institution for all Paris—nay, for France. I only wondered why my brother Louis, who had been very anxious to take us to the theatre of the Porte St. Martin or to the Théâtre Variétés, observed such a thoughtful silence when he heard me express joy at the anticipation of the treat. But I was soon to be enlightened on the point.

Our elegant carriage, which had been hired for the whole time of my stay in Paris, stopped in the ugly, grey Rue Richelieu in front of a tall, mighty structure which looked as if covered with the thick gray dust of centuries of oblivion. In the vestibule there sat on a marble chair, the marble image of an old man with skeleton hands convulsively resting on the arms of the seat; the figure had a meagre, wrinkled, ugly old woman's face, and was wrapped in long, many-folded marble garments; an uncomfortable grin played around its toothless mouth.

"Who is this ugly old great-grandmother?" I asked in astonishment.

"Voltaire!" replied my brother, with a certain malicious smile.

And then we found ourselves seated in a private box, and looked into the large, gray, faded house, and at the thin audience in elegant evening dress, which sat there stiff and bored.

I looked at my brother in consternation. He shrugged his shoulders and said—

"That is the *bon ton* here in the fashionably-exclusive Théâtre Français, in which it is not customary to laugh, and in which even the actors behind the scenes may only speak in whispers, and always hat in hand, as at a State ball. These are the traditions from the brilliant time of the first empire, when *l'empereur Napoléon* sat on the throne without, and *imperator Talma* here within. Napoleon was exceedingly fond of the Théâtre Français, because he loved tragedy, and admired Talma in such parts as those of 'Augustus' and 'Nero,' and was wont to learn from him how to act the great emperor. Indeed Talma was the most imperial 'Augustus' who ever sat upon a throne. I myself have seen him in this part with the highest admiration. Napoleon gave many rich privileges to the Thèâtre Français, to make his favorite stage the first of France, the first of the world, for all time to come. Thus it is entitled to call upon any actor of any theatre in France to become a member of the Thèâtre Français, and should he refuse, to forbid him to act again. That is an injustice—nay, a tyranny. Thus I know of a young talented actor who received a salary of 15,000 francs as member of a provincial theatre, but who was compelled to become a member of the Théâtre Français at a salary of 3,000 francs, and who pines away here, because the first old men of this stage, who receive a salary of 20,000 to 25,000 francs and a pension of 4,000 francs after a service of twenty years, do not allow a young talent to assert itself beside them. But the curtain rises."

It rose before old, faded scenery, and old, faded Roman

costumes. Corneille's "Cinna" was being performed. I sat there quite dazed, and saw and heard as if in a dream.

The five venerable actors and actresses in the faded Roman costumes there before me on the stage played wonderfully correctly and with much self-conscious refinement, but also with remarkable monotony and an unnatural pathos. They spoke the purest French that it is possible to hear. Not a jarring sound, not a wrong accent escaped from their mouths; but neither did one warming, electrifying, and overpowering tone reach the ear or heart. The acts dragged along slowly and wearily, and not rarely we three caught each other in an infectious attack of yawning.

Also the audience sat there, cold and stiff as icicles. No cries of "Bravo!" no clapping of hands were heard. That was the traditional *ton* of *retenue* in this house. I could not get rid of an inward shiver the whole evening.

"That, then, is your world-renowned Théâtre Français!" I at last blurted out in perfect consternation.

"Among intimate friends 'young Paris' calls its standard stage even to-day '*le Théâtre de l'ennui*,' but the older generation, who once sat at the feet of Talma, must not hear that wicked word; *mais Talma est mort;* and the Duchesnois, the most celebrated 'Phaedra,' 'Semiramis,' 'Dido,' and the friend of the Empress Josephine, as Talma was the friend of Napoleon, has become old and indecently ugly, a perfect skeleton; and Mdlle. Georges, who was so beautiful once, has left, because she became stout like a meal-sack. You will see in the Odéon, the Théâtre Français of the Quartier Latin, the director of which, *le petit Harel*, is her husband. The whole Théatre Français has long been a melancholy ruin, the only pillar of which, Mdlle. Mars, a survival of vanished splendor, may tumble likewise before night."

And I did not go to see any more classical comedies with Roman heroes by Corneille, Racine, or Voltaire in the Théatre Français. I only went there now when Mdlle. Mars, the sole star of the *Comédie Française*, stood on the bill and theatrical horizon. And yet even this star

had already shed its lustre on the Parisians during eight-and-thirty years! Jules Janin justly called Mdlle. Mars "the last wonder" of the Théatre Français. I never grew tired of admiring the incomparable Mars and of learning from her, not only during this visit, but as often as I came to Paris. I have known but one actress who could victoriously compete with Mdlle. Mars; she was the talented Sophie Müller, who even then was slowly pining away in Vienna, in the bloom of her life and the zenith of her art, and whom I had admired, utterly without envy, in some parts in which her rival charmed me now.

Mdlle. Mars, moreover, was complete mistress in the art of dressing, and led the fashion in Paris. She was always attired appropriately and becomingly, both on the stage and in society.

Only once did I see Mdlle. Mars in a positively absurd costume, because she played a German, which, in the opinion of the French, meant a "barbarian."

Kotzebue's "Menschenhass und Reue" was being performed with all sorts of odd alterations. For instance, Kotzebue, at the end of the fourth act, when "Eulalia" at the sight of "Meinau" swoons, makes the latter rush out at the door in a fright, and whilst the count looks after him in surprise, and the countess and the major are busy ing themselves with the unconscious "Eulalia," the curtain falls.

In the Théatre Français this scene was enacted in a garden. "Eulalia" recognizes "Meinau" and swoons, whilst the latter precipitately withdraws to the side scenes. The count and countess, in order to clear the stage, drag the unconscious "Eulalia" likewise into the flies, and no curtain falls, but the fifth act plays on quietly —a proceeding which produced a downright comic effect.

And what were the costumes of the *Comédiens Français ordinaires du roi* as Germans! Armand, a lover of fifty, appeared as "Meinau" in a long, wide, grey surtout, under which one saw peep out nothing but the points of his huge boots and mighty spurs of enormous length. He wore a perfect monster of a pig-tail wig, and stiff black

cravat a foot high, in which he could not move. And Mars as "Eulalia" looked in her tight gray dress and white monstrous cap like a starving vicar's widow; so that I muttered to myself, half aloud, "Oh, how can Parisian actors dress themselves so utterly without taste!"

The gentlemen in the box looked at me in astonishment, but said nothing. On the other hand a smart Parisian lady tendered me the following correction :—

"Mais c'est ainsi que l'on se met en Allemagne."

I cried out indignantly, "Tell me were you ever in Germany?"

"No, but every child knows that all Germans dress in that barbarous manner!"

"Madame, I too am German—from the land of the barbarians!"

"Ah! Pardon! Je vous prenais pour une Russe, elles se mettent si bien!"

I certainly was wearing a very elegant toilette. Mdlle. Victorine, the most famous dress-artist in Paris, had furnished the dress of light-gray satin with lace braiding, and sleeves of the same material, for a heap of money. Mdlle. Millet was the architect of my charming little hat of white crape with buds of moss-rose. Besides, I wore faultless gloves, which is the first point that a critical Frenchwoman will look at.

I was not a little diverted by this signal triumph of the German barbarian over my polished Parisian neighbor.

But how wonderfully "Eulalia" Mars played in this ridiculous costume, in spite of her one-and-fifty years! Especially her concluding scene even to-day electrifies my old artist heart. When she knelt down before "Meinau," full of remorse, with the prayer, "Let me once more press this hand to my lips, this hand which once was mine!" when she bids him farewell "for ever;" but in staggering out notices her boy and hears his affectionate "Ma mère!" then she raises a jubilant cry, her tears falling fast; everything around her is forgotten, she kneels down before the boy, looks lovingly into his eyes,

presses him to her heart, and plays caressingly with his locks. Then I, too, laughed and cried with her, as if I were "Eulalia" myself. And in the face of this "Eulalia," "Meinau" could not but clasp her passionately in his arms, and cry, "I pardon you!"

When I afterwards played "Eulalia" myself, I earnestly endeavored to imitate old Mars with the young heart in her performance of this scene, but never succeeded quite to my own satisfaction. The reason is that Mars had genius, I had only talent.

Kotzebue called Mars in 1804 the youngest of the Graces. I learned to admire her twenty-five years afterwards as the oldest of them.

I went, as I have said, but rarely to the Théâtre Français; this house had something dismal and dreary in it. Here the ghosts of old tragedy are still haunting, with dagger and poisoned cup in their bleak hands. Here flies the dust still of the classic wigs. Most intolerable it is, however, that modern romanticism should be allowed to perform its mad pranks on this classical ground. These French writers of tragedy are emancipated slaves, who still drag about with them a piece of the old classic chain; a sharp ear discerns on every step of theirs a clattering still, as at the time of the rule of Agamemnon and Talma.

And as Heine did, so did I turn my back upon the desert *Théâtre de l'ennui* with a breath of relief, and resorted for enjoyment to others of the eighteen theatres of Paris.

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And now let me turn to poor old Mdlle. Georges, who was at one time the most celebrated beauty and most enchanting artiste of the Théâtre Français, and who, by the side of and along with Talma, achieved the greatest triumphs; who had a Napoleon to pay her homage; and whom I found old, stout and shapeless as a flour-sack, on the stage of the Odéon, playing everything, suitable or unsuitable, in order to live.

Her real name was Marguerite Georges Weimer; she was born between the years '80 and '90 of last century,

at Bayeux in Normandy, where her father was bandmaster at some small stage, and her mother a theatrical *soubrette*. She was a clever child, who, when but five years old, charmed the people of Amiens in the "Two Hunters," "The Milkmaid," and "Paul et Virginie." When she grew up she played with Mdme. Raucourt, a celebrated tragédienne of the Théâtre Français, in the part of "Elise" in "Dido," at the theatre of Amiens, and with such truth and nature that the great artiste Raucourt took little Marguerite with her to Paris, to educate her for the Thèâtre Français. Upon this stage, which was still consecrated classical ground, the charming Marguerite Georges, then sixteen years old, made her *début* as "Clytemnestre" in "Iphigénie en Aulide," in November, 1802, a famous *rôle* of the Duchesnois. But Duchesnois was growing old, was thin and ugly, and young Georges was beautiful as an angel—she obtained perfectly intoxicating triumphs. The most dreaded critic of that epoch, Abbè Geoffroi, writes about her in the *Débats:* "Mdlle. Georges, whom the report of her extraordinary beauty had preceded on the stage, has proved that fame for once had not said too much. Her face unites with French grace the nobility and regularity of the Greek type. In stature she resembles the sister of Apollo, as, surrounded by her nymphs, she might have trod on the flowery banks of the Eurotas."

Now a fight to the death for supremacy begins between the followers of Duchesnois and those of Georges. A theatre contributor of that period writes concerning it:—"On those nights when our two actresses appear in the same play, the public throw the benches at each other. All weapons are good. In the *foyer* they fight with their fists, in the journals with the pen, among the Philistines with the tongue, among the military with the sword. But the young admirers of young Georges carried off the victory over the older admirers of the veteran Duchesnois. Mdlle. Georges became the queen of the Théatre Français."

The greatest wonder about the beautiful young tragédienne was that she favored no admirers and accepted no

presents. Alexander Dumas always related with emphasis, "Mdlle. Georges immediately after obtaining a splendid triumph as 'Semiramis,' or 'Cleopatra,' or 'Dido,' would contentedly take for supper a basin of cabbage soup in the cheap Hôtel du Pérou."

Such virtue touched the rich Polish prince, Sappia, so much that he rented and furnished a beautiful house for the charming artiste, and also supplied her toilette lavishly with jewels, lace, &c., without demanding any more in return than a thankful pressure of the hand.

Among the innumerable adorers of the beautiful tragédienne were also two Bonapartes, Lucien and Napoleon! Of course, Napoleon Bonaparte, the first consul and victor of Marengo, distanced all other competitors. One day all Paris repeated the piquant news that the first consul had commanded Mdlle. Georges to visit him at St. Cloud at midnight, and that she had obeyed the command.

When the conquered conqueress played the part of "Emilie" in "Cinna," two evenings later, and declaimed feelingly, "When I have seduced Cinna I shall seduce others also!" then all eyes were turned towards the box in which Cinna Bonaparte sat with a strangely radiant smile, and the whole house broke forth into a storm of applause. Mdme. Josephine Bonaparte was politic enough to join in the applause, and to send the beautiful victorious tragédienne a splendid gold mantle for her part as Phédre. By command of Emperor Napoleon, Mdlle. Georges played at the congress of Erfurt in 1808, "before an audience of emperors and kings."

But the rivalry between Mdlle. Georges and Mdlle. Duchesnois, and the cabal and intrigue between their followers, continued uninterruptedly—their partisans being respectively styled the "Georgians" and "*Car*cassians," because Duchesnois was thin as a skeleton—till the charming Georgian one evening, soon after her return from Erfurt, when she was to play "Mandane" in "Artaxerxes," suddenly disappeared from Paris.

Why? That has never been entirely cleared up. She

first appeared in Vienna with great success, then in Moscow and St. Petersburg, where the Emperor Alexander personally did homage to her, and laid rich presents at her feet. Mdlle. Georges drove about St. Petersburg in a magnificent private carriage, drawn by four exquisite bay horses. When the Emperor Alexander met her, he always left his own carriage and saluted her at her carriage door.

But when, after the conflagration of Moscow, Napoleon and his army came to grief in the ice-steppes of Russia, and the whole of St. Petersburg, overflowing with joy, lit up its windows, then the windows of Mdlle. Georges remained dark, and behind them sat the beautiful Frenchwoman, and wept over the setting star of Napoleon which had once shone in bright love for her. Only the strict commands of the Emperor Alexander protected the weeping lady from the insults of the irritated populace.

The mortified French damsel fled to Stockholm, where she was heartily welcomed by the Crown Prince Bernadotte and Mdme. de Staël, who happened to be staying in Stockholm at the time.

When Napoleon for the last time held an imperial court at Dresden, prior to the battle of Leipzig, Georges ruefully returned, and having been received with open arms, played once more before her Cinna, together with Talma and Saint Prix, and other stars of the Théâtre Français, and the Emperor restored her to all her rights at the Théâtre Français. But on the return of the Bourbons the faithful imperialist decked herself with the imperial violets instead of the royal lilies, and was immediately expelled from the Théâtre Français. She played in the provinces, and also a few times in London, till Louis XVIII. called her back, and granted her a benefit performance at the Grand Opéra, which brought her a net gain of 39,000 francs. Mdlle. Georges afterwards became the admired tragédienne of the Odéon, and shone in it as "Semiramis," "Mérope," "Clytemnestre," "Marie de Medicis," "Marie Tudor," "Lucrèce Borgia," &c.

Unfortunately, the great artiste grew older and also

stouter. She who had once had the figure of a sylphide, as "Marie de Medicis" in the "Duc de Guise"—her head covered by the mighty head-dress of the Medicis, no neck, no trace of a waist—reminded me of a huge ink-blotter. Of course, that put an end to every illusion. What did it avail that her profile was still beautiful, and her large eyes still sparkled and glowed, and that the metallic ring of her voice could still send a thrill to the hearer's heart? I could not get rid of the stupid fancy of a great ugly ink-pad. To show that I do not paint her in too black colors, I shall cite Théophile Gautier as a witness. He writes:—

"Mdlle. Georges bears the most striking likeness to a medal of Syracuse or an Isis of the Eginean bas-relief. The arch of her brows is traced with incomparable purity over two black eyes full of flame and tragical lightning. Her nose, which is thin and straight, is joined to her brows by a line of splendid simplicity. Her mouth is energetic, with sharp angles, proud, and disdainful. Nevertheless, this mouth can display an enchanting smile, which plays round it with truly imperial grace. Her chin, indicating strength and resolution, stands out boldly, and finishes the contour of a profile proper to a goddess rather than a woman. It is a remarkable peculiarity of her neck that, instead of tapering off towards the shoulders, it forms a bulged and massive pillar connecting the shoulders with the lower part of the head, without any slope whatever. Her arms are something terrible, owing to their exaggerated muscular development. An armlet of hers would serve as waistband for a woman of average dimensions."

And this poor, colossal lump of flesh continued to play for thirty long dreary years in the Odéon, in the Porte St. Martin, in the provinces, the parts of proud, beautiful queens—nay, like the fat prodigies that frequent country fairs, she traversed once more Germany and Russia. But she had not been provident in the days of her youth, and when cold, gray old age has come on, hunger is felt with twofold keenness. So, when at last she had become a

perfect impossibility for the stage, she was given—from pity and to keep her from starving—a place as instructress of dramatic recitation in the Paris conservatoire. Poor "Mademoiselle!" as she was simply called in Paris in my time. And I have not heard yet that "Mademoiselle" has died!

After this sad ruin there may follow a cheerful *genre* picture.

My favorite among all the Parisian artistes—oh, would that I could have said "colleagues!"—the most subtle of character-players and most enjoyable of comic actors, was Maria Bouffé, from the time I first saw him in the *rôle* he had just 'created' (as the Parisians style it) in the Théâtre des Nouveautes.

He represented an old dancing-master of the last century, in a daintily-curled and powdered wig, in a sky-blue tail-coat, in pumps, white silk stockings, similar waistcoat, under which were bobbing watch-trinkets, with long lace cuffs and *jabots*, and always in the third position, as if he were to dance a minuet the next moment. The pretty little figure looked as neat and trim as a little rococo Dresden chimney ornament.

The old dancing-master does not relish the rising generation, for they walk, stand, salute, and move quite differently from what the people did in his youth, and—*horrible!*—how they dance minuets, the dance of deportment and grace *par excellence*. Yes, in his golden youth people had some notion of fine manners, and how *they* danced the minuet.

Bouffé knew how to put all this before our eyes in the most diverting manner, and he always concluded with the third position!

He is an old bachelor, standing utterly alone, his sole joy and love being his handsome young godson, "Jean," whose part was represented very prettily and naïvely by M. Lafont. This beloved *filleul* the old dancing-master introduces before our eyes into the most recondite secrets of his art by giving him lessons in dancing and deportment according to the rules of the last century—of course

everything in the third position! As he has nothing else to leave to his *filleul*, he lives in the joyous hope that "Jean" will make his fortune by this forsaken art of the Graces!

"Jean" adores a young widow—without hope! For how can he approach her—how win her—in his poor circumstances?

The gay widow brings the year of her mourning to a fitting conclusion by a brilliant ball, to which she invites all her suitors, with the intention of making a choice among them that very evening. But poor "Jean" is not among the invited.

But the old dancing-master is to conduct the ball, and he stipulates for an invitation for his *filleul*. "Jean" comes to the ball, and, thanks to the clever arrangement of his godfather, is even allowed to dance a *Française* with the adored of his heart.

After the *filleul* has made his exit from the stage into the ball-room, which is supposed to be behind the scenes, the old dancing-master mounts a chair, in order better to see the dances through the open door, and now begins Bouffé's chief triumph of the evening.

With an inimitable expression on his face and in every movement, the old dancing-master takes part in what is passing in the hall between his beloved godson and the beautiful widow. He, as it were, joins in their dance on his chair, makes the neatest *pas* of the olden time, makes *entrechats*, *chassées*, *pirouettes*, *coquets*, bows, sighs, smiles, just as his godson is doing as partner of the adored widow. This he accompanies by: "C'est ça, mon garçon—le compliment parfait—en avant—en arrière—charmant! charmant'—Mon Dieu! Ils se parlent—elle sourit—lui donne la main. . . . Jean, tu es sauvé—elle t'épousera!" And nimbly and gracefully he leaps off the chair, puts his right hand into his waistcoat, like victorious Napoleon—of course in the third position—and calls out with emphasis: "Voilà le succés de la danse." The curtain falls. Everybody goes home enchanted.

Maria Bouffé by his refined, well rounded, and ever

characteristic play, vividly reminded me of Pius Alexander Wolff in his best comic *rôles*, which, alas! had already come to an untimely end, since my dear Berlin colleague had gone to his rest in the churchyard of Weimar.

When I became acquainted with Bouffé he was a little over thirty. In his youth he had been an assistant in the business of his father, who was a carver and gilder; an irresistible impulse, however, had drawn him to the stage of the Panorama Dramatique, where he, despite his youth, distinguished himself, especially in the characters of old men. He became, all at once, famous and popular by his creation of an original old carpenter on the stage.

Bouffé was an artist body and soul. When he stood on the stage he played his part with all his vigor, with every fibre and every drop of blood, as if he loved it. This would sometimes so work upon his nerves that he fainted and had to be carried off the stage.

He always understood how to inspire merriment and yet was anything but merry himself. He was troubled with profound hypochondria, and tormented himself every day with the recurrent thought that his dramatic power was broken, that he was not appreciated by the public, and that he should of a certainty be hissed off the stage that night. But as soon as he breathed the stage atmosphere, and had dressed himself with the elaboration peculiar to him, and modelled his facial mask, he was metamorphosed—full of sparkling life and creative vigor! He used to say himself, "Properly speaking, I only *live* from five in the afternoon till midnight, the rest of the time I *vegetate*. When I stand before the footlights, with my beloved public, who laugh and cry with me, in front, then I feel cheerful and contented."

In his *genre* representations, whether grave or gay, Bouffé outshone all his brother artistes in Paris,—nay, perhaps all his contemporaries, without exception. Now he was so simply tender that one could have kissed him, now so burlesque that you might die with laughter, then again so touching and thrilling as to make one cry; and

ever natural and true even to the smallest detail, original without exaggeration.

I have already said that Bouffé had much in common with Pius Alexander Wolff. And the resemblance extended beyond their talents. For the Parisian artist was unfortunate enough to be attacked by an affection of the windpipe, just like his Berlin counterpart. Just as Raupach composed the part of the "Dumb Knight" for Wolff, so Bouffé created a dumb part for himself, which enabled him to appear on the stage, breathe the theatre air, smile at his beloved public, and play comedy without having to speak. Only while Wolff succumbed to the disease, Bouffé recovered and continued to play to the delight of the Parisians for more than a generation.

A critic wrote about Bouffé: "He equals Grandmesnil in the 'Avare' in depth and fire; in ease and *bonhomie* he comes up to Brunet in 'Michel Perrin;' in the *Vieux Péchés* he is the peer of Potier, and rivals Vernet in the 'Carpenter' and in the 'Gamin de Paris.' It cannot be denied that Bouffé is the greatest French actor of the day."

With the highest gratification I read in a Paris correspondence towards the end of 1876 that Maria Bouffé, then seventy-six years old, had celebrated his golden wedding, having quitted the stage only a short time before.

And what a colleague Bouffé had on the stage in Déjazet! That name says everything, It has become more renowned than Bouffé's own. For Paris it became a sort of household word. "Déjazet" became typical. No one said "Virginie Déjazet," or "la Déjazet," but simply "Déjazet." The word had no gender, just as Déjazet on the stage was without sex. To-day Déjazet was the boisterous, merry, good-hearted *gamin;* to-morrow the free and easy "Richelieu" or the "Vicomte de Létorières"—and then again the light-minded, warm-hearted Parisian *grisette,* who does not sell herself, but who throws herself with passionate warmth into the arms of the young, handsome student of the Quartier Latin, without thinking of the morrow, when his college attend-

ance and their love would come to an end. And always Déjazet was entirely what her part prescribed: to-day a boy, to-morrow woman, and invariably enchanting, *piquante*, and full of lively grace and genuine Parisian *esprit*.

Even in 1829 Déjazet was no longer beautiful; perhaps she had never been so. Although no more than thirty-two, without rouge and the footlights she looked rather *passée*, and was as thin as a skeleton. But she had beautiful intelligent eyes, charming teeth, and the prettiest little foot and leg I ever saw on a stage. It appeared to special advantage in her numerous male parts. Thanks to that wonderfully neat foot and the grace of her walk, Déjazet could even venture to appear on the stage in the modern dress tail-coat, a thing I never risked, and which I never saw another actress try with impunity. In the case of Déjazet, one hardly thought that it was a woman who wore it.

Déjazet was possessed of an enchanting amiability both on the stage and in the drawing-room. The whole of the *jeunesse doree* was prostrate at the feet of this mature skeleton, and ruined itself for a smile from those dry lips. The youthful son of Marshal Ney was madly in love with her, and yet Mdlle. Virginie might have been his mother.

Little Virginie had been playing, when five years old, "Fanchon toute seule" on an obscure Paris stage; when nine, she played inferior brisk parts; soon her *gamins* and students, in the Théâtre des Variétés and in the Gymnase, became famous. She brought male parts into fashion, and the most popular dramatists exerted themselves to write to her measure.

Déjazet sometimes appeared on the stage in a long fashionable train, and carried it with the same grace as the little bonnet of the *grisette*, or the apron of the chambermaid. And always Déjazet had to sing, for no one, on any Parisian stage, male or female, executed cheerful and pathetic *chansons* with so much point and piquancy. Her voice was already somewhat shrill when I first heard her in Paris, but its *timbre* was pure and rich in expression. All Paris was charmed when Déjazet sang Béranger's touching *chanson*, "Non, je ne suis plus Lisette!"

Déjazet's witticisms ran through all the cafés and saloons of Paris. They were even collected in a small book, "Le perroquet de Déjazet."

The Parisian recognized in this *gamin*, or *gamine*, Déjazet, his own golden youth—he loved himself in this genuine Parisian type; and this is the solution of the problem how it was possible that Déjazet, despite all her sins and whims and bad habits, remained for the space of nigh three-quarters of a century the favorite of the Parisians, and durst risk to appear on the stage as a hoary old woman of seventy in the *rôle* of "Gentil Bernard," "Armand Richelieu," "Vicomte de Létorière," or even as "Gamin de Paris."

In March, 1872, Déjazet, at the age of seventy-four, actually undertook a professional tour to Milan, and ful filled a long engagement at the theatre Santa Radegonda, after having been on the stage for seventy years. The Italian critics were divided in their opinions. Some saw in Déjazet a phenomenon, a wonder of everlasting youth, because at the age of seventy-four she still played boys of fourteen. But there also were raised weighty voices against this artificial "everlasting youth," against this wrinkled childlikeness, against this nightly re-painted ruin.

Thus a critic from Milan wrote at that time: "We do not deny that the matron sings with good intonation still, and she points her couplets in a piquant way, also that she leaps with astonishing elasticity upon tables, and vaults over chairs; but we must, at the same time, confess that our eye always looks for the electrical machine behind the scenes, which is giving that flexibility to her aged limbs, a flexibility which, standing in such glaring contrast with the withered features of Mademoiselle, causes in us only a painful sensation. However Mdlle. Déjazet earns much applause; just as the prodigy child in 1803, who stammered her part in the 'Fanchon tout seule,' was probably applauded, so the prodigy old woman is applauded now.

But the fact was that poor old Déjazet was *obliged to play* the everlasting youth of boys and youths in order

not to starve, together with her children. All the millions of francs which the *jeunesse dorée* of two generations had laid at her feet, had long ago disappeared together with her youth.

Now, when hard, stiff, brittle old age knocked with an ever bonier rap; when under the cold ashes spark after spark died forever; when the prodigy old woman at last could no more vault over tables and chairs as a Parisian *gamin;* when great-grandmother, grandmother, mother, and child began to hunger more and more alarmingly,—then Paris, yes, Paris, otherwise so lax-minded and frivolous, showed itself in full splendor by its admirably pious appreciation for the set star of its youth. Germany is but too ready to throw its faded stars among its old iron and do joyful homage to new eminences; Paris—never! Paris, which had for so many years borne patiently and decorously with old toothless Frédéric Lemaître, and with the corpulent Georges, and fed, and even celebrated and loved them, in remembrance of bygone days; Paris, with the same touching patience, also bore with old broken-down Déjazet on the stage, still loved and celebrated her, and gave her, her children, and children's children bread.

In September, 1874, Paris gave such a brilliant benefit performance in the Grand Opera House to starving Déjazet as I daresay is without parallel. The first artistes of all the Parisian stages were eager to take part in the performance, accepting even the humblest *rôles.* The Théâtre Française played an act of "Tartuffe;" the singers of the Grand Opera an act of "William Tell;" Déjazet herself appeared in "Monsieur Garat," in one of the *force-rôles* of her youth, and sang her famous Béranger *chanson,*—

Non, je ne suis plus Lisette!

amid volleys of applause and torrents of tears from the crowded house. Duprez, the celebrated "Arnold" in "Tell," placed a laurel wreath on the head of the octogenarian; old Frédéric Lemaître embraced her with emotion on the open stage; Bouffé and Laferrière, who had been, to be sure, fellow-artistes of her youth, played the

most insignificant parts, those of two *gens d'armes* beside the heroine of the evening; and Hortense Schneider and other celebrated beauties of the new Paris figured in "Monsieur Garat" as *grisettes*. In conclusion, deputations from all the Paris theatres marched past in procession as a token of homage to the artiste. The takings of the brilliant night amounted to the enormous sum of 96,000 francs. But neither Déjazet, who was still improvident, despite her age, nor her equally improvident children were allowed possession of the money. It was safely invested for their benefit. But she enjoyed the blessing of this existence free from cares but for a little span of time. On the 1st of December, 1875, she died. As all Paris, a year before, had taken part in her brilliant farewell benefit, so it now took part in her pompous funeral. The type Déjazet, however, continues to exist in innumerable imitations.

The small but elegant Théâtre de Madame, thus called in honor of its patroness, the Duchess de Berri, gave from preference and with success especially the comedies by young Scribe, but sometimes, too, exceedingly silly farces, designed only to tickle the risible muscles of the audience, and which rarely failed to do so, thanks to the excellent performance.

Such was "Le Sourd," which crazy little piece makes me laugh even now when I think of it.

"Le Sourd" arrives in an hotel and pretends to be deaf, and in order to ignore the fact that all the rooms are engaged, he brings about the most farcical misunderstandings. Thus he prepares to sleep in the dining-saloon. The sofa he turns into a bed, the table-cover into a sheet, the napkin into a tall, pointed nightcap, the salad-dish into a wash-hand basin, and so on, in often so indecorous a way that mother and I blushed; but we nevertheless never stopped laughing. Nor did our neighbor, a pretty young woman, evidently *enceinte;* she indulged in perfect paroxysms of laughter, in spite of the continuous remonstrances of her affectionately anxious husband, "Mais, ma chère petite femme, cela te fera du mal—ne

ris plus!" In vain. *La petite femme* went on laughing till she nearly choked, uttering with difficulty, "Ah, je me meurs — mais c'est bien charmant — c'est un drôle de corps—quoique bête—ha! ha! ha!" till *cher époux*, despite his grumbling remark, "Peut-on rire d'une telle bêtise!" at last heartily joined in the wild laughter of his *petite femme*.

Volnys made a capital lover at the Théâtre de Madame, in which Léontine Fay, a beautiful and elegant girl, seconded him successfully; Jenny Vertpré, despite the inconvenience of her forty years, also played charmingly, though with a slight affectation; and Mdlle. Minette was the best *soubrette* of any of the Paris theatres.

The young and talented Léontine Fay was the worthiest pupil of the great Mars. When she neglected her teacher a little, the latter wrote to her the following tender words: "Ne m'oubliez pas, vous qui me faites oublier!"

Afterwards I met Léontine Fay again in St. Petersburg as Volnys' wife, both highly esteemed artists.

In the Théâtre des Variétés the diverting comic actor, Odry, the chief attraction of that merry stage, vividly reminded me of Gern, jun., in Berlin. There was something grotesquely comical in his manner. His mere appearance on the stage always sufficed to arouse merriment. He further shared with "young Gern" an impertinent pug nose, and twinkling, blinking, roguish eyes. The Parisian comic actor sang of himself in one of his pretty couplets:—

Odry, fils de Thalie,
Bercé par la folie.

Yes, indeed, rocked by folly, Odry had grown up; but he was no fool himself, he only made a fool of the world in his sham stage fools. To begin with, it was not a foolish jump when he bounded from the cobbler's stool on to the stage as supernumerary. Soon he drew attention to himself by an original representation of a small part entrusted to him in the piece, "Un quart d'heure de folie," by raising, through his dumb but very eloquent comic acting, of his own invention, the insignificant part to a character of

chief importance. Afterwards he played a dumb peasant who has never to say more than two words, because his shrew of a wife always extinguishes him at the third—a part which had been declined by the first comic actors of the Variétiés as "too paltry;" in this part he knew, by his dumb acting, how to raise the peasant to the chief personage of the play. At once Odry became one of the most popular comic actors of Paris.

A highly comical figure also was Odry's professor of physics, who in the swimming-bath, in a bathing costume, delivers a lecture about the warming-lamp.

But once I was near getting very angry with Odry. "The Night Watchman" was being performed, which is an adaptation of Zschokke's pretty story of that name. The gay young prince, who, in the costume of a night watchman, wishes to improve his knowledge of men at a masked ball, has to play a scene with a drunkard, who of course is a German.

Expressions like these reached my ear: "*Oh, le gros Allemand—le bete—le lourd Allemand!*" And how they abused my mother-tongue!

The "dull German" was, for example, to teach the prince, who was drinking with him, the word "Schnapps." This caused great jaw-breaking: "Ja, a min Err Schnipps —Schnopps—Schnepps—Schnupps," till at last, to the great joy of a long-eared audience, the word "Schnapps" came out. When, however, my elegant neighbors in the box on the proscenium now even began to whisper pretty audibly, "Quelle horrible langue! Quel idiome ridicule!" then my mother had enough to do to prevent my giving the clever French a lesson about the German language, as I did in the Théâtre Français about German dress. Well, the French got that lesson forty years after at Sédan and Paris, to my unbounded satisfaction.

I still remember with delight that I had the good fortune in those by-gone checkered days of the French capital, to assist at a *première* of Rossini's "Tell." What melodious music! "Tell" has ever remained my favorite of Rossini's operas. What brilliant singers: Levasseur

as "Tell," Nourrit as "Arnold," Mdme. Cinti-Damoreau as "Mathilde!" What an enrapturing dancer was Marie Taglioni? And what an interesting audience in the stalls: first critics, musicians, and authors of Paris.

Can it be true that Rossini never saw Switzerland and never heard those sweet, chaste Alpine notes, as it was asserted that night? The chorus, "Ciel, qui du monde est la parure," breathes such a genuine mysterious Alpine air, as only the lofty mountains, and no study of the *maestri* in Paris could produce. What I was most affected by was the great trio between "Arnold," "Tell," and "Walter," in the second act. Nourrit as "Arnold," relating the death of his father, delivered the words, "Mon père, je ne te verrai plus!" so touchingly, so moving to tears, that I said to myself, "Only Bader in Berlin is an equally heart-stirring singer."

And again, Marie Taglioni, as a "Tyrolese Maiden," skimming along over the scene like a delightful vision! And yet the celebrated dancer was anything but beautiful. Rahel called her "magra-magrissima," and her long, slender form, with its thin arms and hands, was deserving of this appellation. Nor did her face possess any striking charms. But when she glided along as the "Tyrolese" whilst the chorus accompanied her with the song,—

Toi, que l'oiseau ne suivrait,—

then one forgot all the plainness of her appearance,—she was the embodied poesy of dance, most perfect elegance, flower-like gracefulness, most lovable modesty. Even in executing the boldest *pas*, she never was vulgar, never appeared unwomanly, never bold or coquettish, like so many famous dancers whose whole art is confined to their legs. In her case, heart and soul joined in the dance. I liked to call her "the dancing Mars," especially after I had seen and admired her as "Flora" in the ballet "Zephir and Flora."

A Paris critic at that time very justly said about Marie Taglioni: "Her dance is no *métier*, not even an art, but a gift of nature. She exhibits no odd *pirouettes*, contor-

tions of hips and arms, as did the other dancers who were called Graces formerly. She is charming, and this word expresses everything."

Marie Taglioni deserved a better fortune in life. She married an Italian count—and it is not always a fortune for an artiste to be styled countess.

Marie Taglioni, the greatest and most expressive dancer of our century, as Fanny Elsler was the most beautiful, was obliged to give dancing lessons in London in her old age.

The magnificent tenor singer, Nourrit, ended more sadly yet. In the zenith of his fame he became despondent, and in Rome threw himself from a window.

In the Italian Opera I heard "Don Juan" in a splendid translation, and with what deep, inner emotion! In the principal parts, at the side of Donzelli, Zuchelli, and Graziani, I saw again two German songstresses, former colleagues of Berlin, with whom I had but lately had such friendly intercourse,—and now I had to sit opposite them, a listening stranger! How I should have liked to have hurried behind the flies in the *entr'actes* to clasp my German sister-artistes round the neck, and weep and shout for joy, "There, I am back again! Receive your faithless sister once more into your midst, I pray you; she has suffered enough and smarted in exile. Hurrah! Long live the hearty and merry comedians!"

But of course I was not allowed to do so. I was not even permitted to press my dear colleagues' hands. Mdme. la Comtesse de Montgomery was strictly forbidden to have any intercourse with old friends and colleagues. I was not even to know them now.

Henriette Sontag sang "Donna Anna;" she stood at the summit of her art and fame at that time. And how she sang and played this difficult and intricate part—like a born tragedienne, with a fire of passion and depth of feeling which Berlin never saw, as it had chosen the "Italian in Algiers" and "La Dame Blanche" as the pieces in which they would admire the beautiful Henriette. What a thrilling effect this beautiful "Donna Anna" produced

in this duet with "Antonio," when she urges him to take vengeance on "Don Juan." At the words, "Egli è il carnefice del padre mio!" every heart must have bled and wept with her.

On the play-bill we read "Mdlle. Sontag," but it was even then an open secret in artistic circles that the beautiful Henriette had lately become the Countess Rossi, wife of the Sardinian ambassador in Brussels.

Beautiful Sabine Heinefetter sang the part of "Elvira" passionately and nobly. We shall meet this amiable colleague of mine again in Prague some years hence.

And what an enchanting "Zerlina" was Maria Malibran, full of naïveté and roguishness; her star had just risen then in its purest splendor.

Young Maria, who was a year younger than I, was not handsome. Her small, slender figure, with its awkward movements, and her irregular features, formed a very striking contrast to the lovely, womanly, graceful appearance of Henriette Sontag—but what fire there was in her large, black, Spanish eyes! What genuine passion in her animated play! What pure, full, deep sound in her exquisite fresh voice! And what rich variety in her art, in her playing and singing! She sang with equal success in soprano and alto parts, and in characters that she played often she used to surprise the audience by new, happy *nuances*, like the magician Ludwig Devrient. To-day she would enrapture by the fire of her passion; to-morrow she called forth sweet tears of emotion by the depth of her feeling; and again she delighted by exquisite humor and charmingly naïve roguishness, when she would gracefully bend her head to the left shoulder, a pleasant twinkle in her beautiful, fiery eye, showing all her glittering pearly teeth, and at the end of the last cadence boldly throw up her little head, with its black, shining locks, and look at the audience as if she wanted to ask, "Well, have I done my part honestly? Then do yours now as honestly, and applaud." And applause never failed to come.

Even when, on her first appearance on the stage, she

seemed to be only Maria Malibran, she would from note to note sing, play, and live herself more and more into the characters, and soon was *entirely* the naïve-*piquante* "Zerlina," the touching "Desdemona," the gay, coquettish "Rosina," the grand, majestic "Semiramis." And the touching "Desdemona" even ventured to appear the night after as angry "Othello," and the feat turned out a success! Especially in the "Othello" part her voice showed a splendid sonorous depth, whilst after great exertion it would sometimes sound rather thin and sharp in the higher notes.

And how even her outward appearance adapted itself gradually to the character of her part as soon as she sang! The small, slender figure grew in height before our eyes, one might say, and her mobile features became expressively beautiful. Singing was life with her, and so she lived what she sang.

And yet the celebrated Malibran was not happy. She was too passionate and eccentric to arrive ever at happiness, *i.e.*, peace and tranquillity.

Only an eccentric being like Maria Garcia could, when but seventeen years old, marry at the outset of her brilliant career, and in America, a man of fifty, a merchant named Malibran, for whom she did not feel a spark of love, just to get away from the severe discipline of her father and from the stage. The union turned out most unhappy, and proved a chain for Maria which she had to drag along almost throughout her life. Only a few months after the wedding the old gentleman failed, and the young wife had to return to the stage in order to live and to earn money for her husband as well. Thus she arrived in Paris in 1827, without friends or patrons. She made her *début* a few weeks afterwards as "Semiramis" at the Grand Opera, and then as "Desdemona" in the Italian Opera, and a new shining star had risen for the Parisians, although Henriette Sontag had obtained the most brilliant triumphs in the Italian Opera for some time past.

When Malibran heard Sontag sing for the first time,

she exclaimed, weeping, "Mon Dieu, why does she sing so beautifully!" and for a long time she would not venture to sing together with the German nightingale.

At last Countess Merlin, who herself sang charmingly, and who knew how to gather in her salon all that made or loved fine music in Paris, invited the two prima donnas to sing a duet from "Tancred" at the piano. And both caused so equal a storm of applause that they forgot all rival jealousies, and sank into each other's arms at the conclusion of the duo as if by command, and affectionately kissed each other to seal an everlasting bond of friendship.

Paris repeated all kinds of piquant anecdotes about the eccentricities of Malibran. The last vacation of the opera she had passed at a country estate, and in male attire, on horseback, a rifle slung across her shoulders, roved through fields and woods, and had many a pretty adventure. She always chose the wildest horses, and her admirers said of her: "Donna Maria sings like an angel, and rides like a devil!" It is known that her wild feats on horseback caused her death when but twenty-eight years old.

Also in her love Maria Malibran was passionate. Shortly before I heard her in Paris, she had made the acquaintance in Brussels of the violin-virtuoso De Beriot, and at once conceived the most violent passion for the fine-looking, interesting man, although she knew that De Beriot had long been a suitor for the hand of Sontag.

Once, when the famous violinist had delivered a concerto of his own composition, and all crowded around him, thanking and congratulating him, Maria Malibran also stood before him, pale and trembling, tears in her eyes. Seizing his hand passionately, she said to him, "Your success makes me very happy."

He thanked her with some commonplace expression, but Maria interrupted him, full of fire, with the words, "No, no! It is not that; don't you see that I love you?"

And M. de Beriot, a prudent calculator, who could not help a certain weakness for golden prima donnas, did not

take long to reflect, and took Malibran in lieu of Sontag, whom he could not get, for he knew that Donna Maria likewise possessed a million in her silvery voice. He accompanied his mistress on all her great tours through England, France, and Italy. M. Malibran, who in America heard of these tender relations of his wife, came over to France meaning mischief, but he accepted money as a solatium. Only in 1836 did the songstress succeed in obtaining a divorce from her American spouse; then she married Beriot. But neither was this union a happy one. Her passionately thirsting fire-soul languished beside the cold, calculating man.

Only a few months later their union was dissolved by the sudden death of Maria.

It was said that her being thrown from her horse was not the sole cause of her death. From fear of her husband, in spite of the most violent pain and a badly bruised face, she appeared in a very fatiguing part on the stage of the Covent Garden Theatre the very evening of the fatal day, and afterwards sang in several great concerts during the musical festival in Manchester — one piece being her own composition, the romance of death! —and in Manchester she died.

To this sad Paris reminiscence I should like to add another which fills my heart with mourning even to-day.

Lucie Duvergier had come to Berlin, together with a French troop under Director Delcour, in 1826. The king liked to see little French plays, alternating with German comedies in the performance at the palace in Potsdam and in the royal playhouse, and for that purpose the Parisian troop was engaged through the good offices of the favorite dancer, Mdme. Lemière-Desargus. Lucie Duvergier was the most pleasing and talented member of it. She played my *rôles*, especially in Scribe's little plays; was of the same age as myself, and bore a striking resemblance to me. She was fair; had soft, delicate, child-like features and lovely brown eyes, which always looked melancholy-dreamy, whilst mine, that were of a bluish-grey, looked then gay and unabashed into life.

We became acquainted with one another at the rehearsals at the "palace," and, as I was able to chat away lustily in French, we were soon on loving terms with one another. Now I also learned why Lucie was always sad. She stood under the protection of a sour aunt, who regarded her niece as so much capital yielding interest, and always kept dinning into her ears, "Learn! work! make money! we must be saving now, in order to be able to live at ease when we are old."

We embraced each other, weeping, when Lucie returned to Paris.

How delighted I was when I found again my dear sweet friend, who was now engaged as first youthful heroine at the Odéon theatre.

How beautiful she had grown in the space of three years that I had not seen her! She appeared in the "Duc de Guise;" but her beautiful brown eyes looked sadder still than in Berlin, and in her whole appearance, in her play, in the tone of her voice, there was something infinitely weary. She touchingly recalled to me the picture of a royal swan whose wings are broken.

Next day Lucie lay weeping in my arms, and opened to me her overflowing heart. I think I feel even now, as I write down this sad little story, the beating of her poor wounded heart on mine, as if I still heard the sweet, soft, wailing, harp-like sound of her trembling voice, as she told me the following:—

"Soon after my return, three years ago, I made the acquaintance here of a young, fine-looking, amiable man, whom I had seen in the theatre night after night when I played. He always followed me with his bright looks; he stood at the door of the theatre when I came out to enter the carriage that took me home. Somebody sent me a beautiful fresh bouquet every morning. I knew that it came from him, and that he loved me. Also my eyes were directed at night from the stage to the place where he sat, and I felt how I blushed with delight, and my heart beat higher each time I saw him again. I loved him without confessing it to myself in so many words.

He was my first, my only love. Then he introduced himself to me as Henri Ferrière, *Avocat*, and declared his love. I was exceedingly happy.

"But soon after Henri confessed to me that he was the Vicomte de Ferrière, and not the master of his will and hand. He was nephew and heir to an aristocratic and very haughty personage at the court of Charles X., who would never give his consent to Henri's marriage with a comédienne.

"I was very unhappy. Nevertheless I possessed the strength to demand of Henri that we should part. He conjured me to remain faithful to him till his uncle died. He hoped for the future. I had no hope more, but I swore to him fidelity to the grave. Henri joined an embassy that was going to Japan. So we parted; I know it is for ever, for I carry death in my heart. Besides, my aunt daily torments me with the lavish offers of a rich old man, who has promised her a pension for life if I become his. Rather die!"

And the poor girl did, soon after, die of a broken heart.

When I was engaged in St. Petersburg in 1833, Mdme. Duvergier announced herself to us. I hastened to meet her with the question, "Lucie?"

"Morte!" she said, with an icy coldness. "The ungrateful one could have made a very good match, and have made provision for me too by doing so, for me to whom she owed a debt of gratitude. But she only thought of her distant vicomte, and so she has died of grief, leaving me behind in sorrow and distress. I am obliged in my old age to come here to St. Petersburg to take a modest engagement as box-keeper at the French theatre. But my wages are so small that they are often insufficient to cover the most necessary expenses, so that I am compelled to sell even cherished keepsakes. Would mademoiselle perhaps buy a charming miniature painting of Lucie?—fifty francs, a very small sum! You loved poor dear Lucie once, I know."

Greedily she pocketed the money, and vanished. I knew that this hard, selfish aunt had been the cause of Lucie's death.

Vicomte Henri de Ferrière died years afterwards, as French ambassador at Stockholm, unmarried.

I shall bid farewell to the Parisian theatres, after these sad sketches of real life, with a small cheerful *genre* piece.

In the Gaieté Théâtre I saw, to my childlike delight, "l'éléphant du roi de Siam" act with great truth and the drollest ability alongside petty mankind. He was as accurate in his whole performance as a practiced old stager.

In Berlin I had admired with rather mixed feelings the monkey Joco, which was acted by a man who had degraded himself to an ape. Why should I not in Paris wonder at an elephant who, by an almost human sagacity, raised himself above the brute?

The piece, of course, was rather stupid, for it had been specially written to measure for an elephant; but the hero of the evening was, for all that, not the less clever. He on different occasions saved the life of the legitimate heir to the crown of Siam when pursued by a pretender, freed him from prison by shattering with his trunk a window high up in the tower, breaking out the iron bars, and then lifted the prince up and put him softly on the ground. Nay, this four-legged, giant guardian-angel, at the decisive moment, cleverly lifted the crown off the usurper's head, and gracefully put it on the locks of the legitimate heir. The latter in return proved thankful; and the sagacious elephant lived in first-rate, jolly style in his golden palace. He only needed to ring the bell, and a band of splendidly attired slaves spread out before him the choicest meal, and put a table-cloth as a napkin around his thick neck. Soon our hero set the champagne bottles going, and, with evident relish, poured down bottle upon bottle into his insatiable abyss. He only needed to beckon with his trunk, and charming *bayadères* performed before him the most voluptuous dances; he threw a pocket-handkerchief to the most beautiful, and she lay carelessly down upon his broad back, gently and tenderly scratching his broad, flapping ears. He beckoned again, and the *bayadères* danced the pretty garland dance, in which his Colossality

took a gay part, gracefully putting his plump feet over the flowery chains without crushing a single flower.

It was droll in the highest degree, when "l'éléphant" was "called." He came running up in a short, hurried trot, swung his trunk to all quarters of the jubilant house as acknowledgment, and then politely withdrew, walking backwards into the flies, as if he had read Goethe's "Rules for Comedians," which demand that an actor should never turn his back upon an honorable audience.

But this clever, great "l'éléphant du roi de Siam," came to a tragical end, like so many a hero in these old Parisian theatre reminiscences. His owner took him to America, and during a violent storm had to throw his giant jewel overboard in order to lighten the ship. At the bottom of the sea there lie bleaching even to-day the bones of "the elephant of the king of Siam."

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And yet, great as was the pleasure which these theatre nights in Paris caused me, great were also the pangs they occasioned me. I well-nigh died with longing after the old merry comedian life, which I had so wilfully deserted. When I saw a part on the stage which I had myself played with pleasure and acceptance, I could have burst into hysterics with woe. When I saw a young actress play with indifference, or, in my opinion, wrong, I felt violently inclined to jump upon the stage, and cry, "Mademoiselle, I will show you how we play this in Germany, simply, naturally, and with feeling. Away with your affectations!"

But of course Madame la Comtesse de Montgomery was bound with golden chains to her box in the proscenium.

One morning I passed the Théâtre des Nouveautés. The actors stood chatting and laughing gaily at the entrance, among them Bouffé and Mdme. Albert, who was distributing delicious peaches among her colleagues. What a scene of chaffing, joking, and feasting! Then the stage-manager said, "Mesdames et messieurs, la répétition doit commencer," and gaily they went in. How

gladly would I have followed to join in their rehearsal, to breathe stage air, and to forget—! Verily Countess Montgomery was not at all to be envied.

Also my mysterious and equivocal social position became to me more clear and vexing in Paris. Despite the strict orders of cousin Christian and the prince, it was not wholly avoidable that I should meet former Berlin acquaintances and friends. In this way, one evening in the Théâtre Français, Count Arnim-Boitzenburg entered our private box in order to shake hands with us. Next day he paid us a visit at the hotel. In the Odéon we met young Count Golz, the same who had showed me so much sympathy in the Samoilow affair. Also "Kommerzienrath" Wilkes, one of the leaders of the old theatre-guards, and Dr. Ebeling and family met and visited us; and in all their eyes I read sympathizing queries, which their lips refrained in delicacy from pronouncing. What about the Countess Montgomery? What right has she to this name? How has she purchased it? Is she the legitimate wife of Prince Leopold? Is Countess Montgomery happier than Karoline Bauer, whom we once loved on account of her pleasing art, youthful gaiety, and blameless life? Does she not regret having given her freedom as artiste, and the young bloom of her professional successes, for the sake of these mysterious gilded fetters? Why did she not accompany the prince to Karlsbad, if indeed she is his lawful wife?

And I was not permitted to answer a single one of these unuttered questions. I was not in a position to chat harmlessly and frankly *à la* Karoline Bauer with these amiable people, as of course I should have been only too glad to have done. I durst not say: "I have from vanity, and idleness, and love of gain, forsaken my artistic sphere, which made me so happy, and have already regretted this a thousand times most bitterly. Advise, help me, that I may be free again, an artiste, once more the former happy Lina Bauer."

All this I durst not betray by a word, by a look. My mother and I were obliged in conversation to measure

every word and every smile; in our talk to carefully aim at saying nothing with many words; and so these visits, which under different circumstances would have given us so much pleasure, became, for us, a perfect torture. At last we ordered the servant who attended us to deny us to visitors.

When I complained to cousin Christian about this new hardship, and begged of him to be allowed at least to tell my friends the circumstances most necessary for my honor's sake, I found I had put my hand into a hornet's nest. He wrote to me from Koburg bluntly and coldly in return, "I hate all sentimentality! You promised me that you would have the moral strength for these peculiar relations; prove them now, as Countess Montgomery, by a proud and confident carriage, and an absolute breaking with the past. Karoline Bauer is dead for ever!"

At the same time my cousin informed us that circumstances over which they had no control made it desirable that we should continue in Paris for an indefinite period, and that therefore it was expected that our expenditure would be greatly curtailed.

I was indignant, my mother deeply cast down. We gave up at once the hired equipage, and shifted from the first to the third floor of the hotel, and in every way reduced our expenses. We also visited the theatre less frequently, and when we did, went to more modest places; and whenever my brother Louis was prevented but for one evening from seeing us in our hotel, then we felt indeed lonely and abandoned in the great city, in the confined space of our apartments *au troisème.*

Matters were not improved by the arrival of very vexatious and depressing news. My brother Karl, whose levity and everlasting claims on my purse had been the chief cause of our leaving Berlin and the stage, and entering into this deplorable new condition, now came forward with new and preposterous demands. The young, handsome, but light-headed officer, for whom I had paid, but three months previously, through Christian Stockmar,

2700 gulden, had been entrapped by a girl whose youth and bloom were past. She was Leopoldine von Hinkeldey, a sister of Major the Baron Hinkeldey, tutor of the present Grand Duke of Baden. To enable him to marry her, Karl roundly required of me that I should become security for 16,000 gulden (requisite for a "licence to marry" by a lieutenant), and of course furnish the interest thereof, and of my mother that she was further to renounce her Baden pension of 600 gulden in his favor.

We were thunderstruck. How could we command those 16,000 gulden? We could not possibly ask the prince or cousin Christian for them.

Then my mother resolutely engaged a place in the jolting mail-post, and drove to Manheim, night and day; there she declared to my brother Karl, the Baron Hinkeldey, and his sister Leopoldine, that it was perfectly impossible for us to become security for the requisite sum, since to demand that sum from the prince, who was exceedingly economical, would bring about my ruin.

But only when she threatened that she would never give her parental consent to this unhappy union, nay, that her curse would follow it, could my brother, Leopoldine, and Herr von Hinkeldey be moved to promise that there should be no talk of marriage for the present. My mother returned to me with a relieved mind. But we little thought how soon, and in how much more threatening a form, that same demand would be renewed.

One day I met Henriette Sontag, surrounded by a swarm of admirers, in the garden of the Tuileries. We passed each other, just exchanging a friendly nod. I saw how Henriette surveyed me, and then smiled. Afterwards I learned that she had written to friends in Berlin, that Prince Leopold might expect heirs.

From this word, occasioned by the puffed-out kind of dress then in fashion, and busy tongues, there sprang, gradually, in the course of time, one, two, three imaginary young Counts Montgomery, towards whom I cruelly neglected my duties as a mother, when I returned to the stage again. *Les effets, et les causes!*

As for the other places of interest in Paris which we visited, in company with my brother Louis, I was specially interested in the celebrated institute for the education of the deaf and dumb of the Abbé de l'Epée, where we had an opportunity of witnessing an examination of the poor *sourds-muets*. How vividly I was reminded here of Kotzebue's play, "L'Abbé de l'Epée," and of my favorite part of the dumb "Julius," Count Solar! Quite involuntarily I here made new studies for that part. Should I ever play again deaf and dumb "Julius?"

When I entered the cell of the unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette, in the *Conciergerie*, I almost fainted. The most trenchant contrasts overwhelmed me. I was met by a damp, musty, sepulchral air. We were shown the slender chip of wood which the most luckless of queens employed as a needle to mend as best she could her tattered clothes; her chair, her table, with the most wretched utensils for her meals; and beside it on the wall the splendid new Gobelin, which represents Marie Antoinette at the zenith of her beauty and in royal magnificence, in a purple velvet costume, holding the poor little Dauphin by the hand.

The same horror came over me in the tombs of the Panthéon and in the royal sepulchre at St. Denis, in the vestibule of which the last deceased king keeps watch in a sarcophagus draped with a black velvet cover, strewn with silver lilies, till he is relieved by the corpse of his successor, somewhat the same as in the case of the Roman popes.

In the chapel of the Tuileries I saw, during the celebration of mass, the venerable king, Charles X., surrounded by his family; at his feet the "hope of France," the poor little Duc de Bordeaux (who was not yet born when the hand of an infamous murderer killed his father, the Duc de Berri), in whom all France recognized the future king, Henri V.

The grave, bigoted Dauphin looked silly indeed, and the poor Dauphiness, a daughter of Marie Antoinette, looked as if dust had settled upon her lips and heart, since she

last embraced father, mother, and brother in the *Conciergerie.* The axe of the guillotine had for ever crushed in her every smile and pleasure in life; and also her only love (for Archduke Karl, the hero of Aspern) she had been obliged to bury when still in its first bloom. And for a long time her mortified heart had loved nobody on this earth—it only loved heaven with its blessed—and she knew that she too was loved by nobody here below. Poor princess! No, not even Countess Montgomery would have changed places with you.

I was most interested in the Duchesse de Berri, though she was anything but beautiful. The gallant Parisians used to call her then, "*la jolie-laide,*" the pretty-ugly!—and were never tired of relating the most diverting anecdotes of *la jolie-laide.*

The duchess was but thirty-one when I saw her for the first time in the Théâtre de Madame, which received its name and patronage from her; there she would raise her pretty little hands, and with that vivacity peculiar to her, would always give the signal for applause.

To confess the truth, I found *la Duchesse de Berri* very plain indeed, at least at first sight. Her eye had what is known as "falschen Blick," which was not far removed from squinting. Her complexion was of a yellowish, sandy hue, her under-lip thick and far projected, and her neck terribly thin.

This thin neck gave the *jolie-laide,* who was exceedingly witty and ready with repartees, and of whom new *bon mots* were circulated daily, occasion for a clever saying which was in every Parisian's mouth at that time.

The duchess, despite her ugliness, considered herself irresistible. Once, when the striking thinness of her neck *did* cause her some grief, she caressingly pressed her hand over the dry surface, and cried, quickly resigned, with the lively gaiety peculiar to her: "Pah! Madame de Sévigné dirait aussi de moi: Rien—mais le plus joli rien qu'on peut voir!"—as of the graceful but very lean dancer.

The main point of beauty in *la jolie-laide* with the

"pretty nothing" of her neck was her charming little foot, which was claimed to be the most beautiful in France, and was known in Paris as "*le pied de Madame.*"

Moreover, Madame knew how to put her very pretty Cinderella foot in the most favorable light. She invented the short dresses which showed not only the foot, but even more than the ankle, and no one understood how to wear this hazardous fashion so gracefully as did Madame. Besides, her shoes and interlaced silk stockings were perfect wonders of fineness and neatness. When Madame walked upon the terrace of the Tuileries garden—that is, glided along like a fairy-child, the pedestrians remained standing in long rows, and looked with admiration at the *pied de Madame.* This little foot of hers made one almost forget her upper person. I have stood myself more than once in the Tuileries gardens, and looked admiringly at this wonderful work of nature and of art.

"Le pied de Madame" was the title, the catchword of a charming little story which went from mouth to mouth in Paris at that time.

Madame, who, perhaps not without ground, was regarded as somewhat eccentric, had made a wager with her royal father-in-law, that in some kind of disguise she could drive *incognita* through the whole of Paris in a public omnibus.

She selected the short print robe and the white headdress of the Paris *grisette,* and thus attired, the customary large band-box on her arm, she appeared at the Place de la Concorde, to wait for the "bus;" she was followed, however, by her gentleman-in-waiting, likewise disguised.

The omnibus stops, the conductor drops the small iron ladder, saying in his usual indifferent tone, "Entrez, mademoiselle," without wasting another look at the plain *grisette.* Then his wandering eyes catch the most charming of all feet in rose-colored silk-stocking, and the prettiest black satin shoe with neat cross-ribbons, just when it appears on the first step of the ladder, and immediately he cries out enthusiastically, "Ah! le pied de Madame!" pulls off his bonnet, and makes his deepest bow to the fair-footed *grisette.*

The Duchesse de Berri had lost her wager even before she had entered an omnibus. Of course, she did not continue her drive. But she was no little proud of the victory achieved over an omnibus conductor by her prodigy of a foot.

It was besides related with mysterious smiles that *le pied de Madame* had been seen dancing more than once at the masked balls of the Grand Opera. It was even asserted that the same *pied de Madame* had been seen upon the steep dark stairs leading to an attic in the Quartier Latin, climbing up to a tender rendezvous, the first threads for which had been spun at one of those masked balls. It was asserted that Madame was not merely a magnanimous patroness of the Théâtre de Madame in general, but of many a young actor of that stage in particular. People related all sorts of piquant stories of the joyous life in the Pavillon Marsan of the Tuileries, and at Château Marsan, Madame's provincial palace, and also of her sojourn in Dieppe during the bathing season, where *le pied de Madame* was indefatigable and invincible in the boldest swimming feats. Madame was, besides, a passionate horsewoman.

There was also a whisper that *le pied de Madame* possessed the slight weakness of liking to live on a large footing, and that Madame was never free from debt.

But the world pardoned the Duchesse de Berri for all these eccentricities in consideration of her good heart, her grace, and her conversational *esprit*. She was although a Neapolitan princess, nevertheless the pattern of a Frenchwoman, with true Parisian *chic*, and was, moreover, the greatest favorite at the court of Charles X.

The feeling against this bigoted court was even then ominous. My brother Louis told me: "The Bourbons have learned nothing in their exile, and forgotten nothing. Prince Polignac and the hated Jesuits govern France. We are on the eve of a new revolution. *Paris s'ennuie! Ca iramal!*"

And things did take a bad turn, and sooner than was thought. How matters had changed when, a few years later, I again saw this royal Bourbon family!

It was once more a chapel in which the Bourbons devoutly heard mass. But it was not the chapel of the Tuileries; that was closed against the Bourbons for ever. It was in the chapel of the Hradschin at Prague, where the exiled king, Charles X., had found a refuge with his family. How weary-looking he sat there, the deposed king of seventy-eight, in his trembling hand a glittering prayer-book, mechanically moving his pale lips in prayer. A mournful picture of the transitoriness of earthly greatness.

Also the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême sat there in the chapel of the Hradschin. The Dauphin appeared, if anything, still duller than ever; the Dauphine still gloomier, and more fanatic in her religious exercises.

And how pale looked the young Duke Henri de Bordeaux, despite his youthful fifteen years! He hardly ventured to look up from his prayer-book, for he knew that the severe eyes of his aunt D'Angoulême, and of his two Jesuitical tutors were fixed on him. He knew that it was his duty as future King Henri V. of France to be exactly as pious as his Jesuits demanded of him. But now and then I did see how he cast a stealthy glance of his beautiful blue eyes above the prayer-book into the chapel, as if he were looking there for a little youth and sunshine, which were not to be found for him in the Hradschin. And when these young eyes saw me, in the fullest bloom of sunny youth, they smiled very peculiarly, and always returned to me. Even the severe aunt D'Angoulême and the ossified Jesuit fathers were unable entirely to forbid a youth of fifteen to long and to dream.

But where was Madame the Duchesse de Berri, the mother of the future King Henri V. of France?

The exiled king, Charles X, and the exiled Duchesse d'Angoulême had banished Madame from their court, because she had followed her heart rather than high politics, and as a woman and future royal mother had compromised the Bourbons in the most scandalous way.

When, after the July revolution, the expelled royal family, utterly discouraged, without a will or way, sought

refuge, first in England, then in Prague, then Madame was the only man among the Bourbons (as King Louis Philippe used to say with a mixture of fear and admiration), who did not give up the Bourbon cause as lost, but fought and suffered for it.

In April, 1832, the Duchesse de Berri with a few faithful adherents went to France by sea, and in a plain peasant's disguise traversed the faithful Vendée, everywhere bravely unfolding the white banner of the lilies for Henri V. Despite her disguise she was frequently in danger of being arrested by the myrmidons of King Louis Philippe. It was not seldom that *le pied de Madame* betrayed her. With admirable courage and great endurance she went through all the dangers, hardships, and privations of this adventuous expedition, till she became victim to the treachery of a Jew named Deutz. He had pretended to be an enthusiastic adherent of the Bourbon cause, and thus succeeded in gaining the duchess's confidence, and then betrayed her place of refuge in Nantes to the mercenaries of Louis Philippe of Orleans. For sixteen long hours the duchess remained concealed in a narrow cavity behind a red-hot chimney-plate, while the house was being searched; only after her clothes had caught fire several times and she was nearly choked by the smoke, did the courageous woman surrender — she who had ventured everything for her son, "the honor of France."

But it soon became apparent why King Louis Philippe had spent so much money and such treacherous art in order to get his beloved cousin confined behind the walls of the fortress Blaye. The captive duchess found herself compelled to confess to her jailer that she had been secretly married to the Italian Marchese Lucchesi Palli for a twelvemonth, and was expecting her accouchement.

King Louis Philippe triumphed, and gave immediate orders to set Madame la Marchesa Lucchesi Palli free, and allow her to quit France without any obstacle being placed in her way. He knew that Madame had for ever lost her attraction as mother of a possible king; that she,

despite her energy and readiness for sacrifice, could no longer prove dangerous to his royal crown.

And his calculation was correct. Even the most faithful legitimists in France no longer recognized the Marchesa Lucchesi Palli, and the Bourbons upon the Hradschin in Prague renounced her. She was not even permitted to embrace her young son, "King Henri," for whom she had risked and sacrificed so much. She was dead for all Bourbon policy.

In Gratz I beheld the unconventional princess for the last time, when I was fulfilling an engagement there in 1837. I had seen the duchess seated beside her husband in a private box during the performance of the "Three Epochs," in which I played the part of Marie; after the play she came to meet me in the corridor, gliding along on the arm of her husband, whom, through her Italian royal cousins, she had raised to the rank of Duke della Gracia. She addressed me in French with kind words, and told me how my performance reminded her of la Mars in the "Trois Epoques" of the Théâtre Français.

When I said in return that in 1829 I had really had the good fortune of frequently seeing and studying Mdlle. Mars in the Théâtre Français, she replied with a sigh: "Ah! what beautiful times those were of 1829!"

"*La jolie-laide*" had meanwhile grown much uglier, and rather increased in breadth, but La Fontaine's saying could still hold good in her case: "La grace est plus belle encore que la beauté!" Her walk was still light and graceful, and under the short dress there still peeped out, as charming as ever, *le pied de Madame.*

The Duke della Gracia looked handsome and imposing, and much younger than his spouse, but not clever.

I was told that the passionate woman was dreadfully tormented by jealousy, that she watched her husband day and night, and was ever ready for the most violent scenes as soon as she caught him on forbidden paths,—that when the duchess, not long before, suspected her husband of exchanging amorous looks and secret signs with the pretty daughter of a tradesman, who lived opposite their

palace, she had in hot wrath rushed into the house opposite, and boxed the young beauty's ears right and left most vigorously, and in her broken German threatened her with further measures yet, if she should see the like again. It was even asserted that the cheeks of *monsieur le duc* often appeared suspiciously red after such scenes.

The ducal palace in Gratz looked gloomy and little comfortable. Some friends invited me to inspect it. Also within doors the large house appeared to me by no means like the comfortable home of princes. It was more like the abode of a *parvenu* who has crammed his rooms in a motley way without a plan. Costly art-treasures from those bygone Parisian days of splendor stood beside new, inharmonious furniture. The *pièce de résistance* was a golden model of a temple, which the city of Paris had presented to the duchess on the occasion of the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux. In one room there lay upon a sofa in peaceful concord the dressing-gown of the duke, and the *négligé* bonnet of the duchess. In the nursery there was noisy merriment; *there* were accommodated four ducal descendants, a son and three daughters.

Later on the duchess, when she did not reside at her palace in Venice, occupied almost always her castle Brunnsee in Southern Styria. After the death of her royal father-in-law, Charles X., she reconciled herself with her son, the Count de Chambord, whose saint's day, the day of St. Henri, she always celebrated with pomp in Brunnsee, on which occasion the Duke della Gracia raised his glass and in silence bowed before the Count de Chambord, which example was followed by all the guests, and meant as much as "*Vive le roi.*"

In her old age there was yet much trouble in store for the duchess. Her pleasant Paris custom, despite her small foot, of living on a large scale, and her truly princely munificence, deranged her finances so much that the Count de Chambord had to hasten to her succor in order to keep his mother from want. Count de Chambord also took over Brunnsee, but assigned it to the duchess for a residence during her lifetime. This calamity told so

much on the Duke della Gracia that he died in 1864. The duchess was broken in spirit from that time. She suffered from increasing deafness and blindness, and died the day after Good Friday in 1870. She has not lived to witness the overthrow of the hated Napoleon, and the revived hopes of Henri V. for the throne.

In the saloons of the legitimist Duke of Larochefoucauld-Doudeauville in Paris, on the occasion of solemn gatherings of the partisans of the "Roy," Henri V., there is exhibited to this day a strange sacred relic, a wonderfully small shoe of faded white satin, upon which are visible some drops of blood. It was *the* shoe which *le pied de Madame* wore at the opera on the evening of the 14th of February, 1820, when her husband was murdered by the dagger of Louvel.

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Towards the end of October, 1829, Christian Stockmar arrived in Paris, and took up his abode in our hotel. He was in very bad humor, and dissatisfied with everybody, most of all with Prince Leopold, who, he said, could not make up his mind on the question of the Greek crown, the true *Marquis peu-à-peu.*

All my questions he answered with, "Patience; patience! Soon all must be decided, probably even before you re-cross the Channel. Perhaps, Karoline, this decision will bring for you the desired freedom, and I—do not grudge you it!"

I looked forward to the arrival of the prince with a strange mixture of feelings. However much I longed for golden freedom, I was pained, nevertheless, when I thought of the joyous expectations with which I had gone to England, and of the short, fond dream which was perhaps to be all over in a few weeks.

Cousin Christian visited with us Versailles, St. Cloud, St. Germain, and the beautiful woods and lakes of Montmorency, also theatres and concerts; but I had but little joy in the whole Paris life now. My heart was too depressed, owing to apprehension of the approaching decision.

The prince arrived by the middle of November, but he alighted in another hotel, and only paid us a daily visit, from three to four, with his ominous drizzling-box. He looked sickly, constantly complained about his health, and was more occupied with it than with me. He maintained that Karlsbad had not agreed with him. He was still more taciturn than formerly, went on drizzling, deeply lost in thought, whilst I read out to him as mechanically. There was not a vestige of heartiness, not to mention affection, such as he had exhibited during the few weeks of our honeymoon in Regent's Park, which had revived my hopes of happiness. We vegetated as joylessly in Paris as we had done during the first months in London.

Nevertheless the prince would not set me free, however often I might ask him amid tears to do so. He, on the contrary, always put me off by pointing forward to a homelike residence near each other at Claremont.

The prince also visited at the Tuileries, but seemed little elated by his visits. Only afterwards I learned that the object of these visits was to sound how a suit for the hand of the Duchess de Berri on the part of Prince Leopold would be received at the Tuileries, if the Greek crown should fall to the prince.

The answer had been short and diplomatic: "No crown, no Berri."

How indignant I of necessity felt at this diplomatic marriage game, every reader will know who has a warm heart and but the slightest notion of delicacy. What can be more humiliating to a woman than the consciousness that she has been made merely the toy of a princely whim —a toy to be tumbled into the dirt at any time for a glittering crown? But the most revolting part of it was that these matrimonial plans were being concocted whilst the prince in apparent guilelessness sat opposite me, the young, blooming creature who was, before God, his legitimate wife. His Highness was a cunning calculator, and did not care to throw away the pretty toy, till he was sure of the kingly crown and royal bride.

It is known that Leopold, when he had the kingly crown of Belgium on his head, thought no more of the Duchesse de Berri as his queen, since she, with all the Bourbons, had been driven from the Tuileries and France. Such a queen was of no use to him. Yes, ever and always, he was *Monsieur tout doucement.*

In the beginning of December the prince and Baron Stockmar left for England. We were to continue our stay in Paris till we should receive orders to follow.

As my brother Louis had likewise been obliged to leave Paris on business, and we were thus deprived of our daily companion and guide to all the sights, we sat truly forsaken in our narrow little apartments in the hotel, and cast melancholy looks into the gray rainy December weather, which even prevented our walking abroad. I never lived through a sadder Christmas season than the one of our first stay in Paris. But the day after Christmas we set out for England by command of his Highness, the ever-recurring anxious question haunting me, "What will await us there?"

CHAPTER XI.

A DREAM OF FREEDOM.

RETURN TO ENGLAND—THE VILLA NEAR CLAREMONT HOUSE—A GRANDFATHER INSTEAD OF A LOVER—"DRIZZLE" AGAIN—RIDING LESSONS—DON QUIXOTE—A GAY CAVALIER—REVOLT—A RECKONING WITHOUT THE HOST.

THE sad Christmas in Paris was followed by a still sadder and more cheerless New Year's Eve and New Year's Morn in England.

On New Year's Eve, 1829, my mother and I, marshalled by the good, and to me sincerely devoted, Figaro Hühnlein, arrived in the solitary and gloomy villa near Claremont House, which was to be our home for the present, fourteen miles distant from London, and were again received by strangers only. Prince Leopold was staying in London, cousin Christian was unwell and in a hypochrondriac state in Claremont House. Fanny curtsied to us in her impertinent way, and did the honors of the melancholy house in the most importunate manner, smiling at us knowingly. I fear that in those days I rather hated that forward person.

Four-and-forty long years have passed since I spent that melancholy New Year's Eve with my mother, but everything still stands fresh and recent before the eye of my memory, so that I could paint it. Not only the sweet, but the bitter also leaves behind in us impressions that cannot be expunged.

It is a dismally large, bare saloon, with brown wall-paper, faded curtains, old-fashioned, stiff-backed oak chairs, and a sofa to match, covered with hard, glossy leather. In the huge fireplace are burning brightly enough huge logs of wood, but the cheerless room never feels warm. In front of the fire are seated my mother

and I, upon the hard, stiff-backed leather chairs, at a small table on which is spread a sumptuous supper of cake, sweet wine, and punch; we are celebrating New Year's Eve, and with passionate longing we think of "Sylvester" in the distant, dear German fatherland.

How merrily we had celebrated that day in Berlin at "Justizrath" Ludolff's but a year ago! I played the rose-fairy of the New Year in a short play written for the occasion, distributing to the guests roses, on the leaves of which were printed in pretty rhymes auguries for the fulfilment of their most cherished wishes.

Poor, vain rose-fairy! What did the New Year bring for yourself?—Thorns upon thorns!

And what will the incoming year (1830) bring?

We did not venture to answer that question to ourselves. But our tears flowed, and in our hearts it was dark and cheerless, as in the icy night without. We felt so forsaken as we never felt before. We dreaded the New Year—nay, every new day, with its ever continued daily monotony, chilling soul and body. I dreaded that joyless continuation of vegetating, the flower-and-fruitless idle life. For what was the task of my English life?—The attempt daily renewed with renewed failure, to be the pretty toy that whiled away the time of a heartless, egotistical, unnerved prince!

I am an old woman now, nearing the grave, and have experienced during my life much that was sad, and have had to encounter painful trials, and have still to encounter them, and yet, if I compare a New Year's Eve upon my lonely, snowed-up Swiss mountain with that winding-up of the year in England, an almost youthful vigor and hope fill my old heart in warm floods. I do not merely vegetate—I live, I produce, I am efficient, the time does not pass without leaving a vestige.

In my Swiss mountain home it is also quiet and lonely in winter, and rarely does a visitor knock at my door. But from my window I see at least lively villages by the fair lake of Zürich, and busy men and happy school children hurry past, and at night cheerfully lit-up windows,

although at a distance, behind which one can fancy comfortable family life.

How different is it in a lonely English country house, enlivened by no merry children or happy parents, and which lies so still, buried in the midst of high fir-trees sunk in slumber, like the magic castle of the Sleeping Beauty. Scarcely does the dog at his chain from time to time venture a growl, to break the deadly stillness of the dreary night. In a huge bed my mother and I, side by side, sought forgetfulness of our cheerless solitude in slumber. I pretended to sleep, in order to make mother feel easier. But long afterwards I still heard her sigh and weep, and pray, "Merciful God and Father, do not forsake us. Lead us out of this maze, or give us strength for endurance."

Poor, poor mother! Her prudent sagacity had penetrated the whole character of the prince long ago, and had recognized in him a heartless egotist, who ever and solely thought of his own much-indulged self, even though all about him might go to ruin, though hearts might bleed and break around him. What did it matter, if only his Highness were not thereby disturbed in his quietness and comfort?

Next morning—New Year's Day of 1830—I assumed great cheerfulness before my mother, whose face wore unmistakable traces of care, tripped about, singing, through all the deserted rooms of the house, which good Hühnlein tried to make more habitable by keeping up enormous fires. I also inspected the library with its many English and some old French books. All produced the impression of long disuse.

The wild overgrown park—a garden, in the German sense of the word, did not exist—with its gigantic old pine-trees and firs, looked dismally gloomy and neglected. A brook ran through the property, losing itself in an adjoining wood. Not a house, not a human being to be seen far and wide! Add to this a dull, damp, cold, wintry day, with the necessary true English drizzling mist.

I only felt relieved when in my ramble I came upon the

small lodge inhabited by factotum Hühnlein with his wife, a cheerful Koburger, and rosy flaxen-haired children. When I was seated in front of the crackling fire, and watched how the round little housewife prepared a soup for the children's breakfast, and saw with what delight the little ones ate the sweet New Year's cake that I had brought with me, then I sighed and said within myself, "How enviable are these happy, simple people compared with the perhaps envied Countess Montgomery!"

Behind the lodge there stood a ruined barn, in which our travelling-coach seemed to mourn. How gladly would I have cried, "Put the horses to, and away to Germany!"

I fed the pigeons, which inhabited a cot in the midst of a round grass-plot, as well as the huge white dog in his kennel. But what then?

I opened the beautiful Clementi grand piano, which had been brought over from Regent's Park, the only piece of furniture which smiled at me as an old friend, but my fingers had become stiff. The music-room could not be warmed, even though an enormous fire was constantly kept up in the chimney. We crouched together in a small room, which, at least, had the merit of being tolerably warm.

After eleven o'clock Hühnlein came driving up in a small phaeton drawn by a stout pony; he brought with him our *déjeûner á la fourchette*, which the cook in Claremont had prepared. In this curious way was our luncheon and afterwards our dinner always provided. To my horror, Hühnlein also unpacked the drizzling-case and a new novel by Henriette Hanke, "The Parson's Widow."

Baron Stockmar regretted being unable to pay his respects, owing to indisposition; the prince would be here at four o'clock to dinner, Hühnlein said.

Precisely at four o'clock a carriage came driving up, out of which got the prince, wrapped up like a grandfather. Also his salutations and further conversation were grandfatherly too. No trace of the active man, full

of life, who had once spoken to me of tender love, and expressed such a longing for cheerful domestic life.

We did music for half an hour—that is to say, I played the piano with numbed fingers and sang some songs with blue lips, whilst the prince in a fur cloak and fur boots sat in front of the chimney, poking the fire. Then we went to dinner. Hühnlein attended at table, whilst poor mother took the greatest possible pains to start and maintain conversation. I, however, felt so utterly wearied, that I found it impossible to pretend cheerfulness. Some jests which I ventured, to please my mother, and to interrupt the terrible monotony, proved complete failures. No wonder; I had almost forgotten how to laugh!

After dinner, and whilst coffee was being served, I read out page after page of the good Silesian pastor's widow, feeling all the time as if in a trance; whilst prince Grandpapa, with terrible dignity and persistency, drizzled—drizzled—drizzled—tsrr!—tsrr!—tsrr!—till I was threatened with lock-jaw by my vain attempts to conceal yawning.

At seven o'clock the prince, completely satisfied with his evening's performance, drove back again to Claremont, and mother and I felt relieved. We threw off our elegant evening costumes, and slipped into comfortable house-dresses, and regaled ourselves with reminiscences of the beautiful gay past. Strange, our favorite topic of conversation was almost always my stage-life, which I had forsaken so thoughtlessly. When it was mine still, I used to delight in counting its thorns and prickles; now I only thought of its smiling roses.

Thus passed days and weeks in crushing monotony; it only caused us disquietude that cousin Christian did not show himself at all during the first fortnight, nor send word about himself. Was he really so seriously unwell that he could not manage to traverse the short distance between us and Claremont? Why did he not write a few lines at least? Was he angry with us? Had we offended him, and how?

When I asked the prince regarding the mysterious

silence and non-appearance of my cousin, he shrugged his shoulders and answered evasively, "Good Stocki has one of his attacks of hypochondria, as usual during the misty months of England, and then he imagines that he is dreadfully ill and going to die."

At the end of the second week I could no longer endure this tantalizing uncertainty, and wrote to my cousin briefly the following note, which I despatched through Hühnlein :—

"If you do not come to-morrow and clear up our uneasiness regarding your mysterious silence, mother and I shall leave this the day after to-morrow. Our strength and our patience are at an end!"

Then my cousin came driving up next morning. He looked pale and sickly, but even more out of humor. He was cross about everything—about the prince, who could not come to a resolution on the question of the Greek crown, and did not submit to being led or advised by him; about King George IV.; about the English ministry; about our presence here.

"But, cousin," I interrupted him with indignation, "is it not your own fault that we are here? Without your advice we should never have left the stage, and given up our free, happy life."

"Yes, at that time I still cherished the hope, Karoline, that the prince would awaken once more to a fresh and active life by your side; but I have abandoned that hope long ago. His heart remains a lump of ice. There is no remedy for that! Nevertheless my advice to you, even to-day, is patience! patience! and again patience! Wait till the Greek question is settled. Within the next few weeks or months we shall see clearer in the matter. I should much prefer such a dissolution of your union, no *éclat*, just brought about naturally. You would then part with the prince in peace, and the King of Greece would remain your faithful friend."

Weeping, I once more promised patience and endurance, and complete confidence in the guidance of my cousin; and Christian promised to renew his forenoon calls in the old familiar way, saying,—

"I merely staid away till now, because the prince did not ask me to dine here with you and him, although he knows that I am now twice as lonely in Claremont House, where formerly I dined and spent the evenings with the prince. You see, such are some of the unceremonious doings of a prince! But do not let it appear that you miss me."

Thus at least a friendly intercourse with my cousin had been re-established. He came every forenoon to luncheon, entertained, counselled, and comforted us. I made superhuman efforts to follow his advice, and not betray to the prince what occupied my soul, and to accustom myself to this vegetating existence. I dressed daily, as for an evening party, to receive the prince before dinner, walked up and down with him in the gloomy fir-alley by the side of the brook, where no passer-by could see us, played the piano patiently, accompanied his Royal Highness's songs, and, with untiring zeal, read out Henriette Hanke from five to seven o'clock.

In the forenoon my cousin gave me riding-lessons in the park, at first on a pony, afterwards on a beautiful lady's horse. Once when the prince had watched these riding exercises, he said in his peculiar way, "Mizi looked splendid as Amazon." And on the following day his Royal Highness appeared on the lawn in the park also mounted, but in so comical a way that I, who had nearly forgotten the practice, was seized by an uncontrollable attack of laughter. The cavalier, who was over six feet in height, sat on a small, stout pony, his thin, princely legs almost touching the ground—a picture *á la* "Don Quixote." But the prince remarked, very complacently, that the shaking on a small horse was not so great as on a taller steed. And with this *chevalier de la triste figure,* I rode up and down upon the narrow lawn, up and down. There was little pleasure in it. The prince did not venture to leave the concealing hedge in my company on horseback. He only, with reluctance, permitted me sometimes to take a ride into the country with my cousin. I felt so relieved when I careered along at full gallop!

Those were at least short hours in which I felt free—free, like any other creature. Now and then we would even meet a human being, and we rode past comfortable looking villages and cheerful country houses.

But this poor dream of freedom was of short duration.

One morning a handsome, elegant cavalier came riding up to us. After having exchanged some friendly words with my cousin, he was introduced to me as Mr. Somerset; he requested the favor of being permitted to accompany us into the wood for a little.

He made a very agreeable companion, had been long on the continent, and could chat French in an interesting manner. On taking leave he asked politely if he might possibly be favored again with the pleasure of meeting me in my rides.

And to be sure, next day, Mr. Somerset was pacing the highway on horseback, waiting to salute Baron Stockmar and his cousin. But Christian skilfully turned into a side-way, and we had disappeared in the wood before the disappointed horseman could understand this precipitate flight. My cousin said angrily, "It would never do, that this fantastic novel-hero, for whom our ladies here have fished in vain till now, should fall in love with Countess Montgomery, and attempt to visit you in your house. Then farewell our secret. The prince's very position and existence in England would be jeopardized—nay, even the Greek crown endangered. We must give up these rides."

Deeply chagrined, I arrived again in our dreary prison, and immediately sent Hühnlein to the prince with a note, saying that I had a violent headache, and could not see his Royal Highness that day.

Next day the prince, in great excitement, saluted me with these words: "Stocki has made a clean breast of it, as Somerset has already sung abroad the praises of the newly emerged German beauty, who is said to resemble so much the Princess Charlotte. It will attract all the young Hotspurs about, who will come to see Mizi. That is the sequel to your indiscretion in riding outside the park."

"Your Highness, I will not ride out again. I had already made up my mind to renounce this last pleasure and—freedom," I said, deeply mortified. "My mother and I will endeavor to regard ourselves as altogether forgotten and buried. That, then, is the much-vaunted 'still life,' of which I heard so much when I was allured to England with golden promises. Had I known that I was to live here like a *state prisoner*, or like the poor countess in the castle at Eishausen, I assure you I should not be here. Do you not intend, your Highness, to have a black mask fastened on my face, such as that mysterious French prisoner wore?" then I burst into passionate weeping.

The prince stood at first rather dumbfounded; then, forcing a smile, he made an attempt at joking: "Oh! oh! does Mizi mean to revolt?"

"Am I not compelled to do so? I am not a slave, and shall never submit to slavery!" I cried out indignantly, ran away, and locked myself up in my sleeping-apartment.

The prince said to my baffled mother, with much equanimity, "I should scarcely have thought that artistes could be so passionate! But Mizi will come round again, no fear. A pity that I should thus lose to-day the new chapter of the novel; it had so excited my expectations!" and the prince began to drizzle without reading accompaniment, till my mother took pity on him, and read out to him the new chapter of the "exciting" novel; but in what a depressed state of mind.

Oh, poor, good mother! your love has made for me many and great sacrifices, but in England certainly the greatest. What a joyless life did she lead as mother of Countess Montgomery! For months she patiently bore the pain of sitting there in full-dress toilette during the tedious hours that I read out, and to look on while his Highness drizzled. Then I requested her myself to give up the fruitless struggle with sleepiness and yawning fits, daily renewed, and to remain in her room. But solely the hope that the prince and I would more easily come to a homely harmonious life, when thus left alone, induced my mother to accede to my request. Of course, her hopes were not realized.

Things were made worse by annoyances caused by the importunity of the ever-spying Fanny. She even was bold enough to offer to my mother her company and society every day, till I made short work of her by setting my cousin this ultimatum: "Either Fanny leaves or I leave!" That succeeded. Fanny returned to Claremont House. The prince made no objection to it, but only said, "Fanny was very pretty once."

"Well, if so, she is more in her place at Claremont than here," I answered sharply.

Of course, our "still life" was not rendered more agreeable by such scenes.

Then my cousin Christian one morning came galloping up, greatly excited. His face, ordinarily so pale, looked flushed, and his eyes sparkled, when, without having exchanged salutations, he called out to us, as he approached, "The hour of deliverance is come. The crown of Greece has been definitely offered to the prince. Karoline, you are free!"

I went into transports of joy, embraced and kissed my cousin, and laughed and sobbed in the same breath, exclaiming,—

"Delivered from the night of the grave! Awakened to a new life! My God, I thank Thee that this luckless bond is being dissolved in peace, and not torn asunder in wrath! I thank Thee that I can leave without rancor and in peace a man whom I once thought I loved!"

Cousin Christian said gravely, "Karoline, I rejoice with you that you are free."

But alas! my exultation was premature. It had been merely a *dream* of freedom. *Le Marquis peu-à-peu* and *Monsieur tout doucement* had been left out of account.

In order to be better understood, I must enter more fully into particulars as regards the circumstances and character of Prince Leopold. For many of these notes I am indebted to communications made to me by cousin Christian; for, despite his famous diplomatic wisdom, he frequently blurted out confessions before us, like a true *enfant terrible*, when he had been unusually bothered with Prince Leopold.

CHAPTER XII.

A RETROSPECT.

CLAREMONT—THE PORTRAIT AND THE LIKENESS—THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF ENGLAND—THE STORY OF PRINCESS CHARLOTTE—HER DEATH.

I HAD once been simple enough to imagine that I should live by the side of the prince, my loving husband, in beautiful Claremont.

How different everything had turned out! I was only permitted to enter Claremont House, and look through it, when the prince staid in London, just like a stranger. Cousin Christian or Hühnlein conducted my mother and me about.

Claremont House, so called after a former owner, Lord Clare, is a large and handsome structure, situated in a magnificent park, upon a green slope.

I was, of course, most interested in the apartments which Princess Charlotte, the prince's first spouse, had inhabited during her short matrimonial happiness here, and in the many reminiscences connected with her. Thus I found sitting on a pole in an ante-chamber an old gray parrot, named Coco, whom the lively princess used to fondle. But it was badly neglected, and was covered with dirt and vermin.

When I asked the prince to give me poor Coco for some time to nurse, he at once made me a present of him, evidently glad to get rid of the dirty screamer in so convenient a manner. There was not a trace of emotion visible on his face to indicate fond recollection of the olden time.

Mother and I bathed and nursed the parrot diligently, and had the gratification of seeing him revive. Soon he talked away merrily, "Mutter—Lina—ich liebe dich!"

Coco followed us afterwards on all our theatrical tours

—to Russia, Austria, Dresden. There he died in 1842, soon after my mother, perhaps from grief, because he no longer saw her who had nursed him so well.

I saw also in Claremont a picture of Princess Charlotte in a Russian costume—blue, with silver; it was a present from the Grand Duchess Catharina, who became afterwards Queen of Würtemburg, and who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the marriage between Prince Leopold and the princess. I happened to possess a very similar Russian national costume, which Mdme. Pleske had given me during my engagement in St. Petersburg, and in which I had so gaily learned the Russian national dance when there. Next day I received the prince in this costume, being myself surprised at my great likeness to Princess Charlotte. We resembled one another, like twins. The prince started, and turned a little pale, but there was no other token of emotion visible in his *blasé* countenance. With the greatest equanimity he compared our points of resemblance. "Princess Charlotte had a more finely-cut nose, but not so pretty a mouth as Mizi. Charlotte was fuller in form, Mizi is the more graceful. The fair hair and the fresh complexion are common to both," and so he continued his complacent analysis, till I impatiently interrupted him by saying, "Your Highness forgets the faithful hearts which in equal fulness beat, or have beaten, for you!" That put his Royal Highness a little out of countenance, which the prince only recovered at the drizzling-case.

Was it our outward resemblance? Was it the same fate uniting us to the same person, Prince Leopold? But I felt the liveliest interest in Princess Charlotte, and never tired of getting information about her from cousin Christian, who had, of course, known her personally. Perhaps it may have been the deep misfortune that could be traced through the whole life of the princess, which awakened my compassion for her. For is it not a dreadful misfortune for a girl, whether she be princess or beggar's child, to be unable to respect her parents? And more than

once Christian Stockmar had heard from the mouth of the princess herself the dreadful words :—

"My mother may have been wicked, but she would not have turned so wicked had not my father been much more wicked still."

Her father was the Prince of Wales, born in 1762, the eldest of the twelve children of the blind, weak-minded King George III. of England, and of Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, whose brother was father to Queen Luise of Prussia. The Prince of Wales was called by his flatterers, "the first gentleman of England," because for his toilette alone he spent the extravagant sum of £20,000 annually, and as a bachelor never managed to live on his yearly income of £50,000, so that he was ever "over head and ears" in debt. He was at the same time one of the most licentious men of his time, a *roué*, tippler, and gambler.

At the age of twenty-four the Prince of Wales, although enjoying an income of nearly 1000 thalers per day, had already accumulated encumbrances to the amount of £160,000. The king, whose relations with his prodigal son had been strained for a long time, refused payment of these debts. Then the prince's friends applied to Parliament for help. They wished, at any rate, to bring on a debate, to have a scandal.

Then Pitt rose in the House of Commons and threatened, if compelled, to make disclosures which might even jeopardize the succession of the Prince of Wales. The whole house trembled. Even the most unscrupulous followers of the prince grew pale, for everybody in the house, and in England, knew what Pitt was alluding to. It was an open secret that the prince had gone through a marriage ceremony with the beautiful Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, a Roman Catholic, although her husband was alive. If the prince's union with Mrs. Fitz-Herbert was a legitimate one, he was by it excluded from the succession, because the heir to the throne cannot marry, according to English law, a Roman Catholic. If this union was not valid, from the fact of the first husband of Mrs. Fitz-

Herbert being still alive, then it was undeniable that the Prince of Wales had been living in adultery with Mrs. Fitz-Herbert.

But the prince and his associates were not deterred by such delicate considerations. Boldly Fox and Sheridan demanded an official inquiry into the matter alluded to, and the "first gentleman of Europe" avowed that he had violated the marriage bond with regard to Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, cynically declaring, "No, I am not united to Mrs. Fitz-Herbert in legal matrimony. Only a mock marriage took place; the good woman herself was deceived."

And Pitt and Parliament not only dropped this delicate matter, but also paid the prince's debts, after he had promised, like a school-boy, that he would be sure not to do it again. And yet after only a few years the heir to the throne had heaped upon his round shoulders a new burden of debt of half a million pounds.

Now the king, the ministry and Parliament, and even the prince and his friends knew no other escape than a suitable marriage. An unfortunate victim was soon enough found in the person of Princess Karoline of Brunswick, whose mother was sister to King George III. The royal mother had been in favor of her niece, Princess Luise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Fortunately the king's project was adopted, for otherwise Luise would not have become Prussia's queen and guardian angel.

Lord Malmesbury, who was commissioned to act as proxy, describes the twenty-six-year-old bride as being tall and fair, with regular features, an open, lively expression and natural grace, rather than royal dignity; but also as being too familiar, unrestrained, frivolously talkative and vulgar, and without taste in her toilette. Passionate and eccentric, she aimed at wit "more obstinately than happily or discreetly;" but he adds, that she was "good-natured and anxious to learn."

At the end of March, 1795, Princess Caroline entered for the first time upon English soil as the bride of the Prince of Wales, greeted by the whole nation as their "guardian angel." The clever caricaturist Gilray devo-

ted to this "guardian angel" a very successful drawing: "The Lover's Dream." The stout "first gentleman" rests upon a luxurious couch. Upon the one side hovers as guardian angel the princess, his bride, with sweet gladdening smiles on her countenance, before which the prince's evil spirits, Fox and Sheridan, flee away into night and darkness upon the other side.

But this was but a dream. At their very first meeting the "first gentleman" showed himself to his intended in his full, dreadful reality. When Princess Caroline, shy and humble, walked up to meet him, and even bent the knee before her future executioner, the prince embraced her carelessly, and then, turning with ostentation to Lord Malmesbury, his proxy, uttered these offensive words, "Harris, I am not well—get me a glass of brandy." With a coarse oath he turned his back upon his affrighted bride, and rudely went away.

Nay, the prince was audacious enough to force one of his many mistresses upon his bride, as her lady-in-waiting and daily companion.

And then followed that most melancholy wedding-day, the 8th of April. The marriage ceremony took place in the chapel of the palace of St. James. It was said that the prince staggered to the altar in a state of semi-intoxication, persistently turned his back upon his bride, and ostentatiously nodded to a private pew, in which was seated a veiled lady, understood to be Mrs. Fitz-Herbert.

This lady had been married to him by a Protestant clergyman, in presence of two witnesses—and her marriage certificate is kept in the fire-proof vaults of the banking-firm of Coutts & Coutts to this very day—but agreed to be silent on his making the frivolous promise, "In the future, also, you, solely and alone, will be my true wife, whilst the princess will be so only in name. I shall always show publicly to whom I am attached by affection, and to whom by compulsion."

Poor, delivering "guardian angel!"

Intoxicated, the prince staggered to the wedding ban-

quet, and still more intoxicated he reeled into the bridal chamber.

The very next day the prince declared to the king that he could not live in matrimonial union with such a woman. And they were, and remained, separated for ever. Nevertheless the princess had to suffer the disgrace, for some time longer, of remaining under the same roof with her husband and his latest mistress, in Carlton House, to dine at the same table, and allow herself to be insulted and mocked at by her executioner and his accomplices every day anew. And there was nobody in this luckless, loveless, discord-torn, royal house, who lent the stranger a helping hand, except the old, half-blind, weak-minded King George, the brother of her mother. Queen Charlotte, although a German princess, took up a hostile position towards her daughter-in-law from the very outset.

This Queen Charlotte must have been a disagreeable woman. On that point all her contemporaries agree. Lord Brougham says about her, "Her virtue was so much garnished with superfluous stiffness and prudery that she put the feelings of esteem and sympathy to a severe test. Whilst nothing disturbed the regularity of her life, the tediousness of her company, together with the formality of her behavior, and the pettiness of her soul, were calculated to make a respectable behavior as little attractive as possible, and to leave the observer rather scared than attracted by morality."

And even Baron Christian Stockmar, the faithful adherent of the English royal family, thus depicts the queen-mother: "Small, deformed, a real mulatto-face!" How much the acute diplomatist has left to be inferred here! And how Princess Charlotte hated her grandmother!

Exactly nine months after that unhappy wedding-day the Princess of Wales was delivered of a daughter, Princess Charlotte. The people received the little heiress to the throne with exultation; and also the princess-mother fondly hoped that this innocent child might form a bond of peace and love between father and mother. Vain hopes! The Prince of Wales' welcome to his daughter

was that he now officially broke off every conjugal intercourse with his spouse.

The king was just and affectionate enough to ordain that the bringing up of the princess till her eighth year was to be her mother's concern.

Freed from a heavy burden, the Princess of Wales now hastened every summer with her lovely little daughter from the prison of Carlton House into the solitude of the charming hilly lands between Charlton and Woolwich, where she resided in the Shrewsbury Villa. These quiet summer days were the happiest of her life. In winter she was obliged to live again within the walls of Carlton House, with her unnatural husband, his mistresses, and bottle companions.

There exists an anecdote from the early years of Princess Charlotte, which manifests in the child precocity, earnest reflection, and a strong development of the consciousness of royalty.

The little princess was six years old when she watched a game of chess. She hears the word "check-mate," and on her inquiring about its meaning is told, "The king is mate; he has lost his power." After having quietly reflected for a while, the child says, "The king should not be mated. He should keep his power, to be able to rule. If I were a king, I should not allow myself to be check-mated!"

When Princess Charlotte was eight years old, there arose another struggle between her parents as to her future bringing up. At last the king came to the following decision:—

"Lower Lodge, in Windsor Park, is to be prepared for the reception of the Princess Charlotte. The king will make provision for her maintenance and education, and appoint a bishop for the purpose, since she, being the heir-presumptive to the throne, must receive an education of a high standard. The bishop is to engage a clergyman, who is to instruct the princess in religion and Latin, and is to read prayers with her daily. Another tutor is to be appointed for history, geography, literature, and French;

further, a writing, music, and dancing master. The care for her physical and moral welfare is to be entrusted to a governess; and, as she must be day and night under the supervision of responsible persons, an under-governess and assistant under-governess are to be appointed."

At the beginning of 1805 the Princess Charlotte took up her abode in Lower Lodge, her melancholy prison, as she often called it afterwards. In order to be nearer her daughter, the Princess of Wales went to live in Montague House, despite the protests of the Prince of Wales, whose whole endeavors were more and more obstinately directed towards the entire removal of the daughter from her mother's influence. But the old king took the mother's part.

Then the "first gentleman of England," in his rage and hatred, had recourse to the most infamous weapons. He, who had committed adultery scores of times, publicly accused his spouse of adultery with Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, Captain Manby, and the famous, handsome painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence; and asserted that the boy, Bill Austin, whom the Princess of Wales had adopted, as she was fond of children, and brought up with her daughter Charlotte, was her own illegitimate child.

The king entrusted four of his ministers with the "delicate investigation" of this affair. The Princess of Wales proved that Bill Austin was the legitimate son of a poor sail-cloth maker in Charlton, and in July, 1806, she was completely exonerated, but not without a certain censure about the "imprudence of her conduct." Besides, it must be emphasized that the members of the commission of inquiry were all friends of the accuser, consequently foes of her who had been so vilely accused. The prince was even base enough to have his ten-year-old daughter, at least indirectly, sounded as a witness against her mother. But the little princess saw through the whole intrigue, and would not, even by the most insidious questions, be induced to make statements unfavorable to her mother; but, on the contrary, she communicated the whole manœuvre to her, assuring her at the same time of her unalterable love and veneration.

Poor child! whom her own father so early deprived of the charm of ignorance, thus despoiling her young heart of the purest and costliest flower, sacred filial love.

During this inquiry the Princess of Wales had been forbidden to see her daughter, and to visit the court at Windsor. And this cruel and disgraceful prohibition was not cancelled till the poor woman, provoked and reduced to extremity, threatened that she would publish the secret story of all these cabals and persecutions.

Soon afterwards, in April, 1807, the friends of the princess, Eldon, Percival, and Canning, entered the ministry. Immediately they ordered a general revision of the "delicate investigation," and now the Princess of Wales obtained brilliant satisfaction and a complete vindication of her honor. The princess was once more received at court. Nevertheless the Prince of Wales succeeded in obtaining the order that the mother was to visit her daughter in Lower Lodge henceforth but once a week. Nor did he tire of spreading the report, through his *entourage*, that, in spite of this acquittal and vindication, the princess was really nevertheless an adulteress; but that, because the law punished the adultery of a female member of the royal family by death, by command of the king the case had been quashed.

The answer of the princess to this was an energetically and repeatedly pronounced demand that all the records of the "delicate investigation" should be printed in the public press; that she had nothing to fear from publicity.

The minister Percival returned a crushing answer to the accusation of the prince in an anonymous, secretly printed, and secretly circulated book, which appeared under the strange name of "The Book," and which completely unmasked the prince and his *canaille*, for which reason it was bought up by them as fast as it appeared. "The Book" has long been among the greatest literary curiosities. However, it had attained its end, the English people took an even more pronounced part for the unhappy Princess of Wales, who was being systematically hunted down, against her hateful persecutor, the heir to

the crown of England. How often would *he* have had to suffer the death of an adulterer, "according to the laws of England."

What wonder, then, that the young Princess Charlotte always met her father with fear and terror,—nay, with abhorrence, when he visited her in her gloomy prison?

Yes, indeed, thou poor, poor soul, who hadst to own afterwards, "My mother was wicked, but she would not have turned so wicked had not my father been much more wicked still!"

Cousin Christian and Prince Leopold said that the Princess of Wales had not been quite guiltless as wife and woman; that she had *liaison* upon *liaison*, but that she would assuredly have been a faithful spouse and mother if the prince had been to her a faithful and loving husband. From despair, and in order to forget her misfortune and to stupefy herself, the unhappy woman rushed from one sensual intoxication to another, till she perished in them.

In October, 1810, the blind King, George III., who had long been known to be weak-minded, became hopelessly deranged. On the 11th of February, 1811, a Regency Bill of Parliament appointed the Prince of Wales regent. The Princess of Wales and her daughter were only too soon to experience this new power of their executioner. Immediately the prince-regent took the education of his daughter, the Princess Charlotte, into his own hands. Lady Charlotte Bury, lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales, entered the following note into her diary in December, 1810, apparently without bias: "I had the honor to meet Princess Charlotte at her grandmother's. She is very clever, but still shows the awkwardness of a school-girl, and talked all sorts of nonsense to me. She is a handsome piece of flesh and blood, but she can, when she likes, be dignified too, although it does not seem to come natural to her. What will be her fate?"

But a few days later, after a visit of the young Princess Charlotte at her mother's, the same diary contains the following: "Her mother showed her an *aigrette* that had

just arrived as a birthday present from the queen, who was known to be stingy, whereupon the princess remarked that the *aigrette* was not bad when one considered who sent it! In saying this she laughed with all her might her peculiar, loud but musical laugh."

Only a few months afterwards, in May, 1811, Lady Charlotte Bury finds the princess, then fifteen years old, exceedingly developed—into a handsome young lady with royal gait. "She is over medium height, her bust full formed and beautiful, her complexion white, her features handsome and expressive, her hands and feet of delicate aristocratic shape. Her character is a peculiar mixture of caprice, wilfulness, and obstinacy on the one hand, and good-heartedness, cleverness, and enthusiasm on the other. It seems that she would like to be more admired as a beautiful woman than as heiress to the throne. She is a vigorous, richly-endowed creature, whose virtues outweigh her faults."

Lord Brougham supplements this picture in these words, "She was a person of great and tolerably developed abilities. With the vivacity of her mother she combined greater quickness of judgment; she had inherited from the latter resolute courage and much decision of character. Her temperament was impulsive and irritable, a disposition which neither her own endeavors nor those of her teachers had been able to overcome. But in her nature there was nothing low, mean, or malignant."

There is preserved an interesting tradition illustrating the "resolute courage and decision" attributed to the young princess.

In February, 1812, Princess Charlotte assists at a great banquet at her father's in Carlton House. The regent, full of wine, in a most scandalous way falls foul of the leader of the opposition in Parliament, Lord Grey (to whom, as well as to his party, the princess and her mother were attached with full sympathy, and naturally so because the Whigs—the prince-regent's adversaries—are their natural friends). At the injurious words of her father, tears of indignation burst from the eyes of the princess. Weep-

ing, she leaves the table, to drive to the opera for the first time, where she was enthusiastically greeted by the public. Scarcely had she observed in a private box, opposite her own, Lord Grey, whom her father had so cruelly and unjustly reviled, than she rises in a flutter, and enthusiastically kisses her hand to him, heedless of the whole stupefied house and of the inevitable outburst of wrath on the part of her father.

When London learned the incident, the princess became the heroine of the day. Everybody, even the press, openly took her part against her father, and young Lord Byron, who had just made a name for himself through the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," dedicated to her the poem which became so soon popular, "Lines to a Lady Weeping:"

Weep, daughter of a royal line,
A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah! happy if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away.
Weep, for thy tears are virtue's tears,
Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years,
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

The prince-regent was furious, and set his whole pack of paid pens on the track of the poet, as the latter writes to his friend Murray: "The journals are in a fix, the town in uproar, and all this, as Bedreddin remarks in the 'Arabian Nights,' because I made a cream-tart with pepper. How comical that eight lines should be able to call into existence almost eight thousand!"

Publicly Byron answered this yelping by a new poem, "Windsor Poetics!" alluding to the newspaper notice that the prince-regent had visited the royal vault at Windsor, and stood between the coffins of Charles I. and Henry VIII.:—

Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;
Between them stands another sceptered king—
It moves, it reigns—in all but name a king;
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
In him the double tyrant starts to life:

Justice and death have mixed their dust in vain,
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
Ah, what can tombs avail, since these disgorge
The blood and dust of both to mould a George!

But the "Lady Weeping" henceforth became a favorite with all the people of England.

Princess Charlotte likewise attracted general attention on the occasion of her first appearance in Parliament, when the prince-regent opened the new session in December, 1812, by her elegance and refreshing cheerfulness, despite the furious looks of her father, who was very strict in enforcing etiquette as far as his own sacred person was concerned.

Soon afterwards the princess's independent demeanor provoked even more violently her father's wrath. She boldly wrote to the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, that she should be seventeen in a few weeks, and had therefore rather outgrown the nursery and the guidance of governesses. She consequently desired to have, instead of governesses, maids of honor and a household becoming the Princess Royal of England.

The prince-regent's answer to this was that he called together all the members of the royal family to a privy council at Windsor, where Princess Charlotte was severely reprimanded by the queen and the princesses, whilst her furious papa called her again and again "a stiff-necked, stubborn girl and a silly fool," who merely owed it to his indulgence that he did not incarcerate her for the rest of her life—adding that she should never have a household of her own till she married.

The princess met all these outbreaks of rage on the part of her father with the greatest—nay, almost icy calmness and a persistent silence. At least she obtained this much, that instead of the two under-governesses, she received two maids of honor, and in Warwick House a town residence for herself, so that she was not compelled henceforth to live under the same roof in Carlton House with her father and his mistresses. The Duchess of Leeds was nominally appointed head governess—perhaps

only head spy, for when, after that scene in Windsor, the princess for the first time visited her mother (whom she was now allowed to see only once a fortnight in company with the maids of honor) in the latter's town residence at Kensington Palace, in company with the Duchess of Leeds, she threw herself passionately into her mother's arms, whispering to her, with a glance at the head governess, "For heaven's sake be kind to her!"

Lady Charlotte Bury was present during this sad meeting, and has left us the following description of it: "The princess was very pale, but beautiful. Her figure exhibited the bloom of full and robust development, her head, arms, hands, and feet were well-proportioned and of delicate shape. I never saw a face which, with so little shade, expresses so many lively and diverse emotions. She spoke concerning her situation, and declared in a very calm but determined manner that she would not bear it. Her whole appearance left the impression of a quick, penetrating mind, and of a strong, imperious will. But there is a touch of romance in her character which will easily lead her astray.

"Since the Princess of Wales was not allowed to speak to her daughter without witnesses, she had previously written down everything she wanted to relieve her mind of. These written communications, hidden in a pair of slippers, she gave her daughter to take home with her."

A new incident caused much talk among the people. The Princess Charlotte was to be presented at court on the occasion of the first royal drawing-room of the season, on the 6th of February, 1813. But when the prince-regent brusquely refused her just demand that this presentation might be performed by her mother, as is usual, Princess Charlotte did not attend the drawing-room.

At the same time the Princess of Wales had sent a letter to her husband, in which she especially complained that her daughter was being kept away from her just when she was of an age in which a loving mother alone could complete her education and the moulding of her heart, and also that the princess was not confirmed yet.

This letter was returned unopened to the princess, accompanied by a notice that the prince-regent did not wish to receive any letters from the Princess of Wales.

Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister to whom the princess sent this letter for transmission and approval, expressed his regret at being unable to do anything in the matter.

Then the deeply mortified and provoked lady resolved on an extreme step—she published the letter in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 11th of February, 1813.

The effect of this was like an explosion! All London —all England was in an uproar. Public meetings were held in the city, in which addresses of loyalty and recognition to the Princess of Wales were adopted. Whitbread, a leader of the opposition, gave notice in Parliament of a motion that the House should express its disapproval of the Regent, and request the Government immediately to consider the complaints of the Princess of Wales and her daughter!

The prince-regent answered by a new wickedness. He commanded with ostentation that the "delicate investigation" against the Princess of Wales should be reopened; he caused unconnected passages to be printed from Percival's book, which, as we know, had been written in justification of the princess, in order to prove with them the adultery of his spouse. At the same time the prince intimated to his daughter that she would not see her mother any more during the new trial.

Who would try to depict the psychical condition of this royal maiden of seventeen years who was thus most profoundly insulted and disgraced in her mother! We can only feel for her the deepest sympathy, whilst unspeakable disgust and abhorrence for this most unnatural of fathers fill our heart.

Princess Charlotte declared that, no longer permitted to see her unhappy and beloved mother, she would remain invisible for everybody. And she locked herself up in Warwick House, receiving no more visitors, and even gave up driving out, till it was whispered in her ears that

there was a rumor of a criminal intercourse between Princess Charlotte and Captain Fitzclarence, the natural son of the Duke of Clarence, and that it was its consequence which prevented the princess from appearing in public.

At this time Princess Charlotte had not even seen Captain Fitzclarence.

But this abominable plot could not fail to produce its effect. With the tears of wrath in her beautiful eyes the princess showed herself again publicly in her drives and at the opera.

Also the new royal "delicate investigation commission" was not wicked enough to find the Princess of Wales guilty of adultery, according to the will of the prince-regent. It acquitted her, but so far nevertheless met the wishes of her husband as to declare that the Regent was perfectly entitled to strictly forbid every intercourse between mother and daughter.

All England was indignant at this decision, and gave expression to its indignation in fresh meetings, fresh addresses, and fresh speeches in Parliament in favor of the Princess of Wales and her daughter.

One day when the carriages of the two princesses—it is indifferent whether accidentally or after a previously concerted agreement—met in Hyde Park, and mother and daughter leaned out of the carriage windows, and, weeping, embraced each other whilst exchanging fleeting kisses and tender words, all the people stood about much moved, and accompanied both carriages with cheers and blessings. But Princess Charlotte's coachman immediately got strict orders, on pain of dismissal, always to avoid the carriage of the Princess of Wales, and never to stop, not even at the request of his mistress, when that forbidden carriage and the still more forbidden Princess of Wales should be in sight.

But, forbid a silkworm to spin! Forbid a fond mother and daughter to see, speak to, and love one another! The princesses, nevertheless, found by the help of their many friends frequent opportunities for secret interviews.

When the prince-regent heard of the rumor that Princess Charlotte loved her uncle, the thirty-seven-years-old Duke of Gloucester, and at another time that it was the young Duke of Devonshire whom she would like to marry, he said to Miss Knight, the maid of honor and confidante of his daughter,—

"Do not forget that Princess Charlotte must renounce the foolish thought that she has a will of her own; so long as I live she will be subject to me, whether she be thirty, forty, or forty-five years old."

It was about that period that the Hereditary Prince of Orange, for the first time in the life of Princess Charlotte, appeared on the scene as a suitor for her hand. His *début*, indeed, was not attractive. It was on the birthday of the Regent, on the 12th of August, 1813, on the occasion of the festivities in connection with the inauguration of the new military training college at Sandhurst, that Princess Charlotte first saw the Prince of Orange, afterwards Hereditary Prince of the Netherlands, without being able to conceive a great liking for him. The Regent was in the worst of humors, and spoke neither to his daughter nor to her ladies. After dinner he remained at table over the bottle with his boon companions. When the Queen-mother left for Windsor, her son George was nowhere to be found. The Regent, it was said, lay with his brother, the Duke of York, his chosen son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, and other bottle companions under the table, dead drunk.

The Prince of Orange had served in Spain, and had come to England with dispatches in his quality of aid-de-camp to Lord Wellesley. There already existed for him the prospect of becoming Hereditary Prince of the Netherlands after Napoleon's overthrow. This made him a specially welcome son-in-law for the Regent, who would have liked very much to have seen his hated daughter married abroad. Her growing popularity annoyed him, and, his daughter once gone, his detested wife would have wanted her chief support in England.

On all sides Princess Charlotte was prepared for the

marriage, by the queen-mother, by the princesses, by the body-physician, and by her father. When she, on her part, told the latter that she loved her uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, the Regent flew at her in a rage, swearing that she would never receive his consent to such a marriage.

On the 11th of December the princess met the Prince of Orange at her father's. The latter was unusually kind to her, took her aside and asked, "Well, how do you like him? He won't do, I suppose?" She answered: "I don't say that: I like his manner well enough." Thereupon the Regent took her hand, placed it in that of the prince, and presented them to the assembled company as newly betrothed.

When, on the following morning, the princess related to her confidante, Miss Knight, this betrothal by surprise, she added with resignation, alluding to her intended, "He is not so disagreeable as I expected." Miss Knight finds the intended husband on his first visit looking rather common and sickly, and his behavior somewhat boyishly frank and familiar, but not offensive in a young soldier. It appears that the unfortunate princess had accepted the first suitor, hoping by so doing to escape most effectively from her father's tyranny.

In the following January the engagement was announced to the various sovereigns confidentially. In March a Dutch envoy came to London, and in the name of the prince formally asked for the hand of the princess. She accepted him, and received the bridal presents. King William of the Netherlands officially announced to the states-general the impending marriage of the hereditary prince with the British princess-royal. Both sides appointed delegates to draw up the marriage contract.

In this marriage contract the prince-regent for the second time sought cunningly to overreach his daughter in order to get her out of England. When the princess heard for the first time that she would have to follow her husband to the Netherlands, and live there at least for a great part of the year, she went into hysterics. It had

never been her intention to leave England and her mother. And in the course of the negotiations she demanded, more and more obstinately, the insertion in the marriage contract of the condition that she should never be compelled to leave England against her wish.

This condition was at last granted, by the following paragraph inserted in the marriage contract: "There exists an arrangement and agreement to this effect—that H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte shall not at any time leave the United Kingdom without a written permission on the part of his Majesty or the prince-regent, and without her royal highness' own consent."

Thus then all the obstacles for this English-Oranian marriage seemed to be removed. And yet, eight days later, it was definitively broken off by the princess herself.

Well, she did not love the plain-looking, intemperate, unstable Prince of Orange. She said concerning him afterwards, "Perhaps he may make a very good cavalry general; but he is no husband for me; there is nothing princely about him."

She did not love her betrothed, and she had just begun to love another, the best-looking prince of his time, Leopold of Koburg.

On the 31st of March, 1814, the Emperors of Russia and Austria and King Friedrich Wilhelm III. of Prussia had entered Paris with their victorious troops.

On the 7th of June the three monarchs arrived in London on the invitation of the prince-regent and the English nation, and with them Prince Leopold of Koburg, who was then not four-and-twenty, and a remarkably fine-looking man. He came with the firm intention of making his fortune in England, if he could.

It is even probable that he had received from England a very distinct hint to come and outrival the Prince of Orange with the English princess-royal, which would be an easy matter for him, considering his winning manners. It is not less probable that he got this hint from a very clever and enterprising lady, who had already carefully

studied the ground of the English royal court, and prepared the same for the noble knight Leopold.

This lady was Catherine, Grand Duchess of Russia, sister of Czar Alexander and widow of the Duke of Oldenburg. Prince Leopold was the brother-in-law of her brother Constantine, and the special *protégé* of the Czar, under whose guidance he had taken part in the war against France; the Grand Duchess Catherine was also personally well-disposed to Prince Leopold.

Suddenly, at the end of March, the Grand Duchess Catherine appeared at the Court of St. James. What did she want there? Knowing people asserted that she wanted to marry the prince-regent as soon as he had obtained a divorce from Caroline of Brunswick. Still more knowing people afterwards maintained that she had come on a diplomatic mission. She was to prevent the matrimonial alliance between England and the Netherlands, that England might not obtain too great a preponderance on the Continent. It certainly appeared to the interest of Russia that the Hereditary Prince of Orange should marry a Russian Grand Duchess, and the princess-royal of England a petty modest prince, related and devoted to the Russian imperial court, such, for instance, as the handsome Prince Leopold of Koburg.

But enough! So much is certain, that the Grand Duchess Catherine, if she did come to England with such far-reaching plans, knew how to play her cards very skilfully. A marriage with the monster of a regent I am sure never entered her head. She was too wise and nice for that. Did not the misfortune of the Princess of Wales stand daily before her eyes?

And all the rest the clever diplomatist obtained: and breaking off of the union between England and the Netherlands; the marriage between Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold; and the ultimate union of the Hereditary Prince of Orange with a Russian Grand Duchess, Anna Paulowna, a sister of Catherine herself.

Soon the Grand Duchess Catherine had become the intimate friend and adviser of the young Princess Char-

lotte. She came frequently to Warwick House. Miss Knight calls her "a great politician, not to say intriguer!" In the house of the Grand Duchess, Princess Charlotte first made the acquaintance of Prince Leopold. Still, the fine-looking, chivalrous Prince Friedrich of Prussia, a nephew of the king, is said to have made a much deeper impression on her susceptible heart at first, till her friend Catherine explained to her that, for political reasons, a union between England and Prussia would never be permitted.

Well, the poor, plain-looking, and unengaging Hereditary Prince had been "ousted." With the aid of the politic Grand Duchess a pretty plausible ground for a complete breach was found within a few days. It suddenly occurred to the Princess Charlotte that her betrothed neglected her mother, just as much as the foreign monarchs, who, at the request of the Regent, had not even paid her a visit. Her mother was excluded from all the court festivities, and therefore also Princess Charlotte persistently kept aloof from them, despite the fury of her father.

In this frame of mind Princess Charlotte declared to her betrothed, both by word of mouth and in writing, on the 16th of June, that she felt it was impossible for her to leave England after the marriage. That it was her duty towards her mother, whose only safeguard she was, to remain near her. At the same time she was forced to demand that after the marriage their common residence should be open to the Princess of Wales.

When the hereditary prince, under pressure from the Regent, would not grant this, the princess at once declared energetically that under these circumstances there could be no question at all of marriage. And to this she adhered in spite of all prayers, remonstrances, and threats on the part of her father.

During the visit of the monarchs the Regent had to restrain himself in his conduct towards his daughter. But he was preparing a *coup d'état*. And then, when the two emperors and the King of Prussia had left England,

suddenly, on the 12th of July, he appeared at Warwick House in the company of the Bishop of Salisbury, like an avenging angel with the fiery sword, addressed his daughter in furious terms, and intimated to her that her whole household had been dismissed and would be replaced by another. She herself was to find time to consider her obstinacy in Cranbourne Lodge, a solitary house in the forest of Windsor. Nobody should be allowed to visit her there except the queen-mother once a week. The carriage was waiting to take her in the first place to Carlton House.

What a blow for the unsuspecting princess! In the greatest excitement she requests to be allowed to retire to prepare for the drive. In her dressing-room she falls on her knees and prays, "Almighty God, give me patience!" Then she hastily puts on a cloak and drives in a hack carriage to her mother in Connaught Place, whilst the prince-regent is waiting impatiently in the front room. At last, when he hears of this flight of his daughter, he exclaims with derisive exultation, "Very good! At least everybody will see now what kind of a person the princess is. This new story will become known on the Continent, and no prince will want to marry so frivolous a person."

Thereupon follows a night of excitement. On the one side the prince-regent holds a long council at Carlton House with the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor, after having sent the Bishop of Salisbury and Miss Mercer Elphinstone, the most intimate friend of the princess, to Connaught Place, to bring back the fugitive. On the other side, the house of the Princess of Wales is in feverish excitement and activity. Special couriers bring to the spot the Princess of Wales, who was then staying at her villa at Blackheath, the Duke of Sussex, a brother of the prince-regent, who had shown himself particularly friendly to his sister-in-law and her daughter, and the confidential adviser, Mr. Brougham. These are joined afterwards by Miss Knight, the Duke of York, and the Lord Chancellor Eldon. But all agree in this, at least, that she had no

choice under the circumstances but to submit to paternal authority.

When Princess Charlotte laments that all forsake her, whilst the people are taking her side and that of her mother, Brougham takes her to the window and says, "I should only have to show you to the multitude which will in a few hours throng these streets and Hyde Park, now lying in nightly stillness, and Carlton House would probably be demolished. But an hour afterwards the military will appear, blood will flow, and if you live a hundred years people will never forget that your flight from your father's house was the cause of this calamity. And rely upon it, the English people have such a horror of bloodshed that they would never forgive you that hour."

After a long struggle the princess gave way to dire necessity. But before she left the house of her mother she drew up a protest against further measures of violence, and obtained for it the signatures of all persons present. This protest runs thus, "I am resolved never to marry the Prince of Orange. If such a marriage should be announced I desire that one may recall this declaration of mine; it would be a marriage without my consent and against my will, and I request Augustus, Duke of Sussex, and Mr. Brougham, especially to take notice of this."

The Duke of York and the Lord Chancellor Eldon accompanied the princess to her father at Carlton House —into confinement. The princess was not permitted to leave her room, see any of her friends, or correspond with anybody. Nevertheless, London heard of this new act of violence on the part of the hated Regent, and murmured louder and louder. The Regent's own brother, the Duke of Sussex, delivered a violent speech against this incarceration of his niece, in the House of Lords on the 18th of July, at the same time asking the Prime Minister if it was true that the princess was put under restraint like an imprisoned person? Whether she was prevented from using the sea-baths ordered for her by her physicians? Whether the princess would have a household in keeping with her high rank?

Lord Liverpool replied to these questions and to all murmurings, that the prince-regent, by virtue of his paternal authority, had the sole power to dispose of Princess Charlotte, and that the House of Lords had not the least right to interfere.

The Regent now also began to rage against his rebellious brother; he declared to the members of his family that they might choose between him and the Duke of Sussex; that he would regard every one who continued in friendly intercourse with the latter as his personal enemy.

What a desolate, melancholy family picture here opens before our eyes, full of discord and rottenness.

But the speech of the Duke of Sussex at least had this effect, that the Princess was removed from Carlton House to Cranbourne Lodge — to be sure only a change of prison. But, nevertheless, she breathed more freely in the wooded solitude of Cranbourne Lodge. At least, she felt that she no longer breathed the same air with her father and jailer.

In these trying days Princess Charlotte was to lose her mother too. The Princess of Wales, still deeply stung by the disgraceful disregard with which she had been treated during the stay of the victorious monarchs, now gave up the struggle against her husband and executioner. She was tired of it. She prepared—against the advice of her most faithful friends—to leave England. She was permitted to embrace her daughter once more. On the 24th of July, 1814, mother and daughter took their leave, amid many tears, in the house at Connaught Place, not dreaming that it was their last in this world.

In what a desperate mood the Princess of Wales quitted England can be gathered from the following fact:—During the last dinner which she took in the company of her daughter, when the latter spoke of happier days, and a reconciliation of her mother and father, the Princess of Wales, in her impulsive way, took up a glass of wine and spilled it upon the table-cloth, crying, "Sooner will this spilled wine return to the bottle than I shall change my

mind regarding those who have so grossly and wickedly calumniated me."

In Prince Leopold's diary—in which he always speaks of himself in the third person—may be read the following: "Prince Leopold accompanied the Czar Alexander to England. The Duke and Duchess of York were very kind to the prince, and so was the Duke of Kent. The prince-regent was very much enraged—in the first place because Princess Charlotte had refused the Prince of Orange, and, secondly, because the princess took refuge with her mother. The majority of the people were favorably disposed towards the prince, even the ministers, especially the Wellesleys, Lord Castlereagh, and others. At the end of July Prince Leopold left London. Prior to his departure he was received most graciously by the prince-regent, who had come to the conviction that the prince had not been intriguing for his own ends. He also assisted at a brilliant ball at Carlton House, where he received tokens of friendship from the whole family. The prince opened the ball with the Princess Mary. The Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester were received neither by the regent nor by the ministers at that time."

Prince Leopold went to the Congress of Vienna, where he succeeded in enlisting the ever-venal Gentz in the interest of the House of Koburg. But he did not forget his own interests in England for all that. In his diary we read :—

"The Duke of Kent had the kindness to transmit some communications to the Princess Charlotte, who made known her resolution to adhere to her plans. The princess and her friends desired that the prince should come to England. But he in his turn maintained that there was no prudence in bringing on the thing by force; the matter would only become more complicated by that. The princess saw in this an excessive delicacy, and was out of temper; but, as became apparent afterwards, his caution proved very sensible."

The princess continued a prisoner in Cranbourne Lodge, even at the expense of her health. Not until the *Morn-*

ing Chronicle, in a sharp article, published a medical certificate in which the Princess Charlotte had, months ago, been urgently advised the use of salt-water baths, did the Regent consent, in deference to public opinion, which began to make itself heard in an ever more threatening way, to the princess going to Weymouth at the end of August, to remain there till Christmas, for the purpose of using sea-baths.

During this time the Regent made a fresh attempt to marry his daughter to a Prince of Orange, this time a younger brother of the jilted Hereditary Prince. But the princess would nôt hear of this Orange either. In her heart the images of two princes contended for dominion —that of Prince Friedrich of Prussia, and Prince Leopold of Koburg. If it had depended on the princess, the chivalrous Prussian prince would have won an easy victory. But politics would not permit it.

In winter the princess was obliged once more to take up her residence in Carlton House. But although she lived under the same roof with her father, she saw him only when the Queen-mother came to visit there. Even then the Regent had neither a word nor look for his daughter; in fact, she only existed as an object for his stern orders. He himself had written out a list of the few persons whom she was permitted to see. Once a week she was allowed to attend the opera or theatre, but with orders to sit as much as possible concealed in her box, and always to quit the house before the conclusion of the performance, in order not to draw upon herself the attention and ovations of the people. For the same reason she was only allowed to take her drives in a perfectly close carriage, although she always felt unwell in a shut conveyance.

On the 20th of February, 1816, Prince Leopold of Koburg once more arrived in England, invited by the Regent himself, with whom he had ingratiated himself by a certain pliability and submissiveness.

We read in the prince's diary, "In spite of the most pressing solicitations from England, Prince Leopold

(owing to a severe cold) could not start for that country before February. In London he met Lord Castlereagh, with whom he went to Brighton, in order to be presented to the prince-regent, who, though suffering severely from gout, received him graciously, and spoke to him of his intentions regarding Princess Charlotte. Soon there came also Queen Charlotte and the Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth and Mary, together with Princess Charlotte. As their friends for the most part belonged to the Opposition Party, they had frightened her by saying that the prince would be too yielding to the Regent, and she gave very lively expression to this apprehension. A formal betrothal did not take place, but the marriage was declared to be arranged."

The "Diary of an Old Diplomatist" narrates with reference to it, "*London, 24th of February*, 1816. John Bull concerns himself very little about princes and their marriages; he possesses no idle curiosity, and his Highness of Saxe-Koburg is hardly thought of."

Nevertheless, the prudent and plausible Prince Leopold understood how to make himself a favorite, although, on account of his poverty, he had to suffer much derision from the purse-proud English. For example, people had found out that, being a younger prince of Koburg, he had a yearly income of only £200 sterling, and the honest London shop-keepers laughingly calculated that in England this would just suffice to provide him with a couple of coats and a dozen shirts! "But what of that? We can afford to find him a good wardrobe."

Nevertheless, this project of marriage was also threatened with shipwreck at the eleventh hour. The Regent made another attempt to remove his daughter from England, even as spouse of Prince Leopold, for he intended to nominate the prince commander-in-chief of the forces in Hanover. But the princess, with that decision peculiar to her, declared that she would not go to Hanover. "I shall never leave England," she said; "I would rather forego the union with Prince Leopold!"

The "Old Diplomatist" notes the following on the 26th

of February: "The rumor is revived that Prince Leopold is to be the new Viceroy of Hanover; it has originated at Carlton House (residence of the prince-regent in London). In that case the princess will go with him.

"The court wind changes sixty times an hour, and blows from all the points of the compass in turn, so that news from court is less reliable than the moon, which is the ruling planet in the council of the Regent. Since the arrival of Prince Leopold another candidate has entered the lists, who, it is said, receives the support of the whole court; but his name is as yet a secret. The ministers are playing at blind man's buff, and, despite their great penetration, each of them is taunted with having his eyes blindfolded. Since the arrival of this German there have been many pretty intrigues on foot.

"*April 11th*, 1816.—No news, excepting that the court exhibits an unusually mysterious face. The princess's marriage has once more been postponed. It is said that there exists for the postponement a far more serious reason than was supposed. The Prince of Saxe-Koburg unfortunately seems to have been very unwell since his arrival here.

"*April 17th.*—Momus and his nocturnal host were assembled once more at Carlton House for a drinking-bout, when suddenly the news arrived that the beautiful Rose of the State had given her ultimatum with regard to the proposed marriage, and had refused the suit of the Prince of Koburg. Of course, that set the whole of the State's inquisition in a flutter. As the princess found herself without advice and aid, and cut off from all intercourse except with the spies attached to her person by the queen, she at last managed to dispatch by post two letters to the Duke of Sussex in Kensington Palace. In these letters she dwells upon the peculiarity of her situation, and her unalterable resolution to obtain the definite promise from Parliament that, if indeed she married, she would not be sent out of the country, and further expresses without reserve her aversion to certain members of the royal house. But how did she succeed in sending off

these communications? On her return from a drive in Windsor she just hit the time when the letter-bags were collected. Through this manœuvre she frustrated any artful *espionnage*.

"In the circles of the Opposition a very ridiculous anecdote was told. On the first appearance of Prince Leopold, Princess Charlotte asked who he was? His name was mentioned to her, and the prince approached with a respectful bow. 'There is a misunderstanding,' Princess Charlotte exclaimed, 'you are not the right man; I meant your brother, Prince Ferdinand' (who in January, 1816, married the rich heiress of Prince Kohary). There are other rumors abroad. But one is authentic and speaks volumes—all her domestics are dismissed!

"*April 18th.*—The Princess Charlotte seems disposed to upset the whole scheme. Yesterday she said, 'I do not see that it is at all necessary for a queen to marry.'

"*April 25th.*—All possible means have been employed in order to win Princess Charlotte round. The Duke of Kent says, 'The whole project would have come to naught, if the prince-regent and the queen had not yielded. Now that the princess has attained her aim, she will probably marry this Saxe-Koburg after all.'

"During the time these marriage affairs were on the *tapis*, the court tried to carry things with a high hand. The high-spirited girl would not stand that. On the occasion of a discussion in Cranbourne Lodge the queen lost control of herself, and with more vehemence than gentleness reproached her for her obstinacy. Her Royal Highness had intended to devote the morning to novel-reading, and the book being in her hand, she threw it pretty sharply at the queen's head, who thereupon left in great indignation."

The wedding was to take place in May. Meanwhile Prince Leopold travelled through England and Scotland. The whole nation rejoiced at this happy union, and the prospect of peace in the royal family. Parliament made ample provision for the new household: £60,000 sterling for the purchase of furniture, wardrobe, plate, jewels, etc.,

and a yearly allowance of £60,000 for the young couple. For their town residence Camelford House, a palace of Earl Grenville's, in the vicinity of Hyde Park, was purchased and furnished; and, later on, the charming Claremont, previously the property of Mr. Ellis, for their country seat; it is situated fourteen miles from London.

On the 2nd of May, 1816, the marriage of Princess Charlotte to Prince Leopold was solemnly celebrated in the chapel of St. James. All England participated in this joyful event. At the same hour there were married in England, Scotland, and Ireland, 774 couples. From all parts the princess received the most overflowing congratulatory addresses, among them one from the county of Kent which measured twenty yards in length. The people thought a good deal of the princess for having worn only home-made materials on her wedding-day.

At the same time a new little characteristic was related of the wilfulness and unrestraint of the high-spirited Princess Charlotte.

Prior to her driving to the chapel to be married, her lady-of-honor, Lady Rosslyn, had read her a long lecture about the etiquette and courtly decorum to be observed on this solemn occasion, and the princess apparently had listened with respectful attention. But whilst Lady Rosslyn and Lady Chichester, in fullest etiquette and stiffest dignity, walked up to the state equipage, the royal bride, to the astonishment and delight of the numerous spectators, hopped upon one leg, like a child playing, into the carriage.

When Lady Rosslyn had so far recovered from her consternation as to give the princess a new moral lecture about this want of decorum, the royal princess called out in surprise, "How, my lady, you don't like hopping? Then I will quickly repeat it, for I do not know how to express my happiness otherwise;" and she did hop back to the portal and again to the carriage. In short, she hopped into matrimony.

But an "Old English Diplomatist," who was an eye-witness, has recorded the following note regarding the

marriage ceremony:—"Princess Charlotte looked unusually dejected. As to her royal father, he was not visible at all. The carriage, surrounded by a strong cavalry detachment, left Carlton House at a great pace. His Highness alighted with the assistance of the servants, and proceeded to the royal apartment, but as usual with some difficulty.

"In spite of all the precautionary measures which the queen and prince-regent employ, Princess Charlotte begins already to exhibit hostile intentions. Her remark to Lady Rosslyn might be taken for a declaration of war. With reference to her royal father, the reckless princess said sharply, "It is better to saddle horses than to lade asses," alluding to the frivolous commissions with which the Regent burdened his favorites. All remonstrances are unavailing with her; she turns a deaf ear to them all, and, if I am not very much deceived, she will cause such a ferment as has never been witnessed before in Old England. She has threatened to publicly insult Lady Conyngham. Regarding her household, she said, 'Is it endurable that I should have a number of people about me who are literally no more than spies? I shall make a clear house of them.'"

Their honeymoon the young couple spent in Oatlands, a property of the Duke of York. Christian Stockmar, the then body-physician of Prince Leopold, has left us a short but characteristic sketch of Princess Charlotte about this time, in the following passage of the 5th of May, 1816:—"At Oatlands I saw this constellation for the first time. I found her handsomer than I had expected, with strange manners, her hands constantly behind her back, her breast and body always stretched forward, never quiet on her legs, from time to time she would give a stamp with them, laugh much, and talk still more. I was measured from head to foot, but without being put out of countenance by it. My first impression was not very advantageous. At night I liked her better. Her dress was plain but tasteful."

Even the Dutch ambassador, Van der Duyn, had writ-

ten concerning the princess, "The princess is a young lady who looks like a stubborn boy in petticoats (*a l'air d'un garçon mutin en cotillon*)."

Before May was over the newly-married couple went to occupy their town residence, Camelford House. Court and town gave them a succession of brilliant fêtes. She was always greeted with great enthusiasm on her drives and in the theatre. In the opera the whole house joined in singing "God Save the King." At Drury Lane, when Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." was given, in which Kemble, Kean, and Mrs. Siddons peformed, the audience cheered lustily every passage which could be interpreted as an allusion to the tyrannical prince regent and his unhappy spouse, the Princess of Wales, who had not even been permitted to be present at the wedding.

Prince Leopold received the orders of the Bath and Garter, the titles of Field-Marshal and Privy Councillor, and was presented with the freedom of the City of London.

Oh the 21st of June, 1816, the "Old Diplomatist" relates, "I have just had a conversation with an intimate friend at Camelford House. He tells me that there has been a little scene between Prince Leopold and his bride. Princess Charlotte is very unhappy. This Koburg has a bad disposition.

"*July 16th.*—The measures taken to bring about a divorce of the prince-regent have not been given up yet. Report goes that Prince Leopold had his finger in the pie, and that this had been imposed on him as an indispensable condition before the sum of £60,000 was voted for him, in the case of the demise of her royal Highness. The queen and prince-regent have made up their minds to exclude Princess Charlotte from the succession. The poor souls! they do not know that public opinion begins to assume a very threatening aspect.

"*August 2nd.*—I have already referred on a former occasion to a disagreement between certain members of the royal family. Perhaps it is necessary to add that the Prince of Saxe-Koburg is not one of those embroiled. If his Highness takes a side at all, it is sure to be that of his father-in-law. He visits Carlton House almost daily.

"*August 6th.*—The prince-regent bobbed his head during the *tête-à-tête* dinner with Count Münster in a manner which reminds one of the well-known China figures. He talked incessantly. The principal, if not his only subject of conversation was his projected divorce from the Princess of Wales, on which topic his Royal Highness poured out his usual stream of invectives. The Regent declared that it was necessary to counteract the growing influence of Princess Charlotte. This divorce he was not seeking with a view to re-marry, but in order to get a trump-card into his hand, which would give him absolute power over the princess. The question will be laid before the Upper House in the shape of a bill. It is not intended to appeal to the spiritual court, because this might open the door to recrimination.

"*August 22nd.*—Princess Charlotte has entirely renounced communication with her father. She says that it is her duty to appeal to the people. The ministerial party are very wroth that she did not once visit her father during his illness.

"*September 6th.*—The Regent has read the pamphlet in favor of Princess Charlotte, concerning the divorce, and suspects that the Duke of Sussex has something to do with it."

What could be more sad and unbecoming than such relations between father and daughter? The prince-regent watched jealously every fresh ovation which Princess Charlotte received from the people. At last, when he had not seen his daughter for several months, he paid her a visit in August, in order to tell her in the most unsparing manner that he now held in his hands the proofs of the repeated adultery of her mother, and that he should at once proceed against her! It is said that this passionate, exciting scene, in which the princess took the part of her unhappy mother, cost the young wife her first mother's hope.

With a sigh of relief the young people went, at the end of August, into the peaceful solitude of beautiful Claremont, away from the turmoil and excitements of the

town, away from the terrors of an unloving and unloved father. Here, in Claremont House, began a quiet, peaceful life, passed amid beautiful scenery, in their common favorite pastimes of gardening, music, and reading, and in mutual affectionate love. Here, in Claremont House, Princess Charlotte became, as she liked to call herself, the happiest woman in the land.

An English biography, which appeared anonymously immediately after the death of the princess, gives us a pleasing picture of this still life in Claremont. "Here, in a select circle of friends, the heiress to the crown of Great Britain, celebrated a true feast of love. More beautiful than ever did the outer and inner charms of the princess develop themselves in this rural solitude; a sweet dignity flashed from her clear eye, her figure had become fuller, her gait more majestic, and in her delicate complexion there seemed to be united the red and white roses of England. The often too-marked vivacity which had been peculiar to her in former years became calmer and more measured. Although she was now a happy wife, she still with much zeal endeavored to further improve her attainments and talents. She never cared for finery, and only dressed herself in it if court etiquette demanded it. Her dress was always extremely neat and choice, but she could in nothing, except her truly royal bearing, be distinguished from the wife of an ordinary country gentleman. The same order and punctuality which were noticeable in her dress, she observed also in her other occupations. Her letters were patterns of clearness and precision. She had made it a rule never to leave a letter or petition longer than twenty-four hours without an answer.

"She, with her husband, strictly conformed to the duties of Sunday observance. When she settled in Claremont House, she did not only wish to enjoy a peaceful, quiet existence in the house, but also to attend to her devotional exercises on Sundays undisturbed. The parish of Esher was situated too near the capital for the prince and princess to have escaped there the eyes of idlers during divine service; the simple church soon became a

sort of rendezvous for ladies and gentlemen in fashionable toilettes, who arrived in brilliant carriages, looked upon the place as a resort for Sunday recreation, and by their presence disturbed the illustrious couple as well as the honest countryfolk in their devotion, by gaping about in the church, and contending for the best places in the pews. The princess put a stop to this nuisance by having a private chapel fitted up in Claremont House. She appointed her former tutor, Dr. Short, private chaplain.

"Her beneficence was boundless. When during the great distress so many applied to her for aid, that her own purse was quite emptied, and the persons around her remarked that she would herself have to ask Parliament for assistance, she said, 'It does not matter; I must give as long as I have some myself, and I am convinced that the English people will never refuse me money to help the poor. To whom could the needy apply more naturally than to me?'

"Her affability was invariable towards all classes. If tradespeople came to Claremont on business, the first concern of the princess was to free them from awe and nervousness. And no discontented creditor was ever among them, for the princess considered nothing more disgraceful than debt.

"This modest retirement and economical domestic life in Claremont gave the princess more prestige with the people than any splendor of royal state could have done.

"One rarely saw the happy pair separated. They drove, rode, and walked together, visited in company the huts of the poor in the vicinity, spreading blessings wherever they came. The prince helped the princess to water her favorite flowers in the garden at Claremont, and she accompanied her husband when he went shooting. London they never visited, except when public affairs imperatively demanded their presence in the capital.

"The mornings were generally devoted to open-air exercise. After dinner they would study together. The prince instructed her in politics, political economy, and history; she taught him English. They made sketches

together of the beautiful neighborhood, with distant Windsor perhaps in the background. The evening was, as a rule, wound up with music, of which both were passionately fond.

"But, however fond the princess was of playing and singing, she nevertheless demanded a sincere expression of opinion on her performance. Thus she once asked her music-master for his opinion. He assured her, with the finest phrases, that she had sung charmingly and played delightfully. When he returned next day, he received his pay and dismissal, 'because her Royal Highness durst not hope to profit anything by the instruction of a teacher who was base enough to flatter her against his better knowledge, and did not possess sufficient sincerity to tell her without ceremony of her faults.'"

We are told, as a trait of the good-heartedness and justice of the princess, that "once she missed two elderly garden-helps at Claremont. Upon her inquiry she was told by the head gardener that the men were too old, and could no longer perform their work properly, and that therefore he had dismissed them. Full of indignation, the princess at once ordered the old men to be reinstated, and to have their wages paid to them till they died, even though they should work no more."

The opinions of two Germans concerning this epoch in Claremont are of a sober tone. Body-physician Stockmar made the following entry in his diary on the 25th of October, 1816:—"The princess is extremely agile and active, astonishingly susceptible, and nervously sensitive; and the feeling stirred up by the instantaneous impression not seldom determines her judgment and action. The intercourse with her husband, however, has had a most beneficial effect upon her, and she has gained in calmness and self-restraint in a surprising manner, so that it becomes more and more manifest how good and excellent she is at bottom. When she is in good spirits she is very much disposed to kind acts towards all persons around her; but she has none the less sense of her own graciousness that she appears quite unconscious of it.

An insufficient recognition of her kindness offends her greatly, and troubles the good opinion she had of men for a long time to come. She never forgets that she is a royal princess!"

And the Hanoverian, Justus Erich Bollmann, the remarkable man who so boldly freed Lafayette from the casements of Olmütz, and who, in his eventful, agitated life, came several times to England, where he entered into near relations with Prince Leopold, writes to Varnhagen, on the 1st of November, 1816—"Prince Koburg and his princess are in love with each other like simple burgess-folk. The unfortunate circumstances under which the latter has grown up have been a good school for her—that is, have hindered the moral waste and impoverishment so common to the life at court. She has strong feelings and a vigorous will. At a tragedy she weeps streams of tears, at the comedy she laughs so that her bosom trembles. Also does she nod to those in the play whom she likes, without ceremony—a strange princess, but an interesting creature."

But how regardless—nay, rude—could this "strange princess" be to those persons who were not sympathetic to her, is shown in a striking instance by Stockmar's diary of the 21st of December:—

"On the occasion of a great dinner they had invited also Duke Prosper of Aremberg. He is an ugly little fellow, black all over, and wore a star. The prince presented him to the princess, who was just then speaking to the minister, Castlereagh. She returned his two tremendous continental bows by a slight nod with the head without looking at him, or addressing a single word tc him. At table Prosper was placed between Lady Castle reagh and the princess, who did not speak a word with him, and put her elbows so near him that he could not stir. He always looked straight before him with a little embarrassment, speaking from time to time a few words in French with the great bulky Lady Castlereagh, beside whom he looked like a child. When he took his leave, the princess treated him in the same way as at the pre-

sentation, and burst into loud laughter even before he had left the room."

It is to be regretted that Prince Prosper of Aremberg was not man enough to give this "strange princess" a sharp lesson that courtesy is the first duty of a host towards a guest, although the host may be a royal highness.

On the other hand, Stockmar's notes reconcile us with the princess, when we hear of the relations of the happy couple to one another. Thus he writes in his diary on the 17th of October, 1816: "In this house rule concord, quietude, love, in short, all the requisites for domestic happiness. My master is the best of all husbands in all the five parts of the globe, and his wife possesses for him a sum of love whose greatness can only be likened to the national debt."

And a year after, on the 26th of August, 1817, he writes:—"The matrimonial life of this couple is a rare picture of love and fidelity: nor does this picture ever fail to produce its effect on all spectators who have ever preserved for themselves a little heart."

In December, 1816, the Regent assembled around him at Brighton all the members of the royal family for a universal feast of peace and reconciliation. And really the family stood very much in need of this, as has been indicated several times before. Also Princess Charlotte and her husband were present. How signally it failed to prove a feast of love is shown by the following characteristic anecdote:—

One evening the princess sang, I am certain with pointed intention, in the family circle, the masquerade song from "My Grandmother," a farce much in vogue at the time. When she had finished she turned to General C., and asked with a harsh voice, "What do you think of 'My Grandmother'?"

"I think there is some humor in the piece," the general answered evasively.

The princess laid still more stress on these words, "To

me it appears that there is very much *bad humor* in it. The piece does not please me at all."

This intermezzo will hardly have improved the "humor" of the lady grandmother. The meeting separated with hardly more mutual love than had been brought to it.

Also other remarks of the outspoken princess were related, which were not less defiant. Thus she once said, when it was proposed to her to rent Marlborough House as a town residence, "I require no house in town; I prefer living in the country. I hate your old queen, and do not wish to come in contact with her."

On another occasion she said, laughing, "Leg of mutton is as little to my taste as my grandmother!"

In the spring of 1817, Princess Charlotte was once more expecting to become a mother. The news of it was received by the country with the greatest joy. People looked forward to a happy future, after this lamentable present, with a mad king and a regent besotted by debauchery. Enormous bets were laid on the sex of the expected child. On Exchange it was calculated that a princess would improve the stocks by two and a half per cent. only, but that a prince would send them up six per cent. The government desired that the princess should hold her important confinement in the capital, as, according to the laws of the kingdom, grand dignitaries of the State had to be present. But Princess Charlotte would not leave her dear Claremont. And so she had her will.

Towards the end of October, the two royal physicians, Drs. Baillie and Sir Richard Croft, took up their residence at Claremont. The princess was very well—indeed, in the opinion of the physicians, she was "too well." For some time past they had kept down her "abundance of humors" by repeated bleedings and the meagerest possible fare, unmindful that in so doing their patient was also deprived of the strength necessary for the severe hour. And so the unhappy princess, after a hard struggle of fifty-two hours, bore a dead boy on the 5th of November, 1817,—and five hours afterwards was herself a corpse. Her last wish had been that her husband might, some

future day, be buried beside her. This wish has not been fulfilled. Leopold of Koburg, as King of the Belgians, reposes in Belgian soil, at the side of his royal spouse, Louise d'Orléans.

The body-physician, Christian Stockmar, meanwhile had understood how to win the confidence of Prince Leopold and Princess Charlotte in a very high degree. Soon the prince made use of him as a confidential secretary, and called him his "dearest body-and-soul-physician." Stockmar, however, with that prudence peculiar to him, firmly declined to lend his aid or advice to the unhappy princess during her pregnancy and delivery, so as to be in no way responsible for it afterwards. But I think that cousin Christian went too far in this his much-vaunted prudence, for he often afterwards told me that Princess Charlotte would not have had to die so young had he alone treated her after the German method.

Regarding her death, Stockmar relates in his diary: "On the 5th day, towards noon, the labors increased, and at last there was born, at nine o'clock in the evening, a beautiful, very large boy—dead. Artificial means had not been employed. Immediately after the birth the princess felt perfectly well. Also the news of the child being dead had not specially affected her. This seeming well-doing, however, only lasted until midnight. Then Croft came to my bed, saying that the princess was dangerously ill, and suggested that I should go to the prince and inform him of the state of matters. The prince had not left his wife for a moment during the last three days, and now, after the birth, had just retired to rest. I found him resigned as to the death of the child, nor did he seem to take the state of the princess as very serious. A quarter of an hour later Baillie sent word to me to come and see her. I hesitated, but at last went with him. She was in a state of great pain and restlessness, owing to severe cramp in the chest and difficulty in breathing; she constantly cast herself from one side to the other, spoke now with Baillie, then with Croft. Baillie said to her, 'Here comes an old friend of yours.' She gave me hastily her

left hand, and squeezed mine violently twice. I felt her pulse; it beat very fast, the beats now great, now small, now intermittent. Baillie gave her wine constantly. She said to me in English, 'They have made me tipsy!' Thus I went, during a quarter of an hour, out and in several times; then her breath became rattling. I had just left the room, when she cried very vehemently, 'Stocky, Stocky!' I returned, the rattle in her throat continued, she turned several times on her stomach, drew up her legs, her hands became cold; at two o'clock on the morning of the 6th of November, 1817—about five hours after the birth therefore—she had ceased to be."

And Prince Leopold stood not at the death-bed of his wife. He lay snugly in his own bed. Stockmar brought him the news of her death. His diary contains the following entry: "He thought that she could not be dead yet, and on the way to her he fell into a chair; I knelt beside him; he thought it was a dream only, he could not believe it. He sent me once more to look at her. I returned and said that all was really over. Now he went to the dying-room. Kneeling at her bed, he kissed her cold hands; then, rising, he embraced me, saying, 'Now I am quite forsaken, promise me always to remain with me!' I promised it. Immediately after he again reminded me if I knew, indeed, what I had promised. I said, 'Yes; I should not leave him as long as I could recognize that he trusted me, that he loved me, that I could be useful to him.'" And Christian Stockmar had kept his promise faithfully.

Soon after the death of the princess, Stockmar wrote to his sister in Koburg: "I only leave the prince when urgent affairs compel me to do so. I eat together with him; I sleep in his room. As soon as he awakes at night, I rise, and seat myself at his bedside, talking to him till he falls to sleep again. I feel more and more that my portion in life is to undergo unexpected changes, and there will be more of them before it is over. I appear to be here more in order to care for others than for myself, and am quite satisfied with such a destiny.'

Thus Christian Stockmar, from the body-physician, became the intimate, faithful friend and adviser of Prince Leopold—to his last breath.

On the 18th of November the bodies of Princess Charlotte and her child were conveyed from Claremont to the royal vault in St. George's chapel in Windsor. At the request of Prince Leopold there was cut out so much of the wall of the narrow tomb that his coffin might find room there one day! We know that the labor was useless.

Prince Leopold was inconsolable. All England participated in his grief. Bollmann writes concerning it to Varnhagen on the 28th of November: "The death of Princess Charlotte has caused many sincere tears to flow. My daughters could not for many days recover their wonted peace of mind, and this frame of mind was universal. The beautiful example of a morally pure and most happy existence had awakened for the prince and princess a very lively, great, universal interest, which was accompanied by many hopes, now blasted. Quite a host of ideas and feelings are now drifting about in the void, without knowing where to link themselves; for the future succession looks now somewhat remote. Prince Koburg stands before the nation in a very favorable light. If he does not interrupt, in the public opinion, his association with the beloved dead, and remains prominently the noble man of blameless life among a corrupt rabble (the Prince of Wales and his brother), in my opinion further events may make his days of great consequence. But there lies so much in the way yet, and few remain the same under altered conditions."

Two days after the death of the princess the Regent caused his thanks to be conveyed, and his confidence to be expressed, to the luckless *accoucheur* in the following letter: "The prince-regent has commanded Sir Benjamin Blomfield to thank Sir Richard Croft for the zeal and attention which he has shown during the accouchement of the beloved princess. At the same time his Royal Highness assures Sir Richard Croft of his full confidence in regard to the professionally correct treatment of the case,

although his Royal Highness finds himself thus placed in deep bereavement by the will of Providence."

Three months after the death of Princess Charlotte Sir Richard Croft shot himself dead. Ever since the fatal case in Claremont he had continually found himself in a state of the greatest anxiety and nervous excitement. At the beginning of February he passed the night at the house of a lady, to assist in a case of difficult accouchement. When this proved to be a protracted one, as in the case of the princess, he shot himself dead during the night."

"I will live and die in Claremont, and employ every moment of my remaining life to carry out the thoughts and plans of the angel whom I have lost for this world," thus Prince Leopold had exclaimed in Claremont at the corpse of Princess Charlotte, when he was plunged in the first profound grief.

Fully twelve years he did continue to live in Claremont. From England he drew an allowance of £50,000 per annum, as previously settled by contract of marriage. In memory of Princess Charlotte he erected a monument —an urn overshadowed by weeping willows—on an islet on the lake in the park. The hat and plaid which the princess had worn on her last walk hung untouched in my time in the same place as at her death.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GHOSTS OF CLAREMONT.

ROYAL MARRIAGES—DEATHS OF THE DUKE OF KENT AND GEORGE III.—ACCESSION OF GEORGE IV.—TREATMENT OF QUEEN CAROLINE BY THE KING—HER DEATH—WAS SHE POISONED?—PRINCE LEOPOLD AND THE COUNTESS FICQUELMONT—THE PRINCE AND LADY ELLENBOROUGH—ELOPEMENT OF LADY ELLENBOROUGH WITH PRINCE FELIX SCHWARZENBERG—SHE MARRIES BARON VENNINGEN—SHE ELOPES WITH COUNT THEOTOCKI—HER SUBSEQUENT CAREER AND DEATH.

DURING these twelve years in Claremont little was heard of Prince Leopold. It was a proof of great prudence that he kept as much as possible in the background during this time of confusion in the royal family.

This family was now seized by a perfect rage for marrying, in order, if possible, to give an heir to the British throne. The three sons of King George III., the prince-regent, the Dukes of York and Cumberland, who were married already, were childless. To the last-named only, in 1819, a son was born by Princess Friederike of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the sister of the late Queen Louise of Prussia; he afterwards became King of Hanover—the last. The heir to the throne, Princess Charlotte, had not been dead a twelvemonth when the Duke of Clarence, then fifty-three, the Duke of Kent, fifty-one, and the Duke of Cambridge, forty-four years of age, had each married a German princess—namely, the Duke of Clarence a princess of Meiningen, the Duke of Kent a princess of Koburg, and the Duke of Cambridge one of Hesse-Kassel. Princess Victoria of Koburg was a sister of Prince Leopold and widow of the Prince of Leiningen. She was destined to give England an heir to the throne—the present Queen Victoria. That she was an early playmate of my mother I have already related.

Stockmar depicts the Princess of Leiningen, who was two-and-thirty at the time of her marriage with the Duke of Kent, in the following words: "She was of medium height, full, but well-made, with beautiful brown hair and eyes, of great youthful freshness, natural cheerfulness and affability—all in all a charming and sweet creature; moreover, she was fond of finery, and dressed herself well and tastefully. Nature had endowed her with warm feelings, and fitted her disposition for truth, love, friendship, disinterestedness, compassion—nay, even magnanimity."

The Duke of Kent, like the rest of his brothers, was deeply in debt, so that immediately after the marriage he removed to the Amorbach, a castle of the Princess of Leiningen in Bavaria, in order to save money on the Continent. Now, when in spring the duchess had reason to hope that she would give England a successor to the throne, and therefore it was more than desirable that this gratifying event should take place in England, there were lacking even the necessary means for this transmigration. The Regent and the other brothers would or could not help, so that the necessary money had to be raised by friends. Thus the Duke of Kent was enabled to return with his spouse to England in the spring of 1819, and on the 24th of May of that year a little daughter was born, "round like a stuffed pigeon," called Victoria after her grandmother—to-day Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India. The old duke was not a little proud of his fat, rosy little daughter. He used to show this to all the world with the words, "Take care of her, for she will one day be Queen of England."

This prophecy has been fulfilled, but so was another that had been made to the same Duke of Kent: "In the year 1820 two members of your family will die." The good duke, of course, first thought of his old, deranged, blind father, King George III., who was eighty-one years old, and seriously asked himself the question, "Which of your licentious brothers will be the second?" For it was a favorite saying of his: "My brothers are less healthy than I; I have led a regular life, and shall

survive them all; the throne will fall to me and my children."

And yet he was to be the first called away. He had gone with his family to Sidmouth on the south coast, "in order to cheat the winter." During a walk he caught cold, and inflammation of the lungs set in. Prince Leopold and his body-physician, Dr. Stockmar, were sent for by the duchess. Stockmar writes: "On the day preceding his death General Wetherall, an old servant and friend of the duke, arrived. He put the question to us physicians if it could be injurious to the prince to speak to him about signing a will. To help to decide this question, the duchess led me to the patient at five o'olock in the evening. I found him half delirious, and declared to the duchess that human aid was here unavailing, and that, as regarded the will, the question to be decided was, whether it would be possible to rouse the duke to so complete a recovery of consciousness that his testimony could have legal force. Hereupon Wetherall went to the duke, and the presence of his early friend produced a remarkably reviving effect on the nervous system of the dying patient. Wetherall had scarcely addressed the duke when the latter completely recovered consciousness, inquired after different things and persons, and had his will read out to him twice. Gathering up his last strength he prepared to sign it. With difficulty he wrote his 'Edward' underneath it, regarded attentively each letter, and asked if the signature was really distinct and legible. Then he sank back into his pillows, exhausted. Next morning he had ceased to live."

That took place on the 23rd of January, 1820. Six days later died also old King George III. The Prince of Wales ascended the throne of Great Britain as George IV.

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And what had become, during the time between the marriage of Princess Charlotte and her death after so short a matrimonial happiness—what had become of her unhappy mother?

On the 9th of August, 1814, the Princess of Wales had

gone in the first place to Brunswick, thence to Italy, to taste of the new freedom and the world in great thirsty draughts. Soon the world was full of the love adventures of the "mad princess." Her life henceforth resembled a motley bacchanalian carnival. After she had lived for several years in Milan, in her beautiful Villa d'Este on the Lake of Como, in Rome, at the court of Naples, in Sicily, in Greece, Ephesus, and Jerusalem, in the company of the Italian Bartolomeo Bergami—whom in quick succession she had raised from the post of courier to that of chamberlain, Baron della Francina, Knight of the Order of Malta, and Grand Master of the Order of St. Caroline, founded by her in Jerusalem—the Princess of Wales came to Karlsruhe in the spring of 1817; and here I had seen her repeatedly when I was a little girl of ten, not dreaming then that an odd fate had bestowed on me a portentous resemblance to the daughter of this luckless woman, and that, owing to it, my whole life would be forced into the most calamitous channel.

All Karlsruhe was in a great state of excitement when, on the afternoon of the 26th of March, the report gained currency in the town, that the Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, so much commented on by the newspapers, had just arrived with a large Italian suite, and in the oddest attire, and taken up her residence in the hotel "zur Post;" that she had at once driven in a court carriage to the Margravine and to the reigning Duchess Stéphanie, but had returned very quickly. The Margravine in her quality of mother-in-law of the Duke of Brunswick, who fell at Quatrebras, was a relation of the Princess of Wales. The people talked of the splendor of the Turkish costumes in which the "mad princess" and her suite, which included a live Mussulman, had appeared at court. In the evening the princess dined in her hotel with open windows, and there prevailed much merriment and unconstraint.

I learned this from my former class-fellow, Fanny Glökner, who lived opposite the "Post," and could look into the princess's windows. Of course, next morning I

called on Fanny, also to look a little into the windows of the interesting princess. And I was lucky, for soon our fine-looking courteous grand duke appeared at the door of the hotel, leading an elderly stout little lady in a scarlet riding-habit. Here, then, was the "mad princess!" But I considered our Grand Duchess Stéphanie much more beautiful and graceful.

Upon the Titus-head of the princess there sat defiantly a cap of black velvet, with white nodding plumes. With what loudness and unconstraint the scarlet amazon talked and laughed, whilst she boldly mounted her horse, so that her dress was lifted up high—very high—and the shocked people of Karlsruhe, who were assembled in great numbers, got a sight of flesh-colored tights! The grand duke was evidently shocked at these manners of his merry cousin, who struck her horse a blow between the ears with her whip, and galloped away laughing, so that her cavalier was hardly able to follow her.

"Just like a circus-rider!" said Frau Glökner.

Another time the princess, dressed in a brilliant costume, as Pasha of Three Horse-tails, and accompanied by the whole shouting youth of Karlsruhe, including myself, rode through the town; but the grand duke was never again seen by her side.

In the evening Mozart's "Zauberflöte" was given in honor of the distinguished guest. My mother took me with her to the opera. The house was brilliantly illuminated, and the ladies in grand toilette. In the box to the right of the proscenium were seated the grand duke and his lovely spouse. The grand duchess I see still before my mind's eye in all her loveliness; she wore a dress of light-blue satin, pearls around her delicately shaped neck, and white natural roses in her beautiful fair locks.

Her Serene Highness the Margravine, dressed in dark velvet with brilliants, waited for her guest in her purple-draped box, and cast glances through the house and over into the grand ducal box, that grew ever more embarrassed. The Princess of Wales kept them waiting for a long time.

The grand duke paid a visit to his revered mother in her box, and repeatedly looked impatiently at his watch. At last, after a painful delay of three quarters of an hour, the manager-general gave the signal to begin without the guest.

The overture passed off dashingly, the curtain rose, and yet no Princess of Wales was to be seen. Tamino fled before the serpents, the three ladies in black appeared, sang, and disappeared. At last, when Tamino sang in soft tones,—

> Dies Bildniss ist bezaubernd schön—
> So schön, wie ich noch nie gesehn!

then the door of the Margravine's box was opened noisily. All eyes turned that way, and from the gallery came down a ringing laughter, in which the whole house more or less joined.

There, in the Margravine's box, stood the Princess of Wales in a huge Oberländer peasant's head-dress, with flying ribbons and glittering spangles.

Her Serene Highness the Margravine leaned back in her fauteuil nearly swooning, covering her eyes with her hands. Horror at the appearance of her strangely dressed-up guest seemed completely to have deprived her of countenance and speech.

But the Princess of Wales walked up to the balustrade of the box, and laughed over her whole round, red face, and sent cordial nods across to the grand ducal box, quite proud of the mad prank of having presented herself to the good Badeners in their peasants' national dress. I think I see the large black bows and broad spangled ribbons still waving and nodding.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Stéphanie at once withdrew to the background of their box, and soon left the house. At the conclusion of the act her Serene Highness the Margravine also rose to leave, and her guest had to follow her.

What remarks were made that evening in the Karlsruhe theatre about the "mad princess!"

I saw also "the handsome Bergami," likewise in the Oberland head-dress, in a side box. He was very tall and broad-shouldered, with dark, fiery, Italian eyes, black hair, and an arrogant smile upon his broad lips. He had something savage and vulgar in his face and his whole deportment. Upon his glaring, red uniform were glittering three huge orders and a golden chamberlain's key; upon his gold scabbard he had the portraits of the almost forgotten royal family, Murat of Naples. By the side of Bergami there appeared a fair youth, Billy Austin, whom the princess called her "adopted son." It certainly is remarkable that the princess made this Billy Austin, the son of a sailor's widow in Deptford, her chief heir.

On the occasion of a court-dinner the Princess of Wales wore a dress with train, embroidered with silver, and very open in front; upon her round head she had an old Bavarian silver-ringlet head-dress, and on the top a diadem of brilliants, with a huge bouquet on her breast.

There are lying before me two pretty water-color pictures; the one shows the Princess of Wales as she appeared at the Karlsruhe court, in a short lilac velvet dress, with broad silver embroidery, greatly padded around the hips, according to the mad fashion of the time (*cul de Paris*), led on the one hand by the thin little Baden Marshal von Ende, on the other by her huge scarlet-clad Bergami.

In the other picture the stout, little, old princess, in the same costume, upon her head a mighty *toque* of velvet, with waving ostrich feathers, with uplifted, round arms and cracking fingers, is dancing before the Karlsruhe court the fiery Neapolitan tarantella.

Both pictures were painted from nature at the time by a Baden court lady, and have been sent to me just now, after the lapse of more than half a century, by that lady's niece as a token of gratitude for my lately published reminiscences of the Karlsruhe court.

For a drive with the court to Baden the princess had dressed herself most beautifully as a circus rider.

The reckless princess offended the unhappy Queen

Friederike of Sweden, a daughter of the Margravine, and who was likewise staying as a guest at the court of Karlsruhe, very deeply, in that she on every occasion embraced the queen with ostentation, and cried out noisily, "Chére cousine! we must hold together in friendship as faithful sisters in misfortune; both of us having been so shamefully forsaken by our husbands!"

But when the Princess of Wales could not shut her eyes any longer to the fact that she was not welcome in Karlsruhe, she returned to Italy, without home and peace, trying to forget her boundless misery in wild, bacchantic pleasures.

Like a thunderbolt the news of the death of her daughter fell into this endless, giddy, sensual carnival. It was a newspaper that told her one day, "Your daughter, Princess Charlotte, has died in child-bed on the 6th of November." No royal spouse, no mourning son-in-law, no sympathizing relations or friends, no courier of the British Government, such as carried the melancholy news to all the princely courts, brought this saddest of all tidings to the wretched mother—no, alas! the poor mother's heart had to read in the newspaper that she was now entirely forsaken.

In her villa on the Lake of Como the unhappy mother mourned deep and long. And well she might! Had she not lost her all in losing her daughter, the heiress to the British throne?—her last support, her last love, and last hope? But unfortunately she also laid aside the last restraint she had hitherto laid upon herself. With a yelling laugh of despair, "Since nobody in England allows me now the great honor to be the Princess of Wales, so I will be solely Caroline, a happy, merry soul!" She again plunged into life and pleasure.

Only the news that on the 29th of January, 1820, her father-in-law, King George III., had also died, and the thought that her husband was now King of Great Britain and Ireland, as George IV., and that she was lawful Queen, once more roused Caroline's old energy.

In spite of the protest of King George IV. and his

offer of an increased annual allowance, in spite of the contrary advice of her friends, and in spite of an old prophecy of her early years—that she would be a queen, but never sit on a throne nor wear a crown—despite all these obstacles and considerations, Queen Caroline hastened to England to assume her royal rights.

Immediately King George in his rage, ordered the Archbishop of Canterbury to strike the name of Queen Caroline out of the church prayers; and his Grace obeyed, which brought upon him the public reproach from Earl Grosvenor, that if he (Earl Grosvenor) had been Archbishop of Canterbury, he would sooner have thrown his prayer-book at the king's head than, against law and conscience, have struck the name of the queen from the liturgy!

On the 6th of June, 1820, Caroline arrived in London, festively welcomed by the enthusiastic people. But what new humiliations, what new disgraces on the part of the king, her consort, were in store for her! By his order she was not to exist as queen at all. And on the day of her arrival in London her husband, for the third time, brought an accusation of adultery against "the Princess of Wales" (as he obstinately styled the legitimate Queen of England) before the house of Lords. The king had had her watched by spies on all her tours, and especially gathered material about the Italian Bergami. For five months their lordships sat in judgment over the unhappy queen; then she was acquitted a third time, "from want of proofs." This decision was received with the greatest tokens of joy in all England. London illuminated its houses three nights running in honor of the acquitted queen, and wherever she showed herself, she was received by shouts of the glad people, and expressions such as "God bless you, dear queen!" These were the last blinks of sunshine in the life of the unhappy wife, mother, queen.

On the 19th of July, 1821, King George IV. was crowned with great pomp in Westminster. Splendor and noise had to make up for the joyful demonstrations of the people, which were absent.

When Queen Caroline also was about to enter Westminster in grand court toilette, in order to occupy during the coronation the place due to her, next to the king, she was refused admittance, "because she could produce no card of invitation!"

On the eleventh evening after this coronation-day Queen Caroline drank a glass of lemonade in Drury Lane Theatre. Suddenly she cried out, "I am poisoned!" Suffering great pain she was taken home, and died on the 7th August. At her last request her corpse was removed to her native Brunswick. When the funeral procession moved through the streets of London, it was received everywhere with wailings and tears. But the carriage of the king was hooted, and the court mourning, which he had ordered, was laughed at.

Meanwhile Prince Leopold continued to stay in Claremont, wisely keeping as much as possible aloof from the wretched dissensions of the royal parents-in-law. But in order not entirely to lose the favor of the English people, who took so decidedly the part of the queen, he risked the anger of the king, and paid a single visit to the mother of his Charlotte.

In a short autobiography, written down in his old age for Queen Victoria, King Leopold of the Belgians speaks concerning those days as follows:—

"The new king, George IV., at first showed great friendliness towards Prince Leopold, probably in anticipation of matters which were now impending with his wife, Queen Caroline. The Duchess of Kent (Princess Victoria of Koburg, sister of Prince Leopold), with her two daughters, Princess Feodore of Leiningen, at present Princess Hohenlohe, and the little princess, now Queen Victoria, frequently staid at Claremont. The arrival of Queen Caroline (June, 1820) threw the whole country into confusion. Prince Leopold's position, between her and the king, was intolerably disagreeable. A severe illness of his mother, the Dowager-Duchess of Koburg, might indeed have furnished a pretext for leaving England, and thus escaping the painful discord which now

developed itself; the king also very much desired it, and sought through Lord Lauderdale to bring it about; but how could the prince have forsaken the mother of his departed Charlotte, who indeed knew her mother well, and yet loved her?

"The prince resolved not to mix himself up with the divorce suit at all, until the evidence against the queen had all been taken, thus avoiding the appearance of wanting to exercise any influence in it. Evidently this resolution was as honest as it was impartial. So the prince waited till the taking of the evidence had been concluded, and then paid a visit to his mother-in-law. She received him in a very friendly manner, looked very strange, and said very strange things. The country grew very much excited over it, and for the queen this visit was a real triumph. On the House of Lords this visit had an effect which it ought not to have had, as it could change nothing in the established evidence; but certain it is that some lords changed their views, and that the ministers came to the conviction that matters ought not to be carried any further. They moved to drop the suit. The king, who, it must be allowed, had been badly treated in this melancholy business, was furious, especially against Prince Leopold. Revengeful as he was, he never forgave him; occasionally, indeed, he showed himself friendlier, especially so long as Canning was minister. At first, of course, he declared that the prince should never come before his eyes again. The Duke of York, however, arranged a meeting; and then the king, unable to control his curiosity, made the prince tell him how the queen had been dressed, and how she looked, and so on. After the coronation (in July, 1821) Prince Leopold went to Koburg. . . . . " and he only returned to England, *vid* Vienna, Italy, and Paris, in January, 1823, when the unhappy Queen Caroline had long been dead and forgotten.

Prince Leopold, and Stockmar also, did, however, believe that she was poisoned; but they were, perhaps,

glad to have got rid of her, or of the embarrassments she caused, so quickly.

That visit which Prince Leopold paid to Queen Caroline had yet another cause. The prince was very superstitious, and himself once related to me that the Princess Charlotte had appeared to him at that period, and looked at him sadly and reproachfully; thereupon he had visited her mother, and the spirit of Charlotte was apparently appeased, for it had not returned again.

Within this time of his retired still life in Claremont fell also those "silly *liaisons*" of the prince, of which cousin Christian had told us.

Two of the ladies alluded to I have met afterwards, with very strange feelings.

Countess Ficquelmont, wife of the Austrian ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg, I learned to know in 1831 through Countess Fersen. She was a dashing Viennese, and had soon proved too expensive for Prince Leopold, who was even in his amours exceedingly economical. She showed me, as one of her successors in the heart of the seductive prince, much sympathetic interest during my three years' engagement in St. Petersburg, and gave me very friendly letters of recommendation for my engagement in Vienna; among others, one to the French ambassadress, the Marquis de St. Aulaire, as well as to Prince Gortschakoff, so famous afterwards, who was, at that time, first *attaché* to the Russian embassy at the court of Vienna.

Another "silly *liaison*" of Prince Leopold was with Lady Ellenborough. That name was known all over the world in the third decade of the century. It stood in all newspapers, and lived on all lips, just as that of the Princess of Wales, Caroline of Brunswick, had done ten years earlier. Both women, indeed, were much alike in the restlessness and recklessness of their wild hearts.

In the year 1824 the charming daughter of the highly esteemed Admiral Henry Digby, Jane Elizabeth, fifteen years old, and looked upon as the prime beauty of the London season, became, against her inclination, the

spouse of the proud Tory, Lord Ellenborough, who was the chief support of the Wellington Cabinet at that time. But how does the song run?

Es war ein alter König,
Sein Sinn war starr, sein Haar war grau—
Der arme alte König
Er nahm eine junge Frau.

And there was also a fair young page, who carried the silken train of the young queen, and "sie hatten sich gar zu lieb."

But the sad old song does not suit any further when it says, "Sie mussten beide sterben."

The beautiful young Lady Ellenborough and her fair young page—"Leicht war sein Sinn"—did not die. They have honestly enjoyed their youth and their love.

Lady Ellenborough bore a beautiful fair boy at that time, who afterwards, when Lord Ellenborough had become Governor-General of India, distinguished himself in the wars of Afghanistan.

But Lady Ellenborough had taken a new fancy—his Royal Highness Prince Leopold. And one evening, on the occasion of a brilliant ball, she stood opposite the prince and smiled at him with her glittering blue eyes and white teeth, so very peculiarly, and pulled from the bouquet on her bosom two delicate rose-buds, and kissed them, and handed them to his Highness.

There were whispers for a time in fashionable society of a tender *liaison* between Lady Ellenborough and Prince Leopold of Koburg. But when the prince demanded that the beautiful lady should entirely renounce the giddy life of London, become altogether invisible for the world, and in strict seclusion devote herself wholly to him, then Lady Ellenborough, whose love had by this time evaporated before the prince's pedantry, drew herself away scared. She turned her beautiful back upon his egotistical Highness, and, love-thirsty, threw herself into the lovingly-opened arms of the seductive Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, *attaché* to the Austrian embassy at the court of St. James.

That took place in the spring of 1828. Prince Felix was twenty-eight, a free-thinker in love, and a spoiled and petted favorite of women, whom he assailed—now tenderly, now quick and boldly, mindful of Goethe's prescript. Prince Felix was a curiously mixed nature—now overflowing with sparkling sprightliness, high spirits, wit, and love of life; then soft and resigned, dreamy and melancholy, affected by the then prevalent fashion of "weltschmerz," shunning fashionable society, and burying himself in some green solitude.

And this illustrious chameleon, whose playing colors were dangerously attractive to the female heart, loved the beautiful fair lady, with the sweet child's smile, and the pious flower-eyes, in consuming passion and wild fire, as he never yet had loved, and never would love again,—*that* he felt.

The lovers behaved ever more boldly, openly, recklessly. Lady Ellenborough held tender rendezvous with the prince in a public hotel, so that afterwards the waiter could depose before the court, "That he had watched with admiration through the key-hole how clever Prince Schwarzenberg was in handling the corset-laces at the toilette of a lady!"

When all London was talking of this scandal, Prince Felix Schwarzenberg went to Basel on "leave of absence" in the summer of 1829, and Lady Ellenborough accompanied him. With what triumphant scorn did cousin Christian relate to me this news, which had stirred up all London.

Now Lord Ellenborough could no longer be silent. He accused his runaway wife of adultery, and asked the English law-courts for a divorce. The proceedings of this protracted law-suit, so rich in scandal, engaged the interest of all Europe hardly less than the divorce-case of the Princess of Wales. The name of "Lady Ellenborough" soon acquired world-wide fame, or rather, notoriety. That broke the last links that had bound this luckless woman to society.

In the autumn of 1829 Lady Ellenborough followed

her lover (who had got himself transferred to Paris as *attaché* to the Austrian embassy) to the French court, and there I have repeatedly met Prince Felix Schwarzenberg and his exquisitely beautiful lady in the theatres and in the Champs Elysées.

I was watching delightedly a lovely young woman with a sweet, innocent, flower-face, dreamily, cast-down blue eyes, and a winning, child-smile, her head surrounded by long, light, English curls—it was at the Italian opera, when Malibran sang the part of "Desdemona"—till my brother Louis whispered to me, "Voilà la belle blonde, Lady Ellenborough."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed excitedly, and almost too loud. "This lovely picture of flower-like innocence cannot be Lady Ellenborough!"

That it *was* possible I was to ascertain by-and-by myself.

In the revolutionary year of 1830 Prince Felix Schwarzenberg and Lady Ellenborough turned up in München. King Ludwig of Bavaria had the charming woman painted for his famous "Gallery of Beauties," where she is still to be seen, whilst the picture of Lola Montez has long vanished from its place.

But only a year later the restless heart of Lady Ellenborough followed other stars of love, and Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, an incurable wound in his breast, retired with the son whom Lady Ellenborough had borne him—to-day an officer in the Austrian army—to the solitude of his estates in Bohemia. But gradually he found his way, out of these storms and tumults of the heart, back to his diplomatic career, till he reached the head of the Austrian ministry. He also resumed his habits of homage to women, and practiced them successfully to the end, as I, during my two engagements in Vienna, was myself to experience; but he has never tied a lasting bond for life. Lady Ellenborough had totally deprived him of his faith in female fidelity.

And then I saw Lady Ellenborough again in May, 1835, when I was "starring" in Mannheim.

It was on the very first evening of my stay in the famous little theatrical town of Dalberg, Schiller, and Iffland, that my mother, brother Karl (who had meanwhile got a captaincy), and I were present at the performance of Spohr's "Jessonda." There sat over against me a charming girlish being, in a simple dress of white muslin, her sweet flower-face almost hidden by long fair English curls, her blue eyes dreamily cast down. She wore no gloves, and played absently with a *lorgnette*, without putting it to her eyes, apparently without noticing that many curious, malicious eyes were constantly directed towards her. Neither did the singing and playing on the stage appear to exist for her.

"Ah! Lady Ellenborough!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Pardon, Baroness Venningen!" brother Karl said sarcastically, and he related to me the following sad little story, which he knew partly from the very mouth of his intimate friend Venningen :—

In Baden-Baden Baron Venningen, an aristocratic cavalier with an ancient name, an honest heart, and a large fortune, saw for the first time the strange loveliness of Lady Ellenborough; and he believed her angelic face, her gentle, blue-violet eyes, and her dreamy smiles, more than her world-wide reputation. He fell so passionately in love with this seductive beauty, that he forgot his proud, unblemished escutcheon, his brilliant position at the court of Karlsruhe and in society, despised the warning of relations and friends, and offered to the English enchantress in touching honesty his heart and hand, his fortune and name, and everlasting fidelity.

She looked at first amazed at the naïve German with the good, open face and the honest words, then almost pitifully, and at last she laughed loud and clear, "Everlasting fidelity, *cher baron!* Have you never heard the story of Lady Ellenborough, tell me, and that of her luckless heart, which cannot be faithful when once weary? I will relate to you the story of this heart, from its first pure bud up to to-day, when it can produce only poisonous flowers. Faithfully and honestly I will tell you

all; for *one* virtue at least the notorious Lady Ellenborough possesses—she tells no lies. She is true in her feelings, words, and deeds; true as she was in the most innocent days of her distant, happy childhood."

And the unfortunate woman unfolded to the unhappy Venningen her whole wild life. With the awful honesty peculiar to her she missed not a leaf, covered no dark spot. And he sat there in silence, though growing paler and paler.

"Well, Baron, will you still marry Lady Ellenborough?" she asked at the conclusion of her long tale. She knew his answer beforehand. She knew her irresistible power.

And in his mad fever the words came from his quivering lips, "Yes, I will, I must! I cannot do otherwise. I love you, even if this love is to be my death."

"Eh bien, cher baron, à votre risque! Let us make a trial; for you, too, please me just now. But I have warned you. Now your aim must not be to weary me. The bond of marriage is for me only a social form. I cast it off as soon as it is in my way, just like a pair of gloves which are too tight or too much worn. Once more, good baron, I warn you against Lady Ellenborough."

In vain. Karl Theodor Heribert Frieherr von Venningen gave up his position at court, his family, his social connections, and married on the 10th of November, 1832, the divorced Lady Ellenborough. He retired to Mannheim with his beautiful wife. Did he build his hopes on the strength of his love, his faith?

Poor Venningen! how happy was he when his adored wife bore him within two or three years a son, Heribert, and a daughter, Bertha. And how confidently he looked forward to the future! Lady Ellenborough, this bad name even the Baroness Venningen never got rid of, had been faithful to him now for more than two years. Wonderful!

But then suddenly deadly *ennui* came over her. And it was in this dangerous state of soul and heart I found Lady Ellenborough in Mannheim in May, 1835, during

the representation of Spohr's "Jessonda." The fair woman evidently wearied during the performance, and by the side of her husband.

But look! what a strange change came suddenly over the girlish, dreamy form sitting opposite me! Her rosy lips quivered, her blue eyes blazed and opened wider and wider, as if they would swallow with their glance something they saw. And these blazing eyes were firmly fixed upon the box next to ours.

This box had just been entered by a handsome young Greek in the flower of youth, dressed partly in his splendid national garb, and partly as a smart Heidelberg *bursch*. And at once there began an unrestrained *lorgnetting*, smiling and nodding hither and thither, so that the whole house only watched those two lovers now.

Baron Venningen turned dreadfully red, and moved restlessly to and fro in his chair, whispering to his wife hasty and vehement words; but she seemed scarcely to hear them, till Venningen almost by force took her arm and conducted her out of the theatre.

And only a few months later my brother Karl wrote to me, "Lady Ellenborough has eloped with the handsome Greek, a certain Count Theotocki, who was attending the university at Heidelberg, and whom you saw that evening in our theatre. Poor Venningen is quite crushed by this blow, and we are anxious about his reason."

Afterwards I heard a few more interesting details about this new love of Lady Ellenborough. As is well known, she was a daring horsewoman. Her favorite steed was "L'Infatigable," a splendid gray, which Baron Venningen had bought from my brother Karl. The latter had purchased it from two Polish refugees who, after the unsuccessful Polish insurrection, had arrived in Mannheim on their way to Paris. Of course Sister Lina had had to find the money. The two Poles were the Counts Cæsar and Ladislaus Broët Plater. I had known young Ladislaus in Berlin, and now he had accidentally come in contact with my brother. Years afterwards our roads

were to meet again, and then only to part at death. Yea, fate plays strangely with us poor short-sighted mortals.

"L'Infatigable" was so wild and stubborn that my brother could not ride him on parade, and therefore had to sell him again. But that was just a horse for the wild Lady Ellenborough. How often has "L'Infatigable" carried the beautiful woman like a whirlwind, by day and by night, from Mannheim to Heidelberg, where an enamored student longingly awaited her arrival!

One morning Baroness Venningen returned to Mannheim on a peasant's wagon. "L'Infatigable" had fallen during the wild night-ride, never to rise again.

"I told you before, my poor Venningen, that you too would weary me in time, and then—"

That was ever her answer to all his prayers, warnings, threats. She had no sympathy for his unchangeable love, and for his passionate grief.

And one day the Baroness Venningen did not return at all from Heidelberg to Mannheim. Lady Ellenborough was on her way to Athens with her Greek student, to forsake him a few years later in favor of a wild Palikar chieftain. In Athens she went by the name of "Ianthe."

Lady Ianthe-Ellenborough went to Syria in 1854, where it is said that her Arab camel-driver, Sheikh Abdul, found favor in her eyes.

Mrs. Digby, as Lady Ellenborough now called herself, created for herself in the vicinity of Damascus, at the foot of the Antilebanon, a charming home, a cottage with five rooms in a beautiful little garden. In summer she sought the coolness of Homs on the Orontes.

Towards the end of her fifth decade Lady Ellenborough, all of a sudden, appeared again in London in connection with a succession suit. All papers were full again of her feminine charms, of the grace and elegance of her deportment, and of her old scandals.

Then she returned to Damascus, where she died in 1873. Baron Venningen, who never got over his love and his sorrow at her flight, fell, during a ride on horseback in München, dead from his horse a year after her death.

The unhappy daughter of both, Bertha, lives to this day in the Baden asylum of Illenau, suffering from a fixed idea, that she is bewitched.

Neither luck nor star! Balzac has cleverly depicted Lady Ellenborough in the character of Lady Dudley in his novel, "Le Lys dans la Vallée."

I wonder if Prince Leopold preserved very long in Claremont House, and in his heart, the two portentous rose-buds of Lady Ellenborough?

These are sad spirits, indeed, which I have thus conjured up in my reminiscences, these ghosts of Claremont House. Also Countess Montgomery is of their number.

CHAPTER XIV.

SEVERED.

THE INDICTMENT—THE GREEK CROWN—SORELY TRIED—STOCKMAR'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF—PRINCE LEOPOLD'S IRRESOLUTION—KING OR LOVER?—NEITHER—KAROLINE'S DREAM OF FREEDOM IS OVER—CLAREMONT—MEETING WITH THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE PRINCESS VICTORIA—THE VILLA IN REGENT'S PARK OCCUPIED ONCE MORE—BROTHER KARL AGAIN—SUSPICION AND DISTRUST—KAROLINE PARTS FROM THE PRINCE AND STOCKMAR FOR EVER—HER SUMMING UP OF THEIR CHARACTERS.

THE great, the heaven-crying wrong which Prince Leopold of Koburg and my cousin, Christian von Stockmar, have committed towards me, consists in this: that they put out one hand for the Greek crown, whilst at the same time they, with their other, drew me to England into ill-omened, mysterious relations, knowing very well that the prince could not hold both at the same time—the royal crown and his secret love. One he must drop in order to keep the other.

And which he would throw away, both knew very well. They were shrewd diplomatists, with the cool, acute, diplomatic heart.

Thus I was from the beginning sacrificed to a princely caprice: to serve as a pretty toy to while away a few idle hours of a wearied pedant, till the Greek crown might be ready for plucking.

It is true Christian Stockmar did in Koburg vaguely intimate that his master had some prospect of obtaining the Greek crown, and that in such case there could be no question of forming a matrimonial union with me, and that therefore I must quietly await the decision of this event before binding myself.

But, nevertheless, in the spring of 1829, there came to

me from this very Christian Stockmar the decided, urgent summons to England, whilst the negotiations regarding the crown of Greece, which I, of course, believed completely broken off, were in full progress.

And for this crying wrong perpetrated on me I here accuse Prince Leopold and my cousin Christian, even after my death. I look for judgment beyond the stars.

* * * * * *

About his first relations to the Greek crown King Leopold of Belgium himself says in his short autobiography:—

"At the beginning of September, 1822, Prince Leopold went from Naples to Vienna, in order to confer with the Emperor Alexander. The late Lord Londonderry did his utmost to prepare a bad reception for the prince. So did Prince Metternich, although on different grounds. He imagined that the prince was coveting Greece, which was, however, not the case. Later on the Duke of Wellington came and put an end to the calumnies of Londonderry, who was trying to ingratiate himself thereby with King George IV.

"1825. Prince Leopold went to Karlsbad for his health, afterwards for a year to Italy, and spent the winter in Naples. As early as 1825 overtures regarding Greece were made to him. Canning would not listen to the scheme; he thought the prince could be of much more use in England.

"1828. Prince Leopold went to Silesia, to the King Friedrich William III. of Prussia. He went chiefly to see the best friend he ever had, Prince Wilhelm, the youngest brother of the king. The then Crown Prince of Germany projected a meeting with Prince Leopold in Naples, which indeed took place in November. In March, 1829, the prince returned to England by way of Paris.

"The proposals respecting Greece had meanwhile taken definite shape. Russia and France urgently wished the prince to accept the crown. Also in England matters made some progress. Great political events, however, took place here. At that time the Duke of

Cumberland (afterwards King Ernst-August of Hanover) had considerable influence with the king, and was in determined opposition to the ministry of Wellington. He also took up a strong attitude on the Greek question, and won over the king for the candidature of Duke Karl of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a brother of the Duchess of Cumberland. The ministry, however, supported the candidature of Prince Leopold, and even threatened to resign on the point. That was most unfortunate for the Greek cause; the prince could hardly force the conditions which, according to the opinion of many sensible people in England, were necessary for the prosperity of Greece, upon a cabinet which staked its very existence on the question. Prince Metternich wanted to ruin the young State at the very outset. As he did not succeed in this, he made use of his influence with the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen to propose a boundary which was altogether unacceptable."

And in this same month of May, 1829, when, trusting Prince Leopold's assurances of love and the guarantees of my cousin Stockmar, I so hopefully hastened to meet my new fortune in England, the two despatched Stockmar's brother Karl, who was the prince's confidential business-man, to Greece, to the President Capodistrias (Capo d'Istria) for the purpose of negotiating with the latter about the Greek crown in favor of Prince Leopold.

In the evening of the 14th of May, 1829, I played for the last time as royal Prussian court actress before Friedrich Welhelm III. in Potsdam, and the good king gave me his good wishes and blessing for my love-bond (*Herzensbund*) in England—and on the 27th of May Karl Stockmar said to President Capodistrias in Athens, by command of his master,—

"The prince is ready to accept the invitation of Greece and the Great Powers (who at that time were conferring in London about the future of Greece and Prince Leopold), but only on two conditions. The first is, that Greece shall receive such boundaries as will give her dignity and influence among the European States. The

other, that he may see ground for hoping to raise the material and moral state of a people degenerated through long slavery." Further, the prince required that Greece should make specific application for him to the Great Powers.

Count Capodistrias, on the other hand, imposed the condition that Prince Leopold should bring as dower for his new country the islands of Samos and Candia (Crete). This the prince was unable to promise. And so the negotiations rested. Prince Leopold has ever suspected that his old friend, Capodistrias, played false in the matter, aspiring himself to the permanent presidency—nay, perhaps even to the Greek crown.

During my stay in Paris, which was prolonged in consequence, these negotiations were resumed in September, and on the 3d of February, 1830, the Great Powers (Russia, France, and England) guaranteed to the Greeks complete independence of Turkey under a hereditary Christian prince, and formally offered the Greek crown to Prince Leopold of Koburg, who at first seized at it with his two hands, without any condition whatever.

When, one morning in February, cousin Christian brought me this joyful news, with what a jubilant heart I heard the words which were to restore to me my golden freedom, I have related already in a former chapter.

But when I was alone with mother, and we talked the great event over, then profound sadness seized us at the thought of the bitter disappointments England had had for us in the course of a few months, and that the short dream of happiness was now over for us for ever.

I even reproached myself for being so eager to leave a man who had once in love and trust drawn me to his heart, although that heart had been burnt out long ago. The few burning sparks under the ashes had nevertheless glowed for me.

I also honestly endeavored to forget everything by which the prince had offended me, and to remember only the good he had shown me.

In this meek disposition I bade the prince heartily wel-

come on his next visit, and with emotion greeted him as future King of the Greeks, and amid tears wished him God's speed and blessings in his high calling.

And what answer did his Highness return to my affectionate words?

"I hope very much that the mild climate may agree better with my health than this everlasting mist of England. I fancy it must be very pleasant to breathe the balmy air, whilst walking in myrtle and orange groves, or resting under airy silken tents, whilst fair Greek women sing to me their sweet national songs, and execute fantastic dances." And the prince enlarged copiously on the tents of blue and white striped silk, about the making of which he had already treated with a contractor.

Then my tears ceased, and with anger and indignation I was forced to think, "Here, then, is the man to whom you sacrificed your artistic career and your reputation, who by his pretended love enticed you into this equivocal position, to whom you abandoned yourself body and soul, for whom you lived like a bird in a cage, and who does not find the smallest word to express regret at the approaching everlasting separation!" And I could have cried out, with Countess Orsina,[1] "Is that all the excuse I am worth? Not a single lie left for me? Not a single little lie for me now?" Yes, I might really have been worth a small affectation of regret.

No, not even one single little question had this *blasé*, self-loving man, with the dried-up heart, for me. Not even a little social question of politeness, since we now must part, because fate thus wills it,—"How does Mizi"—(the familiar address of "du" never came over his lips!)—"how and where does Mizi intend to live in future? Will she settle in Paris as Countess Montgomery, or in Switzerland, or in Italy? Or does the hot, art-loving heart long to return, as Karoline Bauer, to the stage? I should be in favor of Countess Montgomery continuing to live in aristocratic retirement; for the sudden reappearance of Karoline Bauer on the stage might call forth

[1] A character in Lessing's "Emilia Galeotti."

fresh newspaper scandal, which I should not care for very much at present."

The ossified egotist did not even with a syllable allude to my future, or to my heart, how it would resign itself to the impending separation! He only thought of his own, dear, petted self, and of his own comfort.

With the same equanimity that the prince displayed when he spoke about the blue and white Greek royal tents he was about to order, did he now complacently select as his theme the choice of a future queen for Greece, whilst his slender, well-kept fingers, according to wont, "drizzled" quietly away. All the princesses of Europe had to pass in review, and were in a business-like way analyzed and criticized by him. The prince personally was most inclined to a Princess of Oldenburg, but from a political standpoint a French princess appeared to him more advantageous. If only the Duchesse de Berri had not been so eccentric and independent! As mother of the future King of France, she would have had the most chances in her favor. But the pedantic, narrow-hearted, timid Prince Leopold was, after all, too much afraid of this fiery, energetic woman, and with a sigh he decided in favor of a little Princess of Oldenburg, who, he thought, might have a future yet.

Does not this conversation, as addressed to me, indicate an almost incredible coarseness of heart, or a still more incredible naïveté on the part of the prince.

Almost choked with emotion, I nevertheless restrained myself by superhuman efforts from hurling into the prince's face truths he would not have liked to hear.

But scarcely had he gone, when I sent a few lines to cousin Christian: "Come, if you wish still to find us here. I am dying with woe and anger. My patience and my strength are at an end."

Early next morning Christian Stockmar came riding up. He found my mother and me in the greatest despair and excitement. Burning with wrath and with convulsive sobs, I cried out impetuously to my cousin, after I had acquainted him with the debasing conversation of yester-

day, "For this soulless puppet I have sacrificed myself; and you—the prudent cousin—you did not warn me. On the contrary, you are the accomplice of the prince, since you only thought of him and his pleasure, and believed you had done everything for your poor, deluded cousin, when you enacted an equivocal marriage ceremony for her reputation, and caused a certain sum to be deposited for her future existence. I charge you, Christian Stockmar, with having made me the mere plaything of a princely whim."

My cousin, in the highest degree out of countenance, answered, "Yes, I have done wrong, Karoline, to you and your mother, when I made you come to England. I did wrong, not to have given up my position with the prince rather than permit this luckless connection. But I had anticipated everything so differently, so much more pleasantly. I was gratified by the thought that the prince would enjoy an affectionate domesticity; I expected a revival of his youth by the side of a blooming and beloved young creature, and was also glad that you and your mother would secure an independent existence, far away from the confusion and cabals of stage life; and I had hoped that the birth of children would make the union a pleasant and lasting one."

"Children!" I cried, beyond myself, "children! You know better than I that your sly master never desired any, and that this also was your wish and your diplomatic advice; so that the luckless bond might be dissolved as easily as it was tied, if it should suit your plans and politics. Why did the prince never address me by the familiar 'du'? Why did he, after my return from Paris, never come save quite formally to pay a stiff visit and a drizzle? Why did he never speak in a confiding way about his experiences in life, and why did he never inquire about mine? About Princess Charlotte he only told me that she had appeared to him one night as a ghost, and that I was more beautiful than she. And why did you and the prince conceal from me that, at the very same time when I followed your allurements to England, your brother was

seeking to obtain for him in Greece the royal crown—this crown which, you know, would immediately have broken again the bond that knitted us together? Why?—but there are already too many of these *whys*, which even all the diplomatists in the world would fail to answer to my satisfaction, but which are more than sufficient to give me the right to leave England for ever to-morrow. That I did not do so long ago was simply for the sake of my reputation. For the sake of that I ought, perhaps, to remain even longer in these crushing bonds, so as to part from him and you in peace, only when the Greek crown had been secured for him; but yesterday's mortifying experience forces it as a duty upon me to leave this narrow-hearted, egotistical man, with his dried-up heart and unmanly character, as soon as possible. Not a fibre of my heart binds me to him now." My voice here broke into passionate sobs.

Dumb and blank, only his finely-cut features disturbed by the nervous quiver peculiar to him, my cousin had sat opposite to me; now he took my hand and said, still remarkably quiet and calm, although his voice betrayed his inner emotion,—

"Yes, Karoline, you have been wronged by the prince and by me, whose good-nature once more got the better of my understanding and my conscience. My intentions were good, and pure also, so far as you and your mother are concerned, but circumstances proved too strong for me. In order, however, that no greater wrong may be done you still, I must remind you that when you came to England you gave yourselves over to my counsel and leadership unconditionally. In this my responsible position I demand that you do not leave England precipitately, and that you will not leave the prince on any other than friendly terms. I demand that you shall patiently tarry for some days or weeks more, until the Greek crown be either definitely secured for the prince, or lost altogether. Then it shall be my sacred duty to arrange also your position in your interest. Promise me that."

And I promised with copious tears to have patience and again fresh patience!—till my cousin should say, "Now it is time to part. The King of Greece will remain a faithful friend to you—in the distance."

From this hour my cousin once more showed me the old confidence and the most solicitious cordiality. In his sputtering, humorous way he often said to me, "What a pity it is, Karoline, that I am married already, else I would make you my wife, and the Prince, or King, Leopold might spend his wonted innocent drizzling hour at our tea-table whilst I ruled Greece."

And Prince Leopold, the future king of Greece, how did he behave to me?

As if nothing whatever was changed between us. He came as usual to dinner, musical exercises, readings, drizzling, and only now and then naïvely spoke to us of his white and blue tents and future queens.

A man of noble character would either have desired that I might continue to stand by his side, as a true and loving mate, for the span of time still granted us to be together, or in a delicate manner would have hastened on the inevitable — the solution of the union and my departure.

But this callous indifference and offensive nonchalance of the prince towards me was bound to rouse my deepest indignation, and wound me in my innermost heart. I lived in a continual uproar of the most conflicting feelings, and I had to muster all my moral strength to be able to keep my word to my cousin, and to force myself at least to an *outward* calmness in the prince's presence. In my heart there was grumbling and storming without intermission, threatening disaster. It was but too clear to myself that my life had suffered shipwreck.

The dismal villa threatened to choke me, and the longing for the free artist life, given up with such levity, burned within me day and night.

My sojourn with the prince under the old conditions appeared to me treachery to myself, for the mutual affec-

tion which alone was able to sanctify our peculiar alliance had forsaken us.

But for all that, my cousin, upon all my complaints, repeated, "Patience, wait, do not anticipate; time must decide and—solve."

Christian Stockmar was always in a most excitable mood while the question of the Greek crown was still in abeyance. Sometimes he would come rushing up to us like a storm, in order to relieve his oppressed heart about the doings of his master, void as they were of tact and decision, in this vital question for Greece.

In his impulsive excitement the otherwise so circumspect diplomatist would often sputter away very incautiously; and as he knew that I regarded myself already as free from the alliance with the prince, he did not lay upon himself the slightest restraint so far as I was concerned. Here follow some specimens:—

"Oh, this irresolute, short-sighted, petty prince, who gropes about without energy and character, and himself never knows what he wants! Without me the prince would, long ago, have been lost in this Greek question. I have always to piece together with difficulty what he thoughtlessly tears asunder. There is not a nerve of firm manliness in him, only the dear, petted, and spoiled little self; and even in this question he only thinks of himself, of his own comfort, vanity, and self-complacency; and hardly, even in passing, of the poor Greeks, who surely require a strong, self-sacrificing king."

A few hours later, the prince would come driving up, tired, wearied, out of humor, and complaining that good Stocki was such a hypochondriacal pessimist, always tormenting him with unnecessary scruples. He was sick and tired of the whole Greek business.

Thus we had enough to do to quiet and distract both. Verily not an easy task!

One morning Stockmar came galloping up in great anger, and at once began to bluster forth,—

"No, it is unheard of—enough to drive one mad. Just imagine what the prince has done in his everlasting anxiety

for his dear, sweet self, by his silly, timid precautions. There, they rouse me at night, about two o'clock, from my deepest sleep, and call upon me to attend the prince. He lies in his bed, like a very picture of wretchedness, looking at me, pale as death, and full of despair, lisping in a hardly audible tone, 'Ah, dearest Stocki, help, save me from death. What a terrible accident has happened to me! Of course you know the two little golden clamps which I force between my back teeth at night, not to damage the enamel when I grind my teeth during sleep; and now I awake and find only *one* clamp between the teeth, the other I must have swallowed in my sleep; yes, I feel its sharp prongs and hooks already in my bowels. I am a dead man; good Stocki, save me!'

"I was myself dreadfully alarmed, and at first deprived of speech; for, had the prince in reality swallowed in his sleep the sharp-pronged clamp, which against my advice he had allowed a quack-dentist to palm off upon him, I had little hope for his recovery. I was forced to regard the prince as a lost man.

"'Stocki, you have no word of comfort for me?' the prince stammered more and more anxiously. 'Do you really fear bad results?'

"Then I gathered up all my moral strength, and said with the most unconcerned tone, and a forced cheerfulness, 'Prince, you have nothing whatsoever to apprehend. I shall be back directly with help.' So saying, I hastened to the prince's body-physician, wakened him, and we consulted together. Now we gave to the prince spoonful upon spoonful of electuary; and I must laugh even now when I think of the pitiful face the prince made as he swallowed the nauseous stuff, always declaring, however, 'Oh, I'll swallow anything, if I may but be spared!'

"After we had thus tormented the prince, and also ourselves, for some hours, Hühnlein suddenly exclaims joyously, 'Here is the clamp, I found it jammed in between the mattress and bedstead.' 'Yes, that is it,' the prince said faintly, and closed his eyes, exhausted. In my first rage I threw the confounded thing out of the window,

conjuring the prince to be sure to leave off such effeminate, dangerous trifling in future, for that I would not have given a penny for his safety."

"Cousin," I cried, with tragi-comical dismay, "I shall never get rid of the picture you have here drawn for us. For ever and for ever I shall see the prince before me in the agony of death, swallowing spoonful upon spoonful of the horrid electuary, b-r-r-r! And such a picture is ill-suited to the idol of my dreams. Thank God, that the danger is over."

"Over! yes, for to-day," Stockmar blurted out. "But who knows what his Highness' ingenuity may devise to-morrow to preserve his beloved body? Is it not enough to turn one mad, to see a man, otherwise so sensible, occupy himself ever and ever, and solely, with his beloved person, and in so doing fall into all kinds of silly childishness? Does he not walk about upon his treble-soled boots, as stiff as a stork in a field of clover, for fear he may get cold in his dear feet? Does he not wear a coal-black wig, to appear younger? Have you ever seen him ride boldly, like a man—or heard him speak loudly, and without restraint? Like another Don Quixote, he only rides small ponies, so that his feet almost touch the ground, to prevent the disagreeable shaking, and the danger of his Highness falling off. Speaking in a low voice is said to preserve the chest and throat. Thus I can easily understand that *Monsieur tout doucement*, in spite of his inborn amiability and former personal charms, in all his former 'silly *liaisons*' has never been able to inspire women with a true and lasting passion, nor you either, Karoline. The first comer, if a gay, jolly cavalier, easily unseated him with his ladies."

"But did not Countess Ficquelmont want to leave her husband the ambassador, for the prince's sake?"

"Because her aged husband wearied her, and because the intriguing Viennese expected to play an important part in England as mistress, perhaps even spouse of the prince; and because she hoped to grow rich through him. But what a mistake! After his Highness had drizzled to

her in sweet tête-à-tête a dozen times or so, her Excellency and her passion took swiftly to their heels."

"Yes, cousin, drizzling is the most terrible of terrors, and much worse than 'man in his madness.' Had Schiller only seen his Highness drizzle once!" I burst out laughing with a touch of my old, almost-forgotten humor.

Stockmar said, amused, "And yet, Karoline, you have not seen our gracious master drizzle in company with Lord R——. It is sufficient to make one bolt, when both worthy gentlemen sit stiff, and grave, and in silence, opposite each other, and do nothing else but drizzle at each other. Lord R—— taught the Prince this noble amusement."

"Cousin, what will the Greeks say, I wonder, when his Majesty on the throne gives them a drizzling treat?"

"We are far from that yet," and cousin Christian relapsed into his gloomy mood, and rode home to Claremont in deep thought.

Stockmar was right; the prince's irresolution and fickleness in the Greek question caused him much trouble at that time, and, indeed, eventually brought the whole affair to shipwreck. In his desire for the glittering king's crown, and for the *dolce far niente* under silk tents in the balmy air of Greece, the prince exposed again and again his weakness. In his anxiety not to lose the pretty little throne, Prince Leopold at first conceded to the London conference a dangerous tutorage over himself, and, like a good boy, said to everything "yes;" so that his final "no" was all the more grating to the ear. And what severe lessons the prince had to pocket from his tutors!

Thus when the prince had already declared his assent to all the conditions of the conference, and then, at the eleventh hour, asked Candia for Greece, Lord Aberdeen wrote to him on the 31st of January, 1830, in these severe terms:—"There has never and nowhere been any mention of Crete hitherto. In spite of all that has been done in the matter, you are indeed still at liberty to decline; but the refusal of Crete could not account for such a resolve. Consider how such a procedure can be reconciled with

your dignity, and your reputation for consistency. The Powers do not intend to negotiate with you. They expect a simple acceptance of their proposal, and would regard a qualified one as a refusal."

Nevertheless, the prince tried yet several times by letter to smuggle a few stipulations into the proposals of the conference, but was just as quickly ready to withdraw his letters and stipulations, when Lord Aberdeen demanded it in the name of the Great Powers.

Early in April Prince Leopold went to Paris, in order to ask, as chosen King of Greece, the hand of a Princess of Orleans. But at the end of the same month, on receiving the news of the serious indisposition of his father-in-law, King George IV., he returned with a refusal, and now thought once more seriously of the little Princess of Oldenburg.

Suddenly, on the 21st of May, Prince Eeopold wrote to the conference of the Great Powers that he did not see his way to force himself, as their king, upon a people who were not satisfied with the guarantees he brought with him from the London conference, and so he declined the proffered throne with thanks.

But this was hardly the true reason, for, if so, Prince Leopold could not have accepted the crown in the first instance. It was generally thought at the time that the approaching death of the king, and the chance of an English regency during the minority of his niece Victoria had induced the prince to commit this act of inconsistency. Thus the aged Baron Stein, whose advice in the matter of the Greek crown Prince Leopold had repeatedly asked, formally wrote to the prince concerning his unjustified final refusal in these reproving terms:—

"When Emperor Alexander in 1812, began the contest with Napoleon, he took for his motto: 'Confiance en Dieu, courage, persévérance, union!' and with the 'believing eye that looks firmly and boldly up to heaven' he abandoned himself to the inspirations of his high-minded, noble character, and stretched the giant on the ground. Human reason may recognize what lies close to us, but is

unable to penetrate the darkness of the distant future. Here sense of duty, confidence in God, renunciation of self must guide us."

More contemptuously still Stein writes to the Archbishop of Cologne:—

"What does your Grace say to the behavior of Prince Leopold? It is quite in keeping with the character of the *Marquis peu-à-peu*, as King George IV. used to call him. Instead of removing the difficulties, instead of completing the undertaking begun by him, he cowardly takes his hands from the plough, whilst he calculates the changes that may arise through the death of King George IV. A man of such a weak character is not competent to vigorously put his shoulder to the wheel. He is colorless!"

In a similar way Stein characterizes the prince in a letter to Freiherr von Gagern:—

"He had the consciousness that he would prove unequal to the enterprise, and at the same time he cast a side glance at his probable influence in England, which, however, he will not obtain, owing to his weakness of character, and at best will lose again as soon as Princess Victoria is grown up—that is, within six or seven years."

Also Prince Metternich censured the prince's "weakness of character and timidity," and a French writer called the prince a "man of the world—so *blasé* that not even ambition could adhere to him permanently."

And Dr. Karl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the son of my early friend Felix, writes in his historical work regarding "Count John Capodistrias:"—

"Even at the last moment Prince Leopold might have come to a manly resolution:—to accept the crown, just because it was a crown of thorns, and thus at the same time tear to pieces the net of intrigues that had been spun to scare him off his path. But instead of counteracting the intrigues of his adversaries, he utilized them in order to conceal his own fickleness and the suddenly altered aims of his ambition. Instead of quickly and

vigorously taking up the hard but noble task, he trifled for months with the hopes of a nation writhing in despair."

When cousin Christian, at the end of May, in the greatest excitement, brought me the crushing news, "The prince has now definitively declined the Greek crown, because he feels that he is incapable of dealing with the state of affairs in that country. So we shall stay in England, and all remains as before!"—I broke down, completely discouraged and discountenanced. It had been so sweet to dream of the approaching freedom, and of a new life as a free, happy artiste! The awaking was fraught with the bitterest disappointment and pains. The violent mental agitation brought upon me a burning fever. I would have rather died—"then all would have been still at once."

When I recovered, and the prince once more sat opposite me, drizzling, then he did not ask, "Is Mizi still devoted to me? May I hope for reawakening love?"

"No, the used-up, selfish man, with the dried-up heart, had not a word of apology or explanation for me. He behaved as if not the least thing had come between us—no enticing Greek crown, no blue and white royal tents, no princesses of Orleans or Oldenburg. He seemed to regard it as a matter of course that the old, dismal life should quietly continue, that he should drive up to dinner every day, that we should go through some music together, that finally, whilst I read to him, he should drizzle—drizzle—drizzle.

I felt humiliated by it in the profoundest degree. This bitter indignation of my heart brought back my old energy of character, and I urged forcibly upon Christian Stockmar my obviously just claim to be free—rather to-day than to-morrow.

But my mentor was inexorable. He appealed to my reason and my heart, "At this moment you must not think of leaving the prince—now, when, owing to manifold disappointments, he finds himself in a specially depressed mood. He requires your sympathy now, just as much as my assistance. Therefore just a little more

patience, Karoline. Who knows what the coming weeks may bring for us? King George may die any day, and then there will be great changes—also for us. Just let us await this important event yet. First of all, you will go with your mother to live once more, for the London season, in the pretty villa in the Regent's Park. Then soon after follows the summer-trip to the Continent. The prince has to take the waters in Karlsbad, I have to go to Koburg, and you and your mother may visit brother Louis in Paris, or go to Baden-Baden, or wherever else you would like to go. If your heart should not draw you back to the prince in autumn, then you simply stay away and commission me, as your representative, to dissolve the union. Thus the separation will take place without mutual excitement, without rancor or bitterness, and without public *éclat!*

After vehement resistance, I at last yielded to my cousin Christian's remonstrances, and staid, but with a heavy heart. Would I had followed my own feelings, and gone at once! How much bitterness I should thus have been spared!

Before we removed to the Regent's Park, we were to have a painful *rencontre.*

On a beautiful evening in spring, when the lilacs were in blossom and the nightingales singing, mother and I felt impelled by unconquerable longing to quit our gloomy grounds and enter the laughing, sunny world beyond. Why should we not take a walk to beautiful Claremont? The prince and cousin Christian were staying in London. Only when the prince himself was present there, had Claremont been forbidden us.

Thus we promenaded, very glad to have escaped the damp prison, through the charming plantations, and from an eminence were enjoying the hazy view of the distant Windsor Castle, when a clear girl's voice and childish laughter reached our ears. Upon a silver-gray pony, accompanied by a large, white, shaggy dog, a girl of about eleven years came trotting up with waving tresses and large, shining eyes. These eyes looked at me, surprised

and inquisitive, whilst her little hand steadily checked the horse. And the little Amazon suddenly turned round, and soon returned with a stately round lady. She too started, and her eyes glided away over us, not without severity, and I felt how I blushed with shame under this glance. Then the lady called out to her a word in English, and both disappeared in the copse, leaving us behind in great confusion.

We had recognized each other. It was the Duchess of Kent, the sister of Prince Leopold, with her little daughter, the present Queen of England.

And the Duchess of Kent, Princess Victoria of Koburg, durst not recognize and salute friendlily her early playmate, Christelchen Stockmar, and her daughter.

My poor mother and I had become in the eyes of the Duchess of Kent very doubtful persons.

Sobbing, almost crushed with shame, I sank into my mother's arms. In the most depressed mood we returned to our prison. By what had I merited all this wretchedness and all this disgrace? And the following day we over and above heard the bitterest reproaches from the prince and Stockmar, for having visited Claremont Park of our own accord whilst the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria were on a visit there.

After that, when we once more occupied the pleasant villa in Regent's Park, and I again walked through the old familiar rooms and the lovely garden, I burst into tears. How much had changed within me and around me since I, just a year ago, "upon my journey to fortune," entered this new home for the first time. I felt as if I had aged by many years during this twelvemonth. So many young hopes, illusions, dreams, ideals had meanwhile faded from me. So much richer had I grown in sad experiences and disappointments! So completely impoverished did I feel!

The only refreshing ray out of those days of June in 1830 is the remembrance of Maria Malibran's sweet singing. I was never to see her again.

Otherwise days and weeks passed in the old gloomy

monotony. The prince arrived on his tedious drizzling-visit; cousin Christian sometimes came to tea in the evening. Their whole interest was concentrated on King George IV., who still lay dying, but would not die.

For years the king, unnerved by excesses of all kinds, suffered from various maladies—gout, dropsy, asthma, ossification of the heart, general debility, and frequent swooning fits. He could no longer walk alone. A special machine was devised to enable him to mount a horse. A rolling chair brought his Majesty up a gently rising incline to a platform. From it the enormously swollen colossus, with the thin, emaciated legs—which, so it was said on festive occasions were bolstered up and stiffened by six pairs of stockings and high-lacing boots—was lifted up by a crane, softly lowered into the saddle, and now the ride down the front could begin. The nervous system of the king had become so weakened that he drank brandy or rum without ceasing, often eleven large glasses a day, besides strong whiskey-punch, just to keep himself alive. In January, 1830, Christian Stockmar brought us the news that the king had lost the sight of both eyes, and was furthermore perpetually drunk, so as to be invisible for everybody. On the 24th of May, formal communication was made to Parliament that the king's weakness was so extreme that he could no longer sign his name.

On the 10th of July my mother wrote from London to my guardian and our trusty legal adviser, *Hofgericht-advokat* Bayer, at Karlsruhe, as follows :—

"Prince Salm, who starts for Karlsruhe to-morrow, will give you, my highly honored friend, this letter, together with my life certificate, so as to enable my son Karl to touch the amount of my pension. Should that certificate not be sufficient the matter must be put off till Lina and I come into your neighborhood, which is sure to take place in July. Here much has changed, and we shall be heartily glad to see you soon again, and to be able to discuss and consult with you on everything. The death of King George IV. may be expected every moment; he is

said to have been unconscious for several days, and we sincerely hope that he will soon be released from his sufferings. As soon as the burial is over Prince Leopold will be able to set out for Karlsbad; and we too are quite ready to start. Lina and I are going to Switzerland, where I am to use the waters, probably of Schinznach or Baden. Upon this tour we hope to have the pleasure of meeting you in Baden-Baden or Karlsruhe, for there is much I have to tell you, and much to discuss with you also, regarding my son Karl, who has still got the insane idea of that marriage into his head. But you, honored friend, know but too well that Lina and I cannot give him the large amount of money he requires for his 'caution.' He must look out for a rich wife. And how soon the young, wild, light-headed officer would get tired of the faded Leopoldine von Hinkeldey, who is older than himself! When will Karl at last get sense? Louis is still in Switzerland, but will soon come over to London altogether, as my nephew Christian von Stockmar, has offered him a good post as secretary to Prince Leopold, which makes us very happy. Lina is in good health and contented, and sends her affectionate regards to her dear guardian. My good nephew was ill not merely all the winter, but also throughout this spring, and we have been very anxious on his account. Now he is doing better, and we hope he will completely recruit himself in Switzerland. On no account would he have gone to Greece, owing to his delicate health. That matter which caused us so much care and mental anxiety last winter is now fortunately over too, as you may know. Those were evil days; but who could imagine that such a thing would happen, and bring us into new difficulties? More about this orally. If only heaven would grant that we may keep out of the newspapers for once! It always causes new agitation, to see Lina's name so often mentioned with all sorts of allusions, even in the Greek affair. We would gladly be forgotten by all the world, except by you, dear friend. Farewell! May we meet again soon, hale and hearty, in our old home!"

But this meeting was destined not to be a joyful one, and to be frightfully accelerated by an unforeseen event; my heart and hand are quivering even now at the mere thought of those dreadful hours.

One evening in June, towards dusk, mother and I were alone in our little garden saloon. Suddenly we heard a knock at the door, hasty steps approached, and before us stands brother Karl, with an air of consternation and unsteady look.

We were as if stunned, and had not a word of welcome; not a warm squeeze of the hand for Karl—we foreboded something dreadful.

"Unhappy man, what have you done?" mother exclaimed. "Whence come you so suddenly, like a thief at night? What do you want here, and of us?"

"Mother, I *must* marry Leopoldine von Hinkeldey, or I must shoot myself, for I have pledged to her my word of honor, and she will drown herself—she will not outlive the shame."

"Oh, you child of misfortune, shoot yourself then!" my mother shrieked, quite beside herself. "Your poor sister is no longer to be your victim, and to be ruined by you. The measure is full."

Karl, as repentant sinner, implored our compassion, promised his very best for the future if we would only this one time, this last time, save him from despair. My tears flowed. I sought to pacify my mother, and promised to tell cousin Christian and the prince everything. Accordingly, trembling like a criminal, I spoke next morning to my cousin, told him all, and entreated him to pay the required 16,000 florins of security for Karl, and to deduct the sum from my invested capital.

This brought on the most frightful scene. Christian Stockmar became furious. He taunted my mother and me as if it had been all a preconcerted plot to extort money from him and from the prince. "For this purpose we had secretly sent for Karl," and so on.

In vain my mother offered for ever to relinquish the pension which had been settled on her, in case she should survive me.

Christian's distrust remained. He called us the most insulting names, "adventuresses," "crafty *intrigantes*," who had drawn the wealthy prince into our nets, and had only come to England in order to sponge upon him.

In vain I sought protection and vindication from the prince. He proved even pettier in his distrust than Stockmar. This was intensified by his sordid avarice. He calculated indeed that he would lose the interest of the 16,000 florins if they were already to be deducted from the capital settled upon me. He, in short, refused in the most offensive way to pay the caution-money for my brother.

Then my so cruelly outraged pride blazed out with all the passion of my hot artiste blood, and I hurled reproaches at Prince Leopold and Christian Stockmar which I can maintain and justify even to-day.

I told them that they had abused my confiding credulity when with deceitful promises they allured me to England in order to sweeten a few weary hours to a *blasé* prince, that it had been a downright crime to snatch me from my respected social and artistic position, and to bring me into an equivocal relationship, and to keep secret from me that the prince was at the same time aiming at the crown of Greece, which, as they well knew, must, as a matter of course, put a speedy termination to our alliance, ruining my reputation for ever. I told them that, while promising me a retired domestic life, they had held me like a prisoner of state. I hurled into their paling faces my whole crushed and degraded heart, till my voice was choked by hysterical sobs.

So I parted from Prince Leopold of Koburg, to whom I had given myself up body and soul with the confidence of a loving heart only a year before, and from my cousin Christian Stockmar, whom I had loved and honored like an elder brother, in whom I and my mother had put the blindest confidence.

I have never seen either of the men again, never again exchanged a line with them. That ugly severance went through the whole long human life.

My union with Prince Leopold was dissolved by our mutual representative, Karl Stockmar, in the same mysterious manner as it had been formed the year before. Karl Stockmar has sent me regularly the interest of the modest capital which was stipulated for me in the marriage contract, till new troubles necessitated the payment of the capital itself.

My brother Louis did *not* come to London for good, and of course did *not* enter the prince's service.

On the 26th of June, 1830, died King George IV. of England, seated in his chair. His head suddenly fell upon the page's shoulder, and he uttered faintly, "Oh, God, I am dying! This is death." And he *was* dead. He had burst a blood vessel.

Whilst the people were jubilant over the king's decease, and great preparations were being made for a brilliant funeral, my mother and I drove out of the excited London, and took the road for Dover, leaving England for ever.

With what different feelings had we traversed the same route hardly thirteen months before, trusting in loving allurements and golden promises! And how completely were the pinions of our souls broken now!

Although when in the oppressive bonds I had often cried "Freedom, freedom!" as the hart panteth for the water-brooks! although on mother's trying to console me by saying, "Lina, at least here we have no more sordid cares as at the theatre!" I had ever answered, "But also no joy! Oh, mother, could I move about with the poorest wandering troop, and play and struggle for the daily bread, I should be happier than here in the gilded cage in which I feel spirit and heart grow more and more torpid every day."

Now I was free, but at what cost! How much that was sad and bitter had I experienced during these thirteen months! I felt humbled before myself—disgraced. My heart was sore and full of bitterness and weary to death.

So I returned into my German home. I felt so autumnally dull, as if within me and around me all, everything,

had withered and burned out. And I was but three-and-twenty!

As I write down these words I weep painful tears—tears of the most heartfelt compassion for the blooming, fair Lina, who till a year before had been childlike, harmless, and pure of heart, who in the prime of life was destined to experience so much that was painful and depressing. I feel as if it was not I for whom I am mourning, but for a Lina long departed.

This is intensified by the tormenting "Why? why such bitter things for me?" which has been tormenting me for almost half a century, and to which I cannot find an answer yet.

Why was it that a true, noble mother and her happily-gifted, enthusiastic daughter were destined to be brought into a troubled, ambiguous connection, to the complications of which they were unequal, owing to their complete want of practical worldly wisdom? We two had never understood how to calculate cunningly, how to watch for and utilize worldly advantages—in fact, how to assert ourselves.

Why was it permitted that a sweet, charming felicity was held out to me in a mirror, which turned out to be but a deceitful will-o'-the-wisp to allure me into the mire?

Why was it that I, just I, a young, sanguine life-loving creature, should fall the prey of a surfeited, heart-shrunk, self-loving pedant, to be his toy for a moment, a toy which amuses to-day and is caressed, which is abandoned indifferently to-morrow, and then may perish in the dust.

Why? This query tormented my mother on her death-bed, and she found no answer to it. I am still facing this "why?"

Shall I, in my last hour on earth, shall I, beyond the stars, ever learn the whole truth, and have an insight into this "why?"

* * * * * *

Before I conclude this, the most painful chapter of my life, I have still something to say regarding the characters of its two heroes.

Since King Leopold I. of Belgium belongs to history, and since Ernst Baron Stockmar, formerly keeper of the privy purse to Queen Victoria of England, and, later on, private secretary to the Crown Princess Victoria of Prussia, edited and published the "Memorable Events from the Papers of Baron Christian Friedrich von Stockmar," both King Leopold and Christian von Stockmar stand in the eyes of the world as great, wise, unselfish politicians, and strong, noble characters; and yet I, a young, inexperienced girl, have observed in both, but too often, ignoble purposes, vacillating action, and very human weakness, and not rarely have had the courage to differ from them.

Christian Stockmar was my near relation, my friend, my counsellor, in whom I had had the most implicit confidence from infancy. His protecting hand led me into the arms of Prince Leopold. It was his letter to Private Chamberlain Timm that induced the good King Friedrich Wilhelm III. to relax my stage contract, and with a "God speed," to allow me to set out on that luckless "journey to fortune," confiding in Baron Christian von Stockmar and Prince Leopold of Koburg, in their words and their reputation.

Stockmar's nature was a strange mixture; on the one side he was strong and unmanageable as a bull, shaking off everybody who wanted to seize him by the horns in order to guide him; on the other hand, weak as a lamb, whom a shrew can terrify. Through his own strength, energy, and cleverness he had risen, from the modest position of body-physician to the prince, to the influential post of counsellor to a future king who gratefully called him "mon fidèle soutien et ami." With pride Christian Freiherr von Stockmar might apply to himself our Schiller's words:

> Rühmend darf's der Deutsche sagen
> Höher darf das Herz ihm schlagen,
> *Selbst* erschuf er sich den Werth!

But this pride, and his strongly developed self-sufficiency not rarely degenerated into haughtiness, wanton

and despotic arbitrariness. Christian Stockmar loved Prince Leopold, his "most gracious master," sincerely, but yet not without some selfishness, though that selfishness was quite aloof from pecuniary interest. He much surpassed the prince in knowledge, cleverness, sagacity, energy, and strength of character; consequently he watched over, tutored, and ruled him in downright tyrannical fashion. Trusting to his pecuniary independence, obtained through a prudent marriage with his rich unloved cousin, he would not suffer the least opposition from his "most gracious master." At the same time he, in a high degree, possessed the difficult diplomatic art of making himself always indispensable.

Baron Stockmar loved Prince Leopold and his own influential position far more than he did us, the sister of his father and her daughter, for otherwise he could never have permitted that we, poor inexperienced creatures, should be sacrificed to the princely caprice of his most gracious master, whom, of course, he knew inwardly and outwardly, even to the most hidden folds of his heart. As the noble, unselfish adviser of two inexperienced women, he ought sooner to have sacrificed his position with the prince than to have allowed that prince to allure us to England into an equivocal relationship.

It is true my cousin warned me at the beginning of the prince's suit, in a friendly way, on the occasion of our meeting in Koburg, against giving a hearing to the prince and his love-lure. But he, in doing so, merely expressed the apprehension that I, the life-loving, spoiled young artiste, would not be able to endure the "retired, still life as the morganatic spouse of the prince."

And he concealed from me that this "retired, still life" in reality was to be a kind of solitary imprisonment in a golden cell.

He did not tell me, "My master is an egotistical pedant, tormented by *ennui*, who is longing for a new piquant toy. He is but the ruin of a man, whose heart has long ceased to glow. He is no longer capable of the love that makes another happy. You must necessarily wither and perish

at his desolate side, unless you can accustom yourself to a dismal vegetation."

The great diplomatist, Christian von Stockmar, did not tell me anything of all this, because he preferred to see his wearied, "most gracious master," agreeably occupied by my side, rather than in the dangerous nets of a Countess Ficquelmont, a Lady Ellenborough, or other "silly *liaisons*" which might prove dangerous even to the *fidele soutien et ami* and his all-powerful position. He knew that the prince would be cheated and plundered neither by me nor by my mother, and that we should never try to interfere with his own influence with the prince. Nay, that this influence could not but be strengthened through us.

If cousin Christian Stockmar had felt more readiness to sacrifice something for us than for Prince Leopold, his duty would have urged him not merely to prevent our coming to England, by all means at his command, but also to make it possible for me to continue at the stage with honor. It would have been an easy thing for his influence and that of Prince Leopold, who, with his apathetic nature, would have had no difficulty in reconciling himself to my not coming to obtain from King Friedrich Wilhelm III. a long contract, with increased salary and ultimate pension, at the Berlin court stage. Besides, the rich cousin could easily have assured us of his assistance if illness or unhappy circumstances should make the burden of the family duties too heavy for my weak shoulders. But my cousin did not possess any capacity for self-sacrifice, and so he allowed me to become the sacrifice instead.

Nor can I altogether acquit the otherwise so prudent, sagacious courtier and man of the world of frivolity,—nay, of levity, when he tied the mysterious knot. He had imagined: "When Karoline Bauer has once disappeared in England, without leaving a trace in Berlin, in Germany, nobody will think of her any more. She is as good as dead for the world, and we have her securely in our hands." The prince and Christian had no idea that

a popular Berlin actress could not be suddenly effaced from the memory of her many friends like a figure you wipe off the blackboard. Great, therefore, was the dismay of these prudent, world-wise men, when, before we had reached England, there appeared a paragraph in the *Spenersche Zeitung*, "Karoline Bauer, court actress of this place, is about to enter into matrimony with a German prince, residing abroad." And the sparrows on the roof twittered afterwards, "This prince is Leopold of Koburg, the widowed Prince Consort of England, the favorite candidate for the Greek crown." It was an ever new excitement when my name, coupled with that of the prince, ran through the newspapers, and each time mother and I had to pay for it. The prince and Stockmar were angry with us, as if *we* were the writers of the newspaper paragraphs; and only a year afterwards, just a few days before the final breach, my poor mother said, sighing, "Would to heaven we could cease to be the talk of newspapers!"

Once when, after a similar notice in a paper, I said to my cousin that dubious light would always rest upon the bond between the prince and me, since I was strictly prohibited from telling the exact truth about my relationship to the prince, Stockmar replied excitedly, "Yes, I underrated the difficulties to be overcome, and you, Karoline, are justified in charging me with having acted rashly. Of the promise to preserve silence on the point I can, however, not release you even to-day, — nay, perhaps, never. The prince's position and future in England, since, we think, his regency is not impossible, as well as his allowance of £50,000, are jeopardized if the secret about your union were to be prematurely revealed. As regards your honor in the eyes of the world, be unconcerned. I, Freiherr von Stockmar, love and esteem you now as before; and if you should become free and I widower, I should not hesitate for a moment to offer you my hand and my immaculate name. You have become the prince's mate for life in as honorable a way as it was possible to effect, and nobody will dare to assert that Chris-

tian Stockmar had procured his cousin to be the prince's mistress. Should, nevertheless, attacks on your honor and reputation be made at any time, I shall know how to parry them with all my power and my whole authority."

But when, nevertheless, all kinds of nasty rumors about my connection with the prince did pass from mouth to mouth, and through the newspapers; when Dame Fame, in her well-known passion to lay on the color nice and thick, allotted to me one, then two, and at last even three princely sons, whom their royal father was causing to be brought up conformably to their rank as Counts Montgomery, and who later entered the Saxon army as officers, whilst I, most unnatural mother, did not concern myself about them in the smallest degree, returning merrily to the stage as Mdlle. Karoline Bauer; when people were commenting on and inventing many other stupid things, then Christian Freiherr von Stockmar did not even once make use of his sounding name and his sharp-pointed pen for me, for his poor sacrificed cousin. Perhaps he had even totally forgotten that in England he once ventured to express such very tender feelings for me, in order to console me for neglect on the part of his most gracious master, that I indignantly showed him the door.

King Leopold of Belgium and his most humble servant, Baron Stockmar, have never pardoned me for having bravely returned to the stage as Karoline Bauer, an enthusiastic artiste and actress, and for not having buried myself in some obscure nook of the world as the mourning "Countess Montgomery," living on the memory of the "brilliant past" and my modest royal allowance.

The Countess Montgomery would have been fast forgotten in the bustle of the world, while the artiste Karoline Bauer continued to live for years on the stage and in the journals, as an ever-gnawing worm at the conscience of King Leopold and Baron Stockmar.

These sad revelations I owe to myself before I die, after having for fully five-and-forty years preserved the strictest silence, neither confirming favorable reports about my relationship to Prince Leopold and to Baron

Stockmar, nor refuting unfavorable ones. I owe to myself these confessions of one dying, in order to make clear why I returned to the stage as "Karoline Bauer," instead of posing as a *Dido abbandonata.* My glance had pierced too deeply into the so-called higher spheres of life, and the selfish, petty hearts that beat there. I had seen the miserable weakness of greatly admired men too closely. I had experienced in my own person the deadly canker of idleness, of living only for the amusement of wearied men of high birth, even to the stale dregs. I had been obliged, since I left the beloved stage, to play in life the most wretched comedy, day after day, even to self-contempt. Who could condemn me that I now, free, free once more like the bird in the air, with rapture and with a perfect thirst for human society, returned to the natural, healthy, hale and hearty artist colony, and gaily took upon myself once more many of my old cares and misinterpretations of all sorts, and patiently bore the wrath of King Leopold and my cousin, rather than continue to vegetate as Countess Montgomery, forgotten and out of sight?

* * * * * *

Prince Leopold was soon to find a brilliant compensation for the Greek crown, lost by his own weakness. The Belgian revolution of September built up a new royal throne. Belgium tore herself from Holland, and actually chose, on the recommendation of France and England, the little Koburger for her king. Since Louis Philippe could not have this throne for his son Nemours, he was very glad to make his beloved daughter Louise Queen of the Belgians, the same daughter whom he had cautiously refused to give to the proposed King of Greece, from fear that the game of Greek royalty would not last long, and that he might, along with his daughter, have a poor son-in-law thrown back on his hands. The good citizen-king said about Prince Leopold, "I have known him long; he is a handsome cavalier, a perfect gentleman, very well instructed, very well brought up; the queen knows him, too, and appreciates his merits."

Thus Leopold had to bid good-bye to England, to beautiful, quiet Claremont and its reminiscences, to the grave of his beloved Charlotte, and to the empty place by her side, which the inconsolable widower had once designated for himself.

But what became of Claremont House and the £50,000 of annual allowance which had been settled "for life" on Prince Leopold, as widower of Princess Charlotte of England? Was he to have the benefit of this allowance also as King of the Belgians in Brussels? People in England were preparing to dispute the right of the King of the Belgians to remain an English pensioner. It would certainly have caused great scandal, although Leopold's claim to the money, which had been voted to him by Parliament unconditionally, could not have been legally disallowed. And the general feeling in England was loudly expressed to the effect that as a gentleman the King of the Belgians could not accept a pension from England!

And so Leopold, well advised by his faithful Stockmar, showed himself also a prudent man. However hard he may have felt it, considering his well-known love for money, to abandon his claim to the pension, he yielded to necessity when Lord Londonderry, on the evening of the 15th of July, 1831—on the 16th the new king was to set out for Brussels—questioned the Ministry in the Upper House as to what arrangement had been made with the prince regarding the continuance of his English allowance; whether it was the intention of the Government to pay the prince his English pension also when in Belgium? Lord Grey, the Prime Minister, answered evasively that a discussion on this point was unsuitable, since the annual allowance of the prince was fixed by Act of Parliament, and that the Government had not the power of interfering with it.

Christian Stockmar, in his "Memorable Events," relates regarding this matter: "Late that very evening Stockmar drew up the letter to Lord Grey. On the morning of the 16th of July he laid the draft before his master,

who made some alterations, then copied it, and sent the letter, which had been dated back to the 15th, to the Minister. The letter ran somewhat thus :—

"'MY DEAR LORD GREY,—Before I leave the country I desire to express to you in writing the views and intentions regarding my English allowance which this morning I had the pleasure of communicating to you verbally. It is not my intention, as sovereign of Belgium, to draw any part of those revenues which at the time of my marriage were settled upon me by Act of Parliament. However, it will be known to your lordship that I have continued my household on its former footing up to the moment when I leave England, and that in consequence I have to discharge pecuniary obligations and outstanding debts, the amount of which I am unable to state with accuracy at present. As soon as the settlement of all these claims shall be accomplished, I intend to hand over my whole English annuities to trustees, immediately to be appointed, for the following purposes :—

"'The trustees are to keep the house, garden, and park of Claremont in good condition, further to pay all the salaries, pensions, and allowances which will appear to me suitable rewards for those persons who have claims on me for their faithful services during my sojourn in this country. The trustees shall, moreover, continue to pay all contributions made either by the Princess Charlotte or by myself for benevolent purposes up to the present time. When all these claims have been satisfied, it is my desire that the balance of the annuity be paid back into the British exchequer.

"'LEOPOLD.'

"This letter Lord Grey read to the House of Lords on the 18th of July, and the Duke of Wellington expressed himself in very flattering terms about this generous resolution of the prince ; for it would afford the people whom he was going to rule proof that their sovereign was above every suspicion of dependence on a foreign country. Also some honorable members of the Lower House expatiated in 'reverence and admiration' on the 'extraordinary mag-

nanimity' of the prince, and this act of wisdom on his part. *Tant de bruit* about a matter on which two opinions could not be entertained!"

Nevertheless, Prince Leopold and Stockmar understood how to make out a pretty little account against the English, so that of the £50,000 no very great sum ever returned to the English exchequer till the death of the King of the Belgians. Naturally, also, the "pension" which I drew from King Leopold was, under some heading or other, among the "allowances" "which will appear to me suitable rewards for those persons who have claims on me for their faithful services during my sojourn in this country." Also Christian Stockmar's pension was put down to this account.

On the 21st of July, King Leopold I. made his entry into Brussels. Ten days later his kingdom was invaded by 50,000 armed Dutch. With the aid of the English and French, Leopold succeeded in maintaining himself on his throne.

Christian Stockmar followed his most gracious master to Brussels as his confidential adviser and friend, without holding any official position in the state, in order not to rouse the distrust of the Belgians; and to his counsel and influence we may with assurance ascribe the best acts for which "the truly constitutional" King Leopold gets so much credit in the pages of history to-day. When I saw the papers praise the king's wonderful virtues, his noble manliness, lofty character, wise circumspection, penetration, courage, energy, magnanimity, a very peculiar smile would often come over me at the remembrance of that Prince Leopold I had known and found out in England.

Then, when on the 20th of June, 1837, young Queen Victoria ascended the throne, Baron Stockmar was given to her as confidential adviser by her uncle, and with the more special object of bringing about the marriage of the queen with her cousin, Prince Albert of Koburg. And this position as confidential adviser at the courts of St. James and Brussels Christian Stockmar knew how to maintain to the end by his fidelity, prudence, and disin-

terestedness. It was likewise Stockmar who negotiated the union of the Princess Royal Victoria of England with the Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia.

Only in the spring of 1857, Stockmar retired for good to Koburg into private life. This he announced to King Leopold in these words:—

"In the year 1837, or more than twenty years ago, I once more came to England in order to assist Princess Victoria, now queen. I shall be seventy this year, and mentally and physically am no longer fit to perform the duties of a paternal friend and tried confessor. I must say good-bye, and this time it will be for ever. The law of nature will have it thus. And I am happy that I can do so with a pure conscience; for as long as I had the strength to do so I worked with an irreproachable intention. This consciousness is the reward I alone desired to win, and my beloved master and friend, readily and gladly, in his innermost heart, from a perfect knowledge of all things and persons concerned, gives me the testimony that I merit it."

It was a melancholy "still life" and a dismal tranquillity which Stockmar went to enjoy in Koburg. On the 3rd of March, 1863, he wrote to King Leopold: "I confess that I was not prepared for so comfortless an old age. Often, very often, I am near despair. The riddles of this life prove more and more difficult for me hourly. Mind and soul grow confused when a sort of melancholy has become the fundamental character of their reflections."

Old, broken, dying Stockmar had most to suffer from the hard heart and the hard hand of his unloving wife, who now most bitterly revenged herself for all the neglect and want of love on his part when he was young and away from her. And the man who once had ruled princes and peoples was now powerless, face to face with the tyranny and sordid avarice of his wife. During his illness, which lasted several years, he could not always, either by prayers or commands, procure in his own house even a bowl of broth, and felt grateful when his two aged sisters brought him the refreshing food! And how

keenly must he, the generous, noble courtier and man of the world, have felt when his wife, the Baroness Fanny von Stockmar, was fined fifteen thalers in a Koburg court, for having set before her servant food unfit for human consumption. Yes, it is true, as was said by Euripides of old, "Of all things the most difficult to conquer is a woman!" and Freiherr von Abschatz likewise sang two hundred years ago:—

Kräht die Henne und schweigt der Hahn.
Ist das Haus gar übel dran!

On the 9th of June, 1863, Freiherr Christian von Stockmar died at Koburg. His last hour was terrible. When he lay at the point of death, his hard wife took off his back his shirt and flannel jacket, that after his death, according to Koburg custom, the undertaker might not claim these objects.

Then the dying man once more opens his eyes, already dimmed by death, and looks into eyes full of hatred and scorn and satiated vengeance.

What an awful dying hour! The most wretched and forlorn beggar would not have exchanged his hour of parting with the rich, powerful, celebrated Baron Stockmar.

When Stockmar's sister Friederika told me this and other particulars, hardly less distressing, from the last period of her poor brother's life, I wept with her bitterly. No, I should not have wished so horrible a dying hour for my unhappy cousin, not even in our bitter hour of parting, when he stung me to the quick, and wronged me in the most crying manner.

Princely gratitude has raised to Stockmar in the cemetery of Koburg a magnificent marble monument, after a design of the Crown Princess Victoria of Prussia, bearing the following inscription in German:—

"In memory of Freiherr Christian Friedrich von Stockmar, born 22nd of August, 1787, died 9th of July, 1863. Erected by his friends in the reigning houses of Belgium, Koburg, England and Prussia."

"'There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' —Prov. xviii. 24."

Christian Stockmar has characterized himself very accurately in a letter in which he said that he seemed to exist more to care for others than for himself, and that he was very well satisfied with this fate! Later he said:—

"The singularity of my position demanded that I should always carefully efface myself, and conceal like a crime the best I intended and often carried into effect. Like a thief in the night I often placed the seed corn in the ground, and when the plant grew up and could be seen by all, I *knew* how to ascribe the merit to others, and I *had to* do it."

Thus many a meritorious act put down to King Leopold's account was in reality due to Stockmar.

Lord Palmerston honors him with the great encomium: "Among politicians I have only met one man who was altogether disinterested—Stockmar."

He was, at all events, a remarkable man, to whom I owe much, but in whom, also, I have much to forgive.

How differently my poor life might have been, how much better, happier, and purer, if cousin Christian Stockmar had been as faithful a friend to me as he was to Prince Leopold!

Also King Leopold's evening of life was a sad one, a slow, distressing decay. At last, on the 10th of December, 1865, death released him from the sufferings of years. "He died, deeply mourned by his country,—nay, by Europe, a noble prince, the circumspect founder of the Belgian dynasty," as may be read in an obituary.

The town of Mons erected a brazen monument in memory of the first King of the Belgians, with the high-sounding inscription, "Freedom of Church and schools, educational freedom, liberty to form unions, freedom of the press, independence, peace, prosperity, order, and freedom."

Almost contemporary with this a little story circulated in French newspapers which is very characteristic of the King of the Belgians, although not equally to his credit. The Parisian *Feuilletoniste* relates: "It is known that the king was passionately fond of the piano. From early in

the morning till late at night a pianist played in a cabinet which a simple curtain separated from the king's apartment. The most curious thing is that the king never felt the desire to make the acquaintance of the artist who delighted him by his skill. A marshal of the court every morning prepared the programme of the day for him. After five years our pianist resolved to marry, and for this purpose asked for a day's leave of absence. '*Diable!*' cried the majordomo, 'what are you asking? A day's leave of absence! Are you aware that this is an important matter?' 'But a marriage, *vis major.*' 'No doubt, no doubt, but a day's leave of absence!' 'But five years without interruption.' 'Certainly, certainly, I will lay the matter before him, but I don't believe—'

"Next morning the pianist, full of anxiety, called for an answer. 'What did the king resolve?' 'He has roundly refused it; I told you so at first.' And our poor artist had to get hurriedly married during a pause between two pieces.

Who does not in this story recognize the old pedantic egotist for whom I too had once to play hour after hour with benumbed fingers and dull, desolate heart, whilst his Highness, clad in fur, warmed himself at a blazing fire?

"But let all be forgotten and forgiven, that the same may be done to me," wrote Christian Stockmar shortly before his death, when closing his moral account-books.

Also I will try to forget and to forgive.

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